

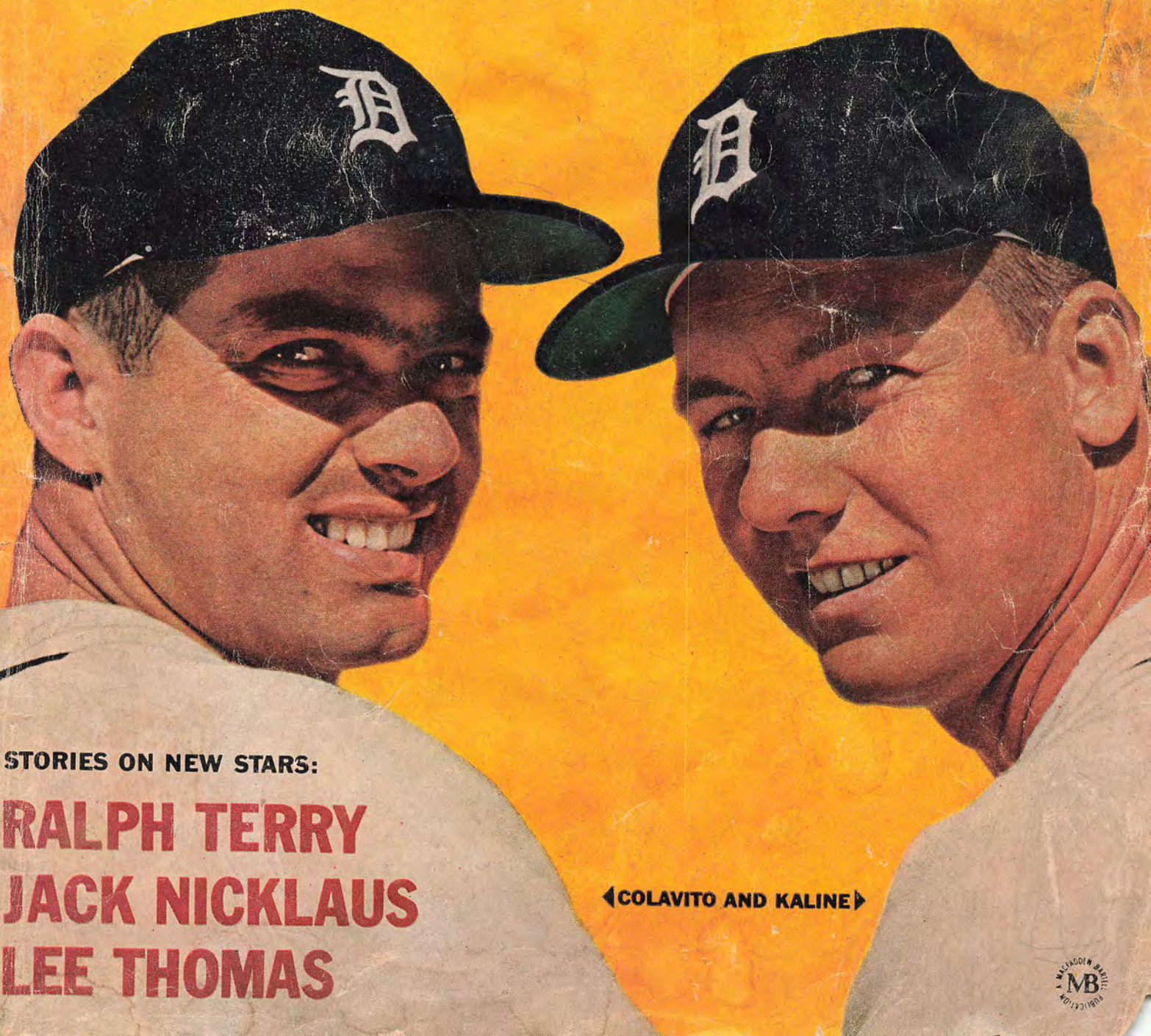
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SPORT

JULY 35¢

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FOOTBALL'S FUTURE?
**LESSON OF THE
HORNUNG-KARRAS
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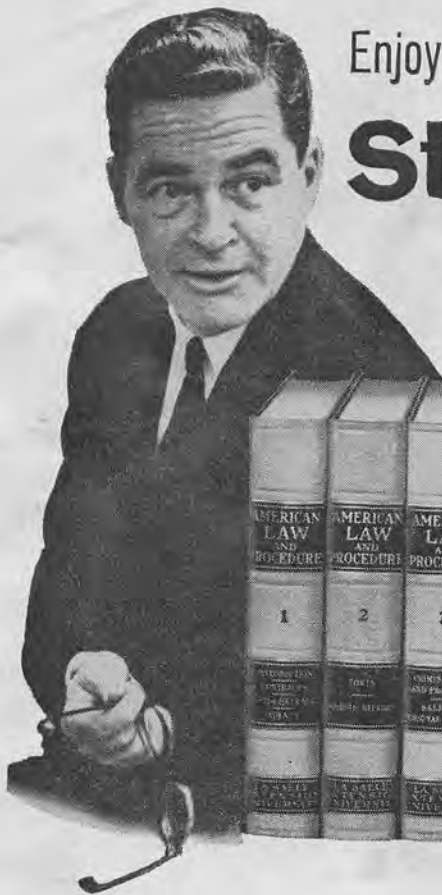


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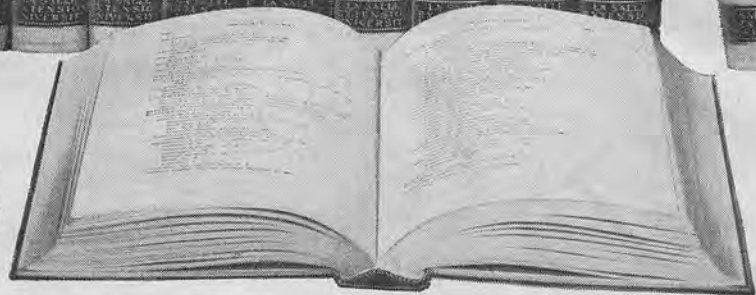
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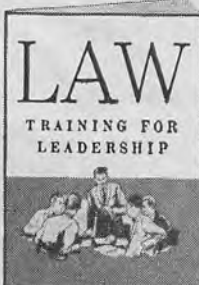
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COVER—Ozzie Sweet

JULY, 1963

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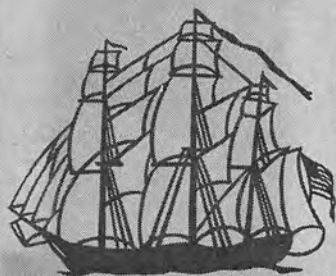
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ASK THE EXPERTS



Ernie Harwell, who's aired big-league ball for 15 years, does Tiger games for WKMH and WJBK-TV Detroit

Who was the biggest heavyweight boxing champion?

—Bart Farmer, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Primo Carnera weighed the most—260½ pounds. Jess Willard, at six feet, 6¼ inches, was the tallest.

What is the largest college football stadium in the United States?

—Billy LaFond, Bethesda, Maryland

The University of Michigan has the largest college-owned stadium in the country; Michigan Stadium seats 101,001. But UCLA and Southern California play their home games at Los Angeles Coliseum, which has a larger stated capacity—101,573.



Boston's Curt Gowdy covers sports for WHDH, airs Red Sox games, and does specials for ABC and NBC

How many times has Bob Cousy led the National Basketball Association in the "assists" department?

—Donald Dion, Detroit, Michigan

Cousy led the league eight times—all in a row. Four times he broke the record for assists. Oscar Robertson ended Cousy's streak in the 1960-61 season and has led ever since.

How old was Warren Spahn when he recorded his first major-league victory as a pitcher?

—Herbie Wilson, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Spahn, having spent three years in the United States Army during World War II, didn't get his first win until after he had passed his 25th birthday. That was in 1946.



Sports director of Kansas City's WDAF, Merle Harmon broadcasts baseball, football and basketball

Who holds the major-league attendance record for one season?

—J. T. MacNeill, Seattle, Washington

Cleveland's total of 2,620,627 still stands. It was established in 1948. Three other teams—the New York Yankees, the Milwaukee Braves, and the Los Angeles Dodgers—have also passed two million but couldn't beat the record.

How many home runs did Roger Maris hit in each month the year he broke Babe Ruth's records?

—Richard Paul, Kansas City, Missouri

April (1); May (11); June (15); July (13); August (11); September (9); October (1).

This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask The Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Selected ones will be used.

SPORT TALK

REVOLT OF BILLY CANNON

Billy Cannon, the best all-round back in the American Football League, won't play with the Houston Oilers this season. The reason is simple: he can not get along with his coach.

Cannon's revolt started last season when his ideas on offense differed with those of Oiler coach Frank (Pop) Ivy. The revolt came into the open after Houston lost the AFL championship to Dallas. Then, Cannon told an Oiler official: "If Ivy's still coach here next season I won't be back."

In the past Houston had vividly proved that coaches are worth their weight in ounces, no more. The Oilers fired coach Lou Rymkus, who had won the AFL title in 1960, and they lost—without concern—coach Wally Lemm after he had won the title in 1961. Ivy, the only one of three to lose the title, was brought back—at the cost of a general manager (Don Suman) who was dumped so Ivy could be signed for two years as head coach and general manager.

In the past Houston had also proved that backs who can run and block like Billy Cannon are worth their weight in oil wells. To sign Cannon as a rookie the club gave him a multiple contract, which paid him money for playing football and working with owner Bud Adams' oil company. That contract ended in January, so Houston can now trade Cannon without considering the off-season commitments that brought his annual salary to over \$30,000. Cannon's contract with the Adams oil company was not renewed, but Oiler owner Bud Adams said this does not mean the team wants to trade him. "But," Adams said, "we can't have the players telling us who is going to coach the team."

Cannon himself refuses to comment on his statement that if Ivy's back he won't be. However, a close friend of Billy's says, "I know an Oiler official and they're gonna try and trade him. They've been trying to trade Cannon and some others. They've even had George Blanda up for trade and Billy feels if they trade George they're really in trouble. In other words, that the Oilers won't win without George. Let me tell you, everything's not harmony over there with a lot of people. Billy wants to play with a winner and this, together with the fact that he and Pop Ivy don't agree on the team's offensive setup, makes Billy figure he'd be just as well off with another team. He won't play for Pop Ivy again."

The differences with Ivy, according to Cannon's friend, developed after Billy tore a ligament in his back early last season. He missed three games and then came back before the injury fully healed—through no one's fault, the team just ran out of backs—but somehow he no longer seemed to fit with the offense. This was true, Billy

reportedly thought, even through the season's final three games when he was physically perfect again.

Obviously no team's policy can be dictated by one player. Obviously, too, no player diametrically opposed to a coach's use of him will be able to perform to his maximum. Pop Ivy is back and—unless he compromises his position by returning to an offensive system that Cannon approves—the Oilers seem to have no recourse except to trade Billy Cannon. Sonny Werblin, new owner of the New York Jets (nee Titans), says Bud Adams turned down his \$100,000 offer for Cannon. But, of course, Adams doesn't need money. He needs players. Players as good as Billy Cannon.

THE HOT-FOOT CHAMP

There's something about giving a championship hot foot that brings enormous satisfaction to the connoisseur. The warmer the glow on the hot-footee's face, the warmer the glow on the artist's face. Bob Johnson, Baltimore's hard-hitting utility infielder, is an artist with a book of matches and somebody else's foot in his hand. He is a champion hot-foot giver who set records in the International League

that may never be broken.

The standard hot-foot is, of course, effective. "You just stick a match, head-first, between the sole and leather of a baseball shoe and light it," Bob said recently. "When the head of the match flames, either the shoe comes off or the guy starts to dance." Bob laughed.

That's all right for beginners. Champions use a little more finesse. Once you've established a name in the field, you need a little more polish and inventiveness to succeed. "It got so bad when I was in Rochester (1961)," Johnson said, "everybody took off their shoes as soon as they came in the clubhouse, even the sportswriters. No one ever got up on the rubbing table with his shoes on." That was like lying back with your feet in an oven. "After awhile," Bob said, "every time someone got a hot foot they'd yell, 'Johnson—where is the sonofagun!'"

Naturally, everyone with shoes on kept looking at them, at Johnson and some other hot-foot specialists. Johnson's favorite subject was pitcher Johnny Kucks, who was always looking around but still couldn't always keep a cool foot.

"Kucks was my roommate," Bob said, "and he was such a good-natured



Billy Cannon and Houston Oiler owner Bud Adams, right, had a close relationship until Adams re-signed Pop Ivy as coach. Cannon has said, "If Ivy's still coach next season, I won't be back."

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SPORT TALK

guy I couldn't resist lighting him up. One day I hadn't been able to get him before the game—in the clubhouse, in the dugout, on the rubbing table, no place." Everyone except a champion hot-footer would've given up. Note Bob's style: "During the game we were hitting," Bob said. "Kucks wasn't pitching this day, he was just sitting on the bench watching. So I crawled under the bench and slipped all the way up to where he was sitting. I stuck one long match in one shoe and I ripped off a piece of the other match and stuck it in the other shoe. Then the matches would flame together." (The ingenuity of a champion!)

"I lit them, crawled back and looked at Kucks. He started moving one foot up and down, then the other, easy—he wasn't gonna let on he felt it." Johnson laughed. "All of a sudden he jumped up and banged his head on the dugout!" Bob roared.

You could light up a guy and be halfway across the room before the match's head flamed, Bob said—and you had to be far away if you hot-footed Luke Easter. "Luke would get a little angry sometimes," Bob said, smiling, "and he could break you in half if he wanted to. When Washington called me up from Rochester in 1961 I hadn't gotten Luke in a while. So I got him two or three times that last day. 'You might as well have your fun,' Luke said, 'because I don't have to put up with you any more.'"

"Actually," Bob said, "hot foots can be dangerous. I found. One of the guys I lit up in Washington got a blister so the trainer advised me to stop. I guess I'd given about 50 or so before that happened, but I haven't given one since."

Though Bob Johnson enjoys a warm place in the soles of his teammates, he is a serious ballplayer who can outthit, if not outfield, many regular infielders in the majors today. Being a utilityman for the first time, he works hard to be ready when he's called on. Which is why he runs around the bases after taking his batting practice swings. It was a bit more fun before he retired his book of matches. No one was safe—from Rochester general manager George Sisler to the Washington coaches. But perhaps it's just as well for the Orioles and Johnson that the heat's off. As Bob was talking about the Senator coaches he hot-footed, Baltimore's new coach, Hank Bauer, came by. Johnson smiled, saying, "From what I've heard about Bauer and the Marines it was a good time to lay off."

HOCKEY'S LONELY AMERICAN

When Tommy Williams of the Boston Bruins played his first season of professional hockey at Kingston, Ontario, two years ago, he collected 16 goals, 26 assists, a concussion and a shoulder separation. The last injury ended his season early and gave him a chance to reflect on the problems of an American hockey player adjusting to the rougher game played by Canadians.

How well Williams is adjusting was revealed in his play with Boston this past season. At age 22, he was the only American in the league, a member of the NHL's highest-scoring line (with Johnny Bucyk and Murray Oliver), the scorer of 23 goals himself and the last-place Bruins' big surprise in 1962.

"Williams has a great future," says Milt Schmidt, the Boston coach. But Tommy hasn't entirely crossed the body-contact barrier that exists between the hockey he learned and the kind played in the NHL. How aggressive he becomes will most likely determine the extent of his future success. Says one opponent: "He's going to be run out of the league if he doesn't act up."

Seated in his hotel room four hours before the Bruins met the New York Rangers at Madison Square Garden near season's end, Williams told our man about the problem.

"In the United States you can't body check when you cross your side of the red line," he explained. "But you can check all over the ice under Canadian rules. I had to learn to keep my head up to keep from getting hit. Also, Americans aren't used to checking hard."

But it's not easy to change a playing style all at once. Williams learned his hockey at home in Duluth, Minnesota, from his father (who played semi-pro hockey even after losing a hand in an accident). Then, at the University of Minnesota and in the 1960 Olympics (he had two assists in that celebrated win over the Russians), Tommy played more American-style hockey. So it's understandable if every so often he forgets where he is. Once Lou Fontinato, Montreal's rugged defenseman, rapped him into the boards so hard Tommy even forgot where he'd been.

"I said to myself, 'You son of a gun,' and I clipped Fontinato the next time around. But then he came after me again."

"That's how it happens. I don't play that way much, though."

Williams doesn't think that being the league's only American singles him out for unusually rough treatment. "They don't go after me especially. Guys like Howie Young are kind of punchy," he said with a grin. "They go after everyone."

Size has a lot to do with how rough a player can be and Williams has problems there too, though he thinks he's solving them. He stands 5-11 and when he came up to Boston at the end of last season he weighed 170 pounds. That gave most of the defensemen in the league a substantial weight advantage.

"I'm up to 180 now, but I want to gain ten pounds more in through here," he said, slapping his upper arms and chest. "Last year I lost weight during the season but this year I've actually gained some. I guess playing regularly agrees with me."

Williams said his gaining confidence was a big asset in his success. "I don't press as much now as I used to," he said. "Sometimes you press when you haven't scored in a while and you make mistakes. I still do it but not as much. A guy like me usually gets one good shot a game and you know when you've got it. Sometimes you know before, when you're skating in. You say to yourself, 'This is it.'"

Going into the Ranger game, Tommy had scored 20 goals. That night Boston was losing 2-1 early in the second period and after a scramble to the left of the net a Bruin took a shot which Ranger goalie Gump Worsley blocked. The puck slid slowly off to the right and the only player nearby was Williams. He picked it up about eight feet from the net and undoubtedly said to himself, "This is it."

It was: No. 21.

ANATOMY OF AN ULCER

It is generally thought that baseball players are in about as much danger of developing an ulcer as corporation heads are in danger of pulling a hamstring muscle. Actually, if you're a worrier, the pressures can eat a hole in your stomach in any profession. You can ask outfielder Gary Geiger of the Boston Red Sox, who found himself bleeding to death one day last winter. Six blood transfusions saved his life.

A couple of weeks earlier Geiger had learned he'd lost his job. Roman Mejias had been acquired in trade for Pete Runnels, and Mejias, Carl Yastrzemski and Lou Clinton would be Boston's outfielders, said manager Johnny Pesky. When you're 26 and you've been a regular for almost four years and suddenly you're benched, it's got to bug you. It bugged Geiger into a strict diet of milk and cream and eggs and so forth. It was either that or an operation.

"I'd had stomach trouble for over a year, I guess," Gary said a few days after this season opened. "Last year I had X-rays taken in Boston and they couldn't find anything. Then when I got home (San Ridge, Illinois) the doctor there checked me and found the ulcer."

An ulcer starts with pressure and Geiger was under pressure from the moment Red Sox owner Tom Yawkey, in the only deal he ever made personally, okayed the Jim Piersall trade to Cleveland in '59 for Vic Wertz—provided Geiger was included. Gary batted .245 that first year in Boston, but he was off to a great season in '60 (.302 average, nine home runs in 77 games) when his lung collapsed. An operation, rest and he was ready to play the following spring. But he was worried then that it might happen again. "They told me it won't," Gary said at the time, "but you can't cast it out of your mind completely."

In 1961, when everyone expected him to become a full blown star, Gary batted .232 with 18 home runs. The 6-1, 165-pounder has good power, a fine arm and great speed (he stole 35 bases the last two years), and yet he kept disappointing. And he worried. Last season he was hitting around .200 into July, but he finished strongly and raised his average to .249. Things looked a little better until the Mejias trade.

But Geiger became reconciled after a while. "I knew when I went to spring training this year they'd have to go with the guys they'd just traded for," Gary said, "even if I had a good spring. Yes, this probably made me feel a little looser, relax more." He didn't have to press, he didn't worry because he was the No. 4 outfielder and the No. 2 first-baseman. That was all. So Geiger batted over .400 this spring.

"I just hope things work out where I get to play a little bit this summer," Gary said, "because I feel good right now, other than my stomach. It's been bothering me the last week or so. Once we came north my family left and all that traveling started, and that gets you a little upset. Besides that you're not playing and that makes a little difference too."

Being primarily a pinch-hitter can be agonizing for a man with an ulcer. Hits can be almost medicinal. "I'm sure I'll get through this season without having an operation," Gary said. "But if it bothers me all summer I

imagine it'll have to be cut out."

A good season will mean much more to Gary Geiger—and Blue Cross—than to most ballplayers.

FAN CLUB NOTES

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Diana Blum, 18556 Elkhart, Harper Woods 36, Mich.: **Rocky Colavito**. Jeff Kentgen, 249 Grand Ave., West Hempstead, N.Y.: **Don Drysdale**. Stuart Firstenberg, 1450 Andrews Ave., Bronx 53, N.Y.: **John Orsino**. Charta Lockwood, 920 Shirland Ave., South Beloit, Ill.: **Bob Shaw**. Lonn Odom, 250 Cambridge St., Syracuse 10, N.Y.: **R.C. Owens**. Dan Nagel, 2875 Montana Ave., Cincinnati 11, O.: **Cincinnati Royals**. Howard Gross, 238-37 116 Rd., Elmont, N.Y.: **Mickey Mantle-Whitey Ford**. Tim Von Tersch, 216 S. 13, Osage, Iowa: **Minnesota Twins**.

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Norm Cash was spending some pre-game warmup time at a favorite hitter's pastime; he was working on his knuckleball. "Hey, look at this," he said to Tiger pitching coach Tom Ferrick. "I'm gettin' real good."

Ferrick walked over and Cash threw a knuckleball. "Pretty good, huh?" Cash said proudly.

"Yeah, wonderful," said Ferrick. "You throw it like Gary Gubner."

Tommy Davis, pressed by a reporter, said, yes, he'd discovered the secret of his hitting success. "Every time I see that ball on its way to the plate," said Tommy, "I make up my mind to hurt it."

Writer John Devaney (page 32) made the mistake this spring of visiting the St. Louis Cardinals' camp the day he arrived in Florida. There, Stan Musial, already sun-tanned, had prepared a staple greeting for all pale newcomers from the north. "Why, hello there," Stan said to John. "Where'd you spend the winter, in a flour sack?"

A Detroit Tigers' executive was talking about souvenirs sold at ballparks. "There's one I'd love to see sold in Detroit," he said. "It would sell out in a day."

"And what would that be?"

"A miniature bat with three holes in it. A 'Hank Aguirre model.'"

The subject was ballplayers' superstitions, and Tom Tresh leaned back in his seat, listening to the discussion. "Sometimes they go a little too far," said a fellow. "Like those guys on a winning streak who won't change their socks or underwear for a week. That's carrying superstition a little wild."

"Superstition," said Tresh. "Those guys aren't superstitious. They're just too cheap to send out their laundry."

Frank Thomas, prior to a spring game between the New York Mets and the Milwaukee Braves, was kidding former teammate Warren Spahn. "Don't try to tell me you still have a fastball," Thomas said. "Know how much I think of your fastball? The first time you throw it to me today, I'm gonna embarrass you. I'm gonna reach right over the plate and catch it barehanded."

See you next month.

—BERRY STAINBACK



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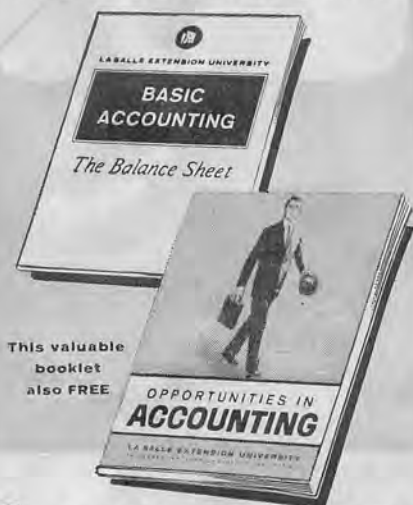
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Great Moments in Sport
by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

A RECORD FOR RAPID ROBERT

WHEN ROBERT WILLIAM ANDREW FELLER returned to the Cleveland Indians late in the 1945 season after spending nearly four years in the navy, people were naturally curious. They wondered if maybe Feller had lost his spectacular fastball while cruising on the high seas. If he had, people said, it would be his own fault. But they said it admiringly, for they knew Feller had been a fighting sailor, not a ballplayer in bell-bottom trousers. The first thing he had done after entering the service, in fact, was to get himself relieved of his assignment as an athletic director, an assignment he had not sought.

Though Bob was only 23 when the war broke out, he had been a six-season veteran in the majors and had already accomplished enough to enter the Hall of Fame two or three times. There had been, for example, those three one-hitters in 1938, the same year he had set a major-league strikeout record of 18, against Detroit. And who could forget his no-hitter against the White Sox on opening day, 1940, followed by another one-hitter three months later. From 1939-41, Rapid Robert had won 24, 27 and 25 games. As Yankee manager Joe McCarthy had said of Feller in '38: "For years we have been picking all-time all-star teams and there always have been arguments . . . most of them about the pitcher. Young, Matty, Johnson, Alexander—they all get support. I was thinking, watching Feller today, that the time might come when he will settle all the arguments about the pitcher."

But when the time came for Feller to convincingly settle those arguments, he was nowhere near a ballpark. He had to make up for those four lost years in his baseball life, and he had to do it in a hurry. A pitcher's fastball doesn't last forever—even one like Feller's, which was once clocked at nearly 100 miles per hour. Though he had achieved so much, he still lacked one record he desperately wanted, for it would stand as a monument to his bid as the greatest fastball pitcher of modern times. The record was most strikeouts in a single season set by Rube Waddell in 1904. When Feller began the 1946 season he was exactly 343 strikeouts away.

If Bob, now 28, was to ever get that record, it seemed 1946 would be the year. And, from the beginning, Feller was determined to make it a year people would never forget.

As the season wore on, Feller continued to bear down even while the Indians were falling down—into the second division. Fans filled the parks whenever Feller pitched and seldom had the major leagues seen such consistently dazzling strikeout performances game after game. By Thursday September 27, three days before the season's end, the thin righthander trailed Waddell by six strikeouts. On Friday the Indians arrived in Detroit for a final three-game series with the second-place Tigers. In the fifth inning of the first game Feller got the call from manager Lou Boudreau to relieve.

Coolly and confidently, Feller fired pitch after blazing pitch. When Jimmy Outlaw stepped to the plate, Feller had already struck out five men. Outlaw was a fitting potential victim for he had ruined a Feller no-hitter the year before. This time Feller's justice prevailed and Outlaw received a three-strike sentence. No. 343.

When he walked off the mound after the game, Bob was elated, but already his thoughts were wandering to the next day—the day he hoped to set history. Boudreau promised Bob he would relieve an inning or two, but plans were changed at the last minute when the Cleveland front office ordered the manager to start Feller on Sunday against Hal Newhouser.

"But what if it rains and the game is called off?" Feller asked Boudreau. "Oh, don't worry," said Boudreau, "we'll play it."

Still, Bob spent half the night calling the weather bureau. Every time he called he received the same prediction—rain.

It rained when Feller woke up on Sunday and it rained up until game time. Neither team took batting or infield practice. Suddenly, as if the weatherman himself was a baseball fan, the storm clouds blew over and the game was on. For the first three innings, it seemed as if Newhouser and not Feller was going for the record. Hal got six strikeouts in that period and Feller none. Two more innings went by and still Feller couldn't get that one strikeout, mainly because the Tigers were trying to hit the ball any way they could. Few of them were taking full cuts.

Finally, in the sixth inning, Newhouser watched a third strike go by. He turned around to argue with the umpire, but few people paid much attention. They were too busy giving Feller a standing ovation.

Emotionally buoyed by his hard-fought, long-sought record, Feller added four more, thus establishing 348 as the magic number for the future.



AT YOUR
NEWSSTANDS
JUNE 25



JIM
BEATTY



JOEY
JAY

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

For all his success, for all his stature, Willie Mays leads what he considers a lonely life. It is explored next month in a story by Arnold Hano: "Willie Mays—His Loneliness And Fulfillment" . . . More inside baseball material comes from the American League managers. In the second part of our special series, they disclose their secret player ratings.

Shortly before his death in the ring, Davey Moore had a long talk with writer Bill Libby about death in the ring. We publish that exclusive interview next month . . . We also publish Jim Beatty's opinions of the big story in track and field: Our Chances Against Russia . . . Plus a thought-provoking piece by Myron Cope: "The Importance Of Pride In Sports."

Football, hotter than ever this off-season, gets a heavy share of attention, too, with a surprise report from the National Football League, and an in-depth profile of Cookie Gilchrist from the American Football League.

Baseball stars singled out for attention in August *SPORT* are Boog Powell, Johnny Podres, Don Demeter and our *SPORT SPECIAL* subject, Joey Jay . . . Powell talks about the big build-up he's had and the battle he's had to live up to it. Podres reflects on his decade of big-league life, detailing his successes and disappointments. Demeter speaks out on his tough maturing process. Jay discusses the rugged individualism that marks his life.

Also next month a report on Ted Williams' hunting experiences, a picture story on baseball's Hall Of Fame at Cooperstown, New York, and the life story of Tazio Nuvolari, the world famous auto racer. More, too.



TRIBUTE TO AN ATHLETE

As a *SPORT* subscriber, I have often considered writing to you, but this is the first time I have felt I had anything worthwhile to say.

This past March 7, one of the finest persons and athletes I have ever had the pleasure of knowing passed away after an acute heart attack. He was just 18 and would have been the first Negro to graduate from Wirt County High School. I have never known anyone as well-liked as he was. This must be very hard for some of those stubborn, ignorant people in the South to believe, but I can assure them it's true.

Ron Costley was a tribute to his race and to his school. He was elected President of the Student Council and was voted the most popular and courteous boy in school. He was also an honor student. And he was an exceptionally fine athlete, having won many trophies and honors. He lettered three years in both basketball and football. His good, clean sportsmanship rated praise and admiration from rival coaches and players.

He grew up in a community that lacked racial discrimination and he was accepted for the wonderful, kind young man he was. Almost a thousand people attended his memorial services and no one tried to hide his grief. The United States Constitution says "All men are created equal" and praise should be given to these kind people who really lived up to those words.

Ron Costley taught all who knew him a beautiful and unforgettable lesson.

Elizabeth, W. Va.

Bonny Moore

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT



I am sorry to say that the article on Bill Mazerowski has a mistake in it that I wish you would correct. I quote: "The seventh game of the World Series came down to the ninth inning with nothing decided when Maz, a wad of tobacco bulging his jaw, struck a memorable blow against Yankee imperialism."

I would like to inform you that when Maz hit his homer off Ralph Terry he was not chewing his customary wad of tobacco.

Punxsutawney, Pa.

Kay Fostiak

MAZ HAS NICE HANDS, TOO

In one of your past issues some drip said that Mazerowski was fat. This child doesn't know the difference between fat and muscles. Even my boyfriend admits Maz has nice shoulders. Homestead, Pa. Lana-Margret Jackson

LETTERS TO SPORT

205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N.Y.

GET YOUR CRAYONS

The following is my "Sports Coloring Book":

This is Wilt Chamberlain. He is big. Use all your crayons on him.

This is Walter O'Malley. He owns the Dodgers and half of California. Color him in the black.

This is Casey Stengel. He manages the Mets. He thinks the team will be better this season. Color his glasses rose-colored.

This is Ralph Terry. He is pitching to Willie McCovey. Color his four-leaf clover green.

This is Cassius Marcellus Clay. Color his mouth.

This is Sugar Ray Robinson. He used to be champ. Now he loses all the time. You can't color him. He's out of the picture.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Richard Green

MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT



I want to express my heartfelt thanks to you for including one sentence in your article on Bart Starr which states that Mr. Starr gets chiropractic treatment once a week to ease pressure of a strained sacroiliac.

Chiropractors get sick people well and deserve a proper share of praise and glory as members of the healing profession.

Thirty-three million chiropractic patients can't be wrong.

Devine, Tex.

Sharon English

We won't pick a bone with you on that score.

THE NIGHT THE NL WENT BLOOEY

While studying your 1963 Major League Baseball Schedule, I came up with an astounding prediction. On the night of September 6, the National League will go haywire.

On that night, according to your schedule, the San Francisco Giants will be host to both the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Houston Colts. However, this incident is only one of the spectaculars of the night. The Colts, while playing at San Francisco, will also meet the Chicago Cubs in their own park.

Amazing!

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dave Edie

For catching an error like that, Dave, you deserve a straight answer. Houston will be playing the Cubs, not the Giants.

WHAT IS PRO FOOTBALL'S FUTURE?

By THE EDITORS OF SPORT

*For most men (til by losing rendered sager)
will back their own opinions with a wager.*

—Lord Byron

PAUL HORNUNG and Alex Karras lost a lot, a full year, at least, out of their football lives. Professional football could have lost a lot more, the faith of its fans, the momentum of its magnificent growth. But somehow, perhaps because people expected a more shocking scandal, perhaps because society accepts certain rules-breaking, the National Football League, on what could have been a disaster day, found itself in a curious and prosperous position.

The day was April 18. Less than 24 hours earlier, at a New York City press conference, Commissioner Pete Rozelle had announced the indefinite suspension of Hornung and Karras. Each had violated a league rule by betting on football games; Karras also had broken a by-law by associating with men described by Detroit police as "known hoodlums." Public reaction was aroused. People were not doubting the league's integrity, however; by and large they were criticizing Rozelle for acting too severely.

The shift in criticism was fine for pro football's future. Clearly, should no further scandal break, April 17 would be remembered in far-off years as the day Pete Rozelle's sternness saved pro football.

More immediately, though, sympathy lay with the men Pete had punished. It had been pro football's misfortune and great fortune to have Hornung as one of its

suspended stars. He was the game's most glamorous hero, the man in the magazine ads, the Mickey Mantle of his sport. If the league was willing to suspend him, who could it be protecting?

In happier times Hornung had been a charming combination of Frank Merriwell, All-America football player; Errol Flynn, All-America carouser; and Jack Armstrong, All-American boy. In troubled times he was now Jack Armstrong. Head high, eyes focused straight ahead, handsome face sad, he said of his suspension: "I made a terrible mistake. I realize that now. I am truly sorry. I did wrong. I should be penalized. I feel more hurt because of my mother than myself."

George Washington had chopped down the cherry tree and now he couldn't tell a lie. Humility. Truth. Respect. Taking his punishment like a man. And to some people what Hornung had done seemed only a shade less moral than boyish cherry-tree chopping. Rozelle's report had emphasized that no NFL player ever gave "less than his best in playing any game," no NFL player ever bet "against his own team." To a society hardened by a pair of basketball scandals, accustomed to betting, self-conscious at its own moral misgivings, Hornung's behavior seemed wrong but not *that* wrong.

In New York the day Rozelle made his report, Lester Bromberg of the *World-Telegram & Sun* polled the people. He reported the reactions of 12 of them in his paper; nine said Hornung had received too harsh a punishment. "Throw dumpers out of any sport," said one man, summing up majority opinion. "But the thing

that matters most in the Hornung case, he bet to win and he played to win."

In Green Bay, where Hornung had become an All-Pro halfback and a national hero, Roman Dennison, the city's mayor, talked with tolerance. "He exercised a bit of bad judgment," said Dennison. "Paul Hornung was a hero to every kid on the street, but I think the city can possibly forgive and forget."

In Detroit the sounds were filled with more fury. Not only had Karras been suspended, but five of his teammates—Joe Schmidt, Wayne Walker, John Gordy, Sam Williams and Gary Lowe—had been fined \$2000 each for betting \$50 each on the 1962 NFL championship game. Additionally, the Detroit club had been fined \$4000 for failure to enforce league rules. "This is guilt by association and innuendo," said Karras. "I'm not guilty and I've done nothing to be ashamed of." Said Lions' president William Clay Ford: "The commissioner's ruling was slow in coming and rough when it got here."

In confidence the Lions said more. "One of them told me Rozelle had sold him down the river," said Dave Diles, a Detroit sportscaster. "He said, 'Rozelle told me: 'You tell me everything you know and we'll be in your corner. We'll try to see that everything works out okay; just cooperate with us.''" This Lion said the Lions were taking a lot of blame for everyone."

"That's not true," said Rozelle when the accusation was relayed to him. "I'll tell you what I told the players. They were concerned about publicity. They wanted to know whether I would publicize any action I might take in the way of fines. I said if I did take action, I intended to announce it. I said there were several reasons for this. One, I thought it would come out anyway and I thought I could put it in the proper light. Two, I thought it important to demonstrate to the McClellan Committee (Senator McClellan's Senate Investigations Committee) our desire to handle our own matters effectively. I told the players I thought it would be done in the proper perspective and I thought it would probably generate sympathy for them, particularly in Detroit, and concern about me, if I took action."

"I think this has been the case. But the inference in that statement is that I said, 'You tell us something and I won't do anything to you.' That is incorrect."

Rozelle was right. There was sympathy for the players in Detroit, particularly for the five Lions who had been fined \$2000. And there was concern for, more specifically, criticism of, Rozelle. The onus was off pro football. If anything, people said, the Commissioner had acted too strongly to prove his point.

The McClellan Committee was pleased with his action, but said its investigation was not yet completed. Said Jerome Alderman, counsel for the committee: "There are definitely some aspects of the situation we're still looking into." Supporting Alderman's stand, syndicated columnist Jimmy Cannon raised the point that though Rozelle had acted with initiative and integrity, he still lacked the power of subpoena available to law-enforcement agencies. In the basketball scandals, Cannon pointed out, various district attorneys had unmasked the massive corruption.

Was more coming? Nobody knew. The people obviously wanted no more to come. They had become addicted to professional football as if it were a narcotic. Even amid the early rumors, when it seemed some players might be indicted for point-shaving, NFL ticket sales were brisk. A suspicion arose that only a widespread scandal would ever drive fans from the sport.

Yet, even if the public thought the action too harsh, the NFL owners, coaches and players did not. They supported Rozelle, they said he had secured the future

of their sport, they said a strong, urgent lesson had been learned.

"I've talked to several players," said Pete Retzlaff, president of the NFL Players Association, "and they feel sorry for the fellows involved. So do I. Yet there is an old saying: he who dances has to pay the fiddler. They've been dancing and now they have to pay. The stiffness of the penalty will definitely help prevent future NFL rule violations. The suspensions will shake up a lot of players. The penalties were not too stiff. I know the commissioner spent many sleepless nights over this and he was concerned about doing the right thing."

"I wish the league and players could be kept free of gambling because it's like the hole in the dike. Pretty soon this betting might lead to worse things, like bad associations and shaving points and dumping games. Where do you draw the line? I think the best thing is to keep the elements out altogether."

"As for my reaction, in my mind, the players involved are more guilty morally than anything else. They're not guilty of any major crime, just bad judgment. As far as publicizing the penalties, you have to do this. You've got to hang your wash on the line and use a good, strong detergent and get your laundry clean."

The wash on the line impressed the public. The strong detergent impressed the players. "If I had been gambling," said Harley Sewell, acting captain of the Lions part of last season, "I would certainly stop now. Two thousand dollars is pretty hard to take."

Other players shared Sewell's opinion. The old bookmaker, Lord Byron, might say that any player who had made a past wager (and it must be assumed that many who had could not be *proven* to have bet) had been rendered sager.

Not only wouldn't they wager in the future, but, said Chicago Bears' owner George Halas: "this will cause the players to tighten their belts regarding who they associate with. The NFL will be as great as ever."

Halas' concern for the NFL's stature was founded on more than his investment in the Bears, on more than the lifetime of work he's put into the league. In January, Halas had publicly exposed the basket of dirty rumor wash. George had been hearing rumors of scandal, particularly rumors involving his fullback, Rick Casares. He wanted to squelch them.

With the help of a Chicago reporter, Halas wrote a four-paragraph statement saying he had asked Rozelle to make a thorough investigation of the rumors. The last paragraph was a "quote" from Rozelle in which the commissioner "said" he was investigating the rumors. Halas gave the statement to the Chicago *Tribune* and figured its publication would be followed by an end to the rumors.

What followed was furor. Headlines across the country announced a possible pro football scandal. It was learned then that Rozelle had been investigating Casares for 18 months. Casares took, and passed, a lie-detector test. Karras appeared on an NBC television program and, asked if he bet on ballgames, said, "I have bet on ballgames." Asked if he had ever bet on games in which he had been playing, he said, "Yes I have."

Later, on a WXYZ-TV program conducted in Detroit by Diles, Karras elaborated. "When I talked with this guy from NBC," Karras said, "he asked me if I ever bet. I said 'yes.' He didn't ask me anything else. It's always been my policy to be honest, no matter what. I've never bet more than a package of cigarettes or a couple of cigars and then I bet only with close friends. I never bet with a bookie or talked with a bookie. I don't even know any bookies."

WHAT IS PRO FOOTBALL'S FUTURE?

continued

Karras was called to New York by Rozelle. Other players across the country began to speak out on the investigation and some of them, as a result of their statements, were called in, too. For a while, to a public unaware of what Rozelle really knew, the commissioner's actions brought to mind something reminiscent of Max Lincoln Schuster's analysis of the McCarthy era. "We are living in a time," Schuster had said, "when you can't collect your thoughts without being accused of unlawful assembly."

Ultimately, on April 17, the results of Rozelle's investigation were made public. He and his force of 16 to 18 private investigators had interviewed 52 men on eight different teams. "It is deeply regretted," the commissioner's report read, "that many players in the League and their families suffered extensive mental anguish and harm to their reputations through inferences drawn from highly publicized accounts of rumors and/or partially developed facts. Examples include: Bob St. Clair . . . (and) Rick Casares."

Hornung's troubles began, according to the report, in 1956 when he played in the college East-West game. There, he met a West Coast businessman who was a heavy bettor. From 1957 through 1961 Hornung spoke with the man frequently, offering his opinion on the outcome of football games. From 1959 through 1961 Hornung made bets himself and, except for one season when he won \$1500, pretty much broke even.

Karras, according to the report, continued to associate with the men Detroit police described as "known hoodlums" after learning of their backgrounds. Additionally, he made at least six significant bets on National Football League games from 1958 through 1962. Gordy, Lowe, Schmidt, Walker and Williams were charged only with making one bet apiece. "Investigation indicates this was basically a group action," the report read, "an action of extremely rash judgment but one abnormal for each. The investigation disclosed no other instances of such betting on NFL games by any one of the five . . . This single violation of the Constitution and By-Laws should be placed in its proper perspective as an act that cannot be condoned because of the strict rules of the NFL, but one that should in no way adversely affect the reputation of those involved."

So ended the major phase of Rozelle's investigation and so began an intensified campaign to keep pro football in full national favor. "We have learned you can never do too much in the way of preventive measures," said Rozelle. "I think we have done more than any other sport except horse racing, but it just stresses that you can never do too much."

Following the pattern set by the NFL's late commissioner, Bert Bell, Rozelle had visited training camps, issuing personal warnings to the players about gambling and associating with "undesirable" persons. He had stressed to the players the importance of reading their contracts and the constitution and, in his words, "learning what their rights and their obligations are." He had insisted on the locker-room posting of Article I, Section 14, of the league's constitution and by-laws, the article dealing with gambling and its penalties.

Now, said Rozelle, he will ponder plans for stricter safe-guards. "If we can increase the effective preventive measures by spending money," he said, "I certainly want to see it spent. I don't have a budget. I think they (the club owners) will just let me know when the league office is spending too much."

Obviously the club owners will support any spending spree for tighter policing. Conceivably they will support any moves Rozelle makes because, in handing out his penalties, the 37-year-old commissioner earned full respect from the owners, even those who in the past perhaps doubted his abilities, perhaps considered him too young for the job. The public, critical to a degree of his harshness, respected him, too.

Of the penalties, Rozelle said, "I obviously feel that this will help serve as a deterrent for the future and I think that is, of course, one of the indirect benefits. It's going to cause all of us, I think, to be more alert. It's going to encourage the players to do more self-regulating."

Retzlaff agreed. "One effect will be that the players won't take so much for granted the warnings to stay away from bad associations and the like," he said. "I feel the players will discipline themselves more."

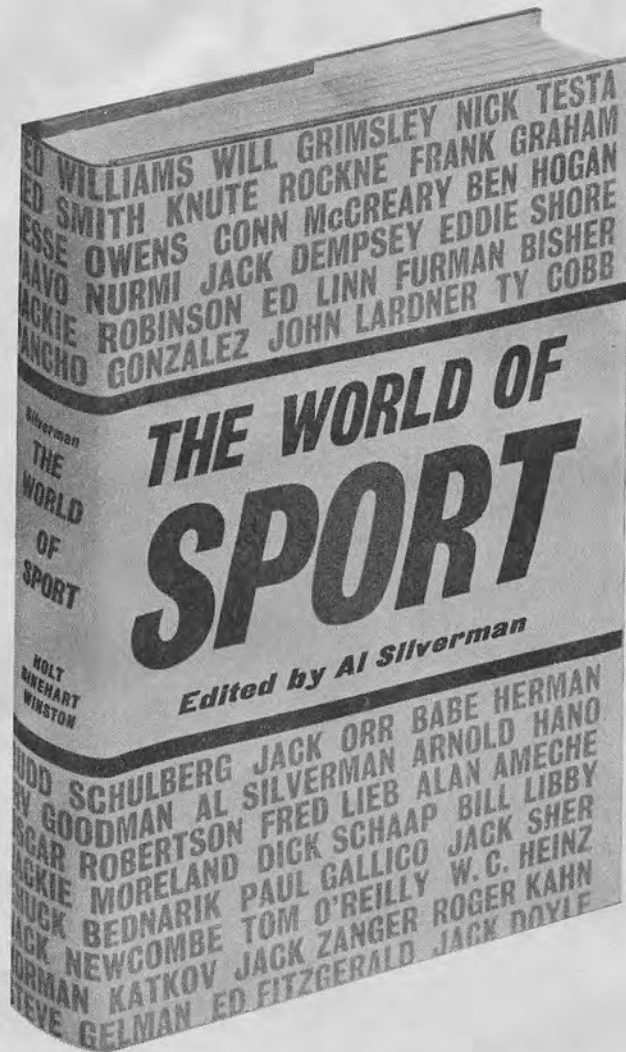
He also felt the upcoming season would be a crucial one for pro football's future. "Speaking as the president of the Players Association," Retzlaff said, "I'm worrying a great deal that there will be no stigma attached to the league. To a great extent, we sell our reputations. As just one example, we have a \$120,000 deal made where players' pictures appear on trading cards. Much of this money goes into the players' pension fund. If our reputations are hurt, we suffer because the pension fund suffers."

Halas, when asked if any stigma will be attached to the NFL in the aftermath of the investigation, was more adamant. "Not one iota," he said.

Probably Halas was right. Symbolic of the public's reactions after Rozelle's investigation were many of the questions fans asked. The questions had nothing to do with scandals or gambling or ethics. They dealt instead with the 1963 Western Conference race. Who would be hurt more, the fans wanted to know, Green Bay by losing Hornung or Detroit by losing Karras?

Such is pro football's hold. Nothing short of a game-fixing scandal will loosen it.

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Look What's Happening To Ballplayers

By Myron Cope

**They're reading books,
writing them, attending
concerts, playing
chess, studying deep
subjects. It was never
like this before**

Jim Brosnan, *right*, is considered
the leader of the new cult.



JAMES PATRICK BROSNAN, whose pen is mightier than his fastball, sat behind the wheel of his station wagon, his eye on the Florida highway as he spoke.

"I'm not allowed to do any more writing," he said. "They ordered me last October to cut it out."

"How can they do that?" I asked. "It's an infringement of freedom of speech, or something."

"Paragraph 3-C, uniform major-league player contract," said Brosnan, citing a clause prohibiting actions detrimental to The Great Game.

We drove on in silence for a few moments and then I said, "Well, unless I'm mistaken you've got three magazine stories on the newsstands right now. You've committed a direct violation of your contract, haven't you?"

Brosnan did not reply immediately. Finally, still keeping his eyes on the highway, he arched his eyebrows in mock surprise and said, "Yeh, I have, haven't I?"

It was spring-training time. Equipped with notebooks and a supply of traveler's cheques, I had set out to track down and catalogue a new breed of intellectuals now lurking in the flannel forest of the big leagues. Cultivated minds have long been found here and there in professional football, which draws almost wholly on the college ranks for players and not surprisingly has produced a Supreme Court justice (Byron White) but only in recent years has the intellectual climate in baseball begun to succumb to insidiously uplifting forces. "Look, here," an editor had told me. "We know the game is getting lousy with college men and businessman types, but we've got a dirty suspicion a few real brains are creeping in now. Go down there and find out what things have come to."

The obvious starting point was Brosnan, who from his vantage point in the Cincinnati bullpen has written two best-selling sociological volumes on life in the big leagues. Taking comfort from his royalties, Brosnan has been willing to expose himself as an erudite oddball among a working force that has a name for his kind. The name is Alice, and it is spoken with a limp wrist.

Moreover, because Brosnan has retold on the printed page the gamey conversations of ballplayers, managers, and coaches heard in dugouts, clubhouses, and bullpens, he has been labeled a menace by his general manager, Bill DeWitt. DeWitt cannot fire him, however, for Brosnan is a pretty fair pitcher, a commodity hard to come by. "I'd like to be traded," Brosnan told DeWitt when ordered to cease writing. DeWitt replied that he would not trade anybody, not even John Steinbeck, unless he could obtain fair baseball value in exchange. Brosnan's next book, now in the plotting stage, will be a baseball novel, and while he isn't saying so, it will surprise nobody if it turns out to be a baseball *Carpetbaggers*—that is to say, a backroom and bedroom peek at the game, with the

book's characters bearing remarkable similarities to actual persons living and/or wishing they were dead.

Among ballplayers, Brosnan is almost alone as one who stands openly revealed as an Alice. Most move quickly to dispel any suspicion that they may harbor an intellectual bent. "You might look into Joey Jay," Brosnan suggested to me, snitching. "The other day I saw him carrying a copy of Plato's *Republic*. I said, 'What the hell you doing with that?' and he said, 'What the hell would I be doing with it? I'm reading it.'"

Joey Jay?

He is a big mule of a Cincinnati pitcher, an erstwhile chicken farmer who for a time was accused of trying to eat himself out of the majors. In short, a wonderful specimen of the ballplayer adored in story and song.

"Hey, Joey," I said, intercepting him as he shambled onto the ballfield. "You've bene accused of reading Plato."

"Who says so?" demanded Joey.

"Brosnan saw you."

"Ah," said Joey. "I just thought there's a chance Plato might come back."

Under questioning, however, Joey broke down and admitted that he hates jazz and that his favorite music is the works of Franz Liszt. Inasmuch as neither Brosnan nor Joey Jay are college men, I braced myself for what surely lay ahead in the baccalaureate ranks. Indeed, as my expedition proceeded through the training camps, evidence of intellectual activity cropped up daily. Mark this:

St. Louis has an outfielder on the faculty of Washington University and still another outfielder who is trying—not very successfully—to teach his colleagues chess. Baltimore has a pitcher who has lectured to a book club. The New York Mets have a pitcher who has clandestinely explained his theory of dynamics in an obscure engineering journal. The Chicago White Sox have a first baseman who collects way-out art, and the Chicago Cubs have a utility infielder who on trips to New York takes in the cerebral performances dispensed by off-Broadway theaters. The Los Angeles Dodgers have a pitcher who collects classical records, and the San Francisco Giants, one game better than the Dodgers as usual, have a pitcher who it is alleged regularly occupies an orchestra seat at the symphonies and operas.

And look what's happened in Pittsburgh. Last winter the Pirates traded first-baseman Dick Stuart to the Boston Red Sox because they felt his position could be adequately handled by a young benchwarmer, Donn Clendenon. Big Stu, witty and vivacious but unconcerned with matters that do not relate to hitting a baseball out of a park, would never have come close to a college had it not been for the fact that Forbes Field is located across the street from the University of Pittsburgh campus. I once asked him if he was offended by the fact that the *Saturday Evening Post* had titled his life story *Irrepressible Egotist*. "I might

Look What's Happening To Ballplayers continued

be," replied Stu, "if I knew what it meant." Many Pittsburgh fans loved Stu, many hated him, but all were fascinated by him, for he is a solid-gold baseball type that we have come to expect and cherish ever since Ring Lardner wrote *Alibi Ike* and *You Know Me, Al*.

Into Stu's Pirate shoes stepped Donn Clendenon, whose favorite reading matter is not the *Sporting News* but the novels of the gloomy Russian, Feodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski.

Clendenon was graduated from high school at age 15 and from Morehouse College, Atlanta, at age 19. Though offered a football contract by the Cleveland Browns and basketball contracts by the New York Knicks and Harlem Globetrotters, he chose to accept a \$700 bonus from the Pirates and teach high-school mathematics in the off-season. He married a girl who in college had majored in English and minored in French. They sit home nights discussing literature. Clendenon has a strong taste for the works of Immanuel Kant, the German philosopher, and when I last saw him he was pleasurably immersed in a collection of Karl Llewellyn's lectures on American law. "What the hell is baseball coming to?" I wondered, but when I asked Clendenon if he thinks the baseball public's interest is apt to be captured as easily by the Clendenon type as by the Big Stu type, he replied:

"People these days want to see good baseball."

But is it really as simple as that? Are mechanics all that matter?

On the contrary, the essence of baseball is, for want of a better word, its masculinity. The perspiration-soaked shirt and the chin-to-chin arguments with umpires are the ungentelemanly smells and sounds that delight the senses. Even the unique vocabulary of the game rings with masculinity. Players do not change clothes in dressing rooms but rather, in clubhouses. They sit in dugouts and bullpens and throw spitballs—masculine words all. We expect our baseball players to act a little hairy, even if they are not hairy. From Babe Ruth to Hack Wilson to Bobo Newsom, we have never minded booze on the ballplayer's breath. We expect ballplayers to be basic men and will gladly give three cheers for pool-hustling, woman-chasing Bo Belinsky.

Jim Brosnan probably would read Freudian overtones into the above postulatam, but Brosnan himself is proof of it. People read his books because he is able to capture the virility of ballplayers. Further, aside from the spectacles he wears, Brosnan himself is almost a parody of the baseball stereotype: A huge man, he walks slope-shouldered and pigeon-toed as though pushing a plough, and carries a large cud of tobacco in his cheek. (Removed from the ballfield, however, he looks like a member of a hunt club. He wears a blazer, sometimes a beret, sucks at a pipe, and sips a gin and tonic.)

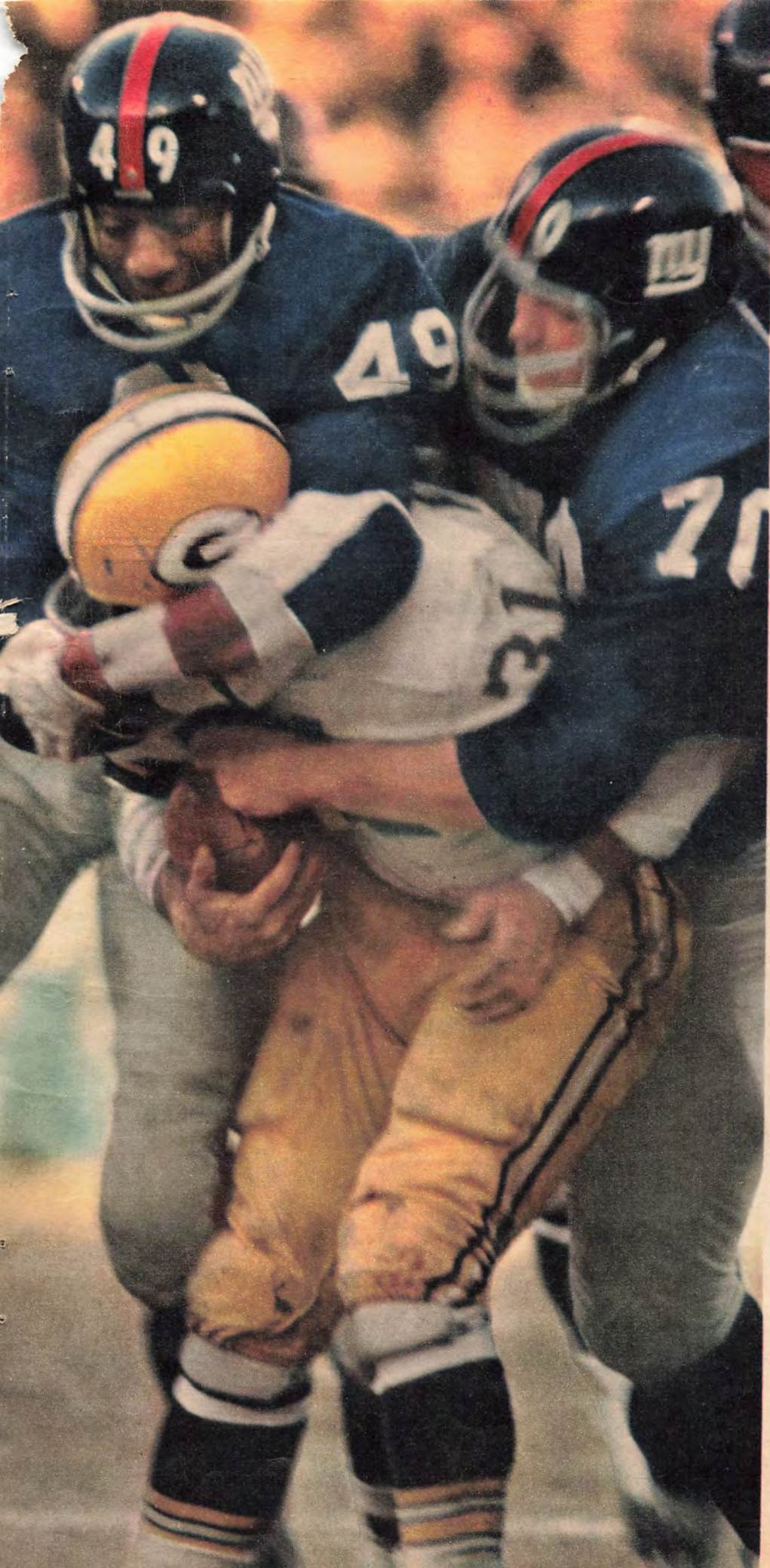
Taken individually, the new intellects of baseball are winsome men with whom it is a pleasure to converse because they are articulate, good natured, and to a degree unique. (Only when taken cumulatively, their brains lumped together, do they seem objectionable—again, on the grounds that their type is apt someday to make clubhouses seem like squash racquets clubs.) Every last one of them denies he is an intellectual but each is interestingly quaint. Meet a few.

STEVE BOROS, Chicago Cubs infielder, was acquired last winter in a trade with Detroit, whose players regarded him as a man of strange tastes. Whenever the Tigers played in New York, the players would be greeted by well-heeled businessmen who consider it a privilege to take groups of ballplayers to dinner and to a popular Broadway musical. Boros does not care for musicals. He would excuse himself politely, saying he preferred to see Edward Albee's *The Death of Bessie Smith* or Jean Genet's *The Blacks* at an off-Broadway theater. "At first, this surprised the players," says Boros, "but after a while they just understood that I was a little weird."

Boros, who is only a few courses away from a bachelor's degree in literature at the University of Michigan, has written two short stories, some poetry, and a one-act play entitled *Men and Boys*. "The play is kind of way out," he explains.

In case you're wondering what the devil Boros is doing in baseball, the answer is he got a \$20,000 bonus. ("Intellectuals," says Jim Brosnan, "are just as pressed for a buck as anybody.") Steve Boros had a profitable spring-training period this year. He found time to read Volume I of H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*, James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and Herman Melville's *Pierre*, none of which has ever held a candle to Mickey Spillane paperbacks in a big-league camp.

CHARLIE JAMES, Cardinal outfielder, is a nice-looking man of 25 who covers his brains with a crewcut and holds a winter position at Washington University, St. Louis. He teaches electrical engineering. He has written a thesis called *The Electronic Umpire* which will send chills up the spines of (—> TO PAGE 70)



THE SAM HUFF-JIM TAYLOR CONFLICT

IS IT DIRTY FOOTBALL?

Months after the title game, the furor persists. Here 12 NFL stars reveal candidly what really goes on in their bruising sport

By **BERRY STAINBACK**

Color by Martin Blumenthal

Erich Barnes, 49, and Huff, 70, hitting Taylor in title game.

PLEASE TURN PAGE ►

FOLLOWING THE 1962 National Football League championship game there was a violent reaction to the violent world of Sam Huff. People who watched the game on television wrote hundreds of letters charging Huff, New York middle linebacker, with dirty play against Jim Taylor, Green Bay fullback. Huff received so many letters his wife wanted him to quit football, and finally he held a special screening of the game films for the press. "If I played dirty," he said, "I wanted the truth brought out." The wire-service writers who saw the film reported, "In our opinion it didn't look like a dirty game." You might have expected that would end it. It didn't. The controversy continued.

Taylor told a sportswriter: "Sam Huff is a great one for piling on. Sam likes being there on top of the pile. But I'm not saying Huff played dirty against me. I haven't seen our game movies yet."

At just about every function an NFL player attended after the championship game he was asked about the dirty play, and many of the questioners were sportswriters. Among them, no doubt, were writers who "covered" the game from in front of television sets and reported there was dirty play. Their viewpoint

didn't merely match that of the letter-writing fans, in many cases it precipitated it.

Was "dirty" football played in the championship game or were the charges figments of fired-up imaginations? To find out *SPORT* sought the opinions of men who should know. First, we polled some Packers. Taylor: "The films showed, in my opinion, there was unnecessary roughness in the pileups." Tight end Ron Kramer said: "I didn't see any excessive roughness." Fuzzy Thurston, guard, seconded Kramer. Coach Vince Lombardi: "There was nothing more in that game than there was in any other."

Then the Giants. Huff, corner back Dick Lynch and defensive tackle Dick Modzelewski agreed, saying: "It was a rough game, but not a dirty game."

Then we got the viewpoints of opposing players who may have known the slings and arrows of outrageous defenders. Pittsburgh fullback John Henry Johnson said, "I thought there was a little unnecessary jumping on Taylor after he was down. He's down he can't go any place else. I thought he got piled on a few times." "I thought so too," said Detroit fullback Nick Pietrosante. "I definitely thought so." Cleveland fullback Jim Brown said, "I didn't think the championship

Martin Blumenthal



Lion fullback Nick Pietrosante said, "I think Sam Huff," No. 70 above, next page lower left, "has been humiliated because Taylor seems to have a tremendous game against him every time and it just got to Huff. I thought there should have been a couple of penalties called. I definitely thought so. It would've delayed the piling on."

Bob Peterson



THE VARIED VIEWPOINTS

THE PACKERS: Fullback Jim Taylor, tight end Ron Kramer, guard Fuzzy Thurston, coach Vince Lombardi

THE GIANTS: Middle linebacker Sam Huff, defensive tackle Dick Modzelewski, corner back Dick Lynch

THE OPPOSING PLAYERS:

Offensive: Cleveland fullback Jim Brown, Pittsburgh fullback John Henry Johnson, Detroit fullback Nick Pietrosante

Defensive: Philadelphia middle linebacker Chuck Bednarik, Detroit corner linebacker Carl Brettschneider, Baltimore middle linebacker Bill Pellington

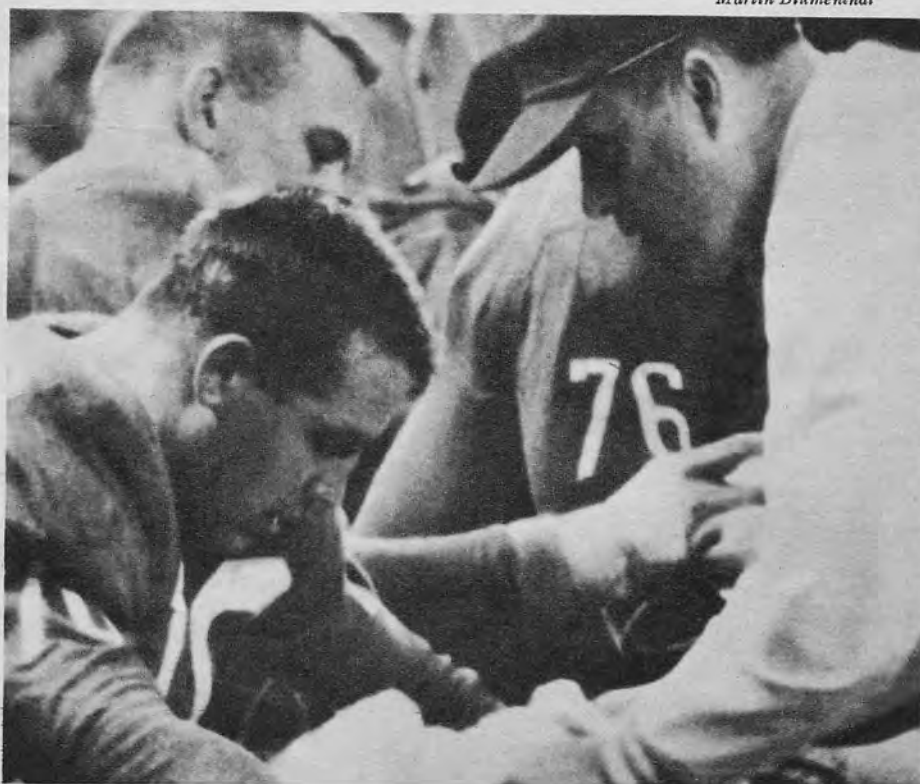
game was exceptionally different from any I'd ever watched, except that it was very cold and they were hitting very hard. I don't recall too many penalties against New York for whatever people are talking about."

Then the viewpoints of opposing defensive players, who don't necessarily regard the offensive viewpoint as their cup of dirt. "It was a rough game, they always are when you're playing for the championship," Chuck Bednarik said. "I thought there was a little extra roughness at times. But I didn't see anything I'd call dirty." "I was at Yankee Stadium," said Bill Pellington, Baltimore middle linebacker. "It was a little rough, but, being a defensive ballplayer, I didn't think it was dirty. I thought Huff and Taylor were having a little bit of a go at it, but the same goes with Taylor and myself, and I'm sure with everybody else that plays defense against him." Detroit corner linebacker Carl Brettschneider said, "It didn't look dirty to me. I don't think it was rougher than any other game."

No one said the play was dirty, several said it was unnecessarily rough.

"It's very hard to draw a line on what (—→ TO PAGE 65)

Martin Blumenthal



Pietrosante's Lion roommate Carl Brettschneider said, "Nick, being a fullback, and me, being a linebacker, disagree. I say Jim Taylor (31) deserves everything you've gotta give him. Taylor's the type of guy who unless you tackle him and lay on him, he's gonna crawl, kick, and he's a guy you gotta hit after the whistle or he gets extra yards."



National League Managers'



Don Drysdale, above, is the pitcher each manager would like to have on his staff. No other pitcher was rated as highly. Willie Mays, at left, picked as the best of the centerfielders, repeats the rating he received in 1960 when the managers last took part in a similar poll. The closest voting was for the best rightfielder. The man picked as the best was Frank Robinson, right. He beat out Hank Aaron. There is no way to pitch to Frank, say the managers. Jam him on the fists a few times and get him out and he'll come back the next day and belt the same pitch. Try him on outside pitches and get him out and he will adjust and very soon wallop them, too.

Marvin Newman

The men who run the NL teams reveal the information they use for their trades and their daily strategy. Their ratings point out the strengths and weaknesses, many of them surprising, of almost all the league's regular players

Confidential Player Ratings

By Jack Lang

WHEN YOU READ the ratings that follow, as interested as you may be, you won't be as interested as the men who supplied the information for them. The National League managers, who agreed to provide the information (with a guarantee of anonymity), said at the time they'd be eager to find out the results of the poll. "I won't tell you about my own players," said one manager, "but I'll gladly tell you what you want to know about other teams. It'll be interesting to find out what they think of my players."

That is the way the poll was conducted; no manager evaluated his own players. The Cubs were the only National League team that didn't participate. Polling nine managers was a large enough job without polling ten Chicago coaches in addition.

What follows are composite ratings made up from the nine managers' reports. In some cases the comments are caustic; in others, complimentary. But in all cases they are enlightening.

FIRST-BASEMEN

1—BILL WHITE, St. Louis. Though Orlando Cepeda has more power, White is rated the best all-round first-baseman in the league. Has great baseball instincts and puts out 100 percent. Good running speed. Can beat you in many ways and is especially effective against righthanded pitching. Baserunning excellent and will steal or take extra base if given the slightest break. Best fielding first-baseman in league and will come up with more great plays than any other man. Only rap against him is tendency to be streak hitter.

2—ORLANDO CEPEDA, San Francisco. Power plus and can hit to all



Bill Mazeroski, *above*, ranks first among the second-basemen. Cited as his major skills were his fielding excellence, on the double-play in particular, and his clutch hitting. Mazeroski was praised by one manager as "the best DP man ever."

Del Crandall, the No. 1 catcher, "calls the best game of any man in the league," the NL managers say. At bat, *left*, Del doesn't pull the ball as much as he did, but helps his team by going for the opposite field. He's also good in the clutch.

Ken Boyer, *with ball below*, is No. 1 at third base for his all-round talents. Say the managers: "He makes the difficult plays look easy. Has excellent range, strong arm, solid power."



Wally McNamce



fields. Is better hitter when he tries, for variety, not to pull the ball. Better baserunner than he shows at times. Especially tough to pitch to with Mays behind him in lineup. Not in White's class with glove. Biggest trouble is that he thinks of Cepeda first, Giants second. Still one of the most feared hitters in the league.

3—**ERNIE BANKS**, Chicago. Best runs-batted-in man in league. Has missed 100 only twice in ten years. Great team player. Just adequate at first base but made the shift from shortstop and did not hurt his hitting. Excellent low-ball hitter but doesn't pull as much as he once did. Too many years on losing team has not helped him.

4—**GORDON COLEMAN**, Cincinnati. Unorthodox hitter but better than he looks. Aggressive at the plate and could be one of big stars in the league in another year. Power at times is frightening. Good running speed but not good baserunner. Regarded as poor fielder. Ball away from him gives him a lot of trouble. Has weight problem.

5—**BILL SKOWRON**, Los Angeles. Has slowed up considerably in last year or two. Good on picking up balls in dirt but has very limited range in field. Bat must carry him and in new park it should. Hits balls in all directions and must be played straight away. Murder on lefthanded pitchers. Too streaky at bat but Dodger flexibility should help. Injury prone.

6—**ROY SIEVERS**, Philadelphia. Has got to hit to help club. Poor in field. Dangerous hitter and a student at the plate but can be pitched to. Handles balls well that he gets to, but doesn't get to too many. Probably unable to play full season.

7—**DONN CLENDENON**, Pittsburgh. Confidence and daily play in '63 can make him star. Has outstanding potential. Does not pull ball sufficiently yet to hit bundle of home runs he is capable of, but can pile up a lot of extra base hits. Still has several weaknesses at plate but can overcome them. Should help improve club's defense.

8—**PETE RUNNELS**, Houston. One of the smartest hitters in game but a singles hitter with not enough of the power required of a first-baseman. Only average in field.

9—**NORM LARKER**, Milwaukee. Tough competitor. Sound hitter but

below average in field. Poor base-runner and a slow one, too. Tommie Aaron likely to replace him frequently for defense.

10 — TIM HARKNESS-MARV THRONEBERRY, New York. Harkness is a good fielder who may hit for average now that he is getting a chance. Has some power but is just average runner. Good eye at the plate and doesn't swing at many bad balls. Learning to hit the high pitch. Throneberry has power but strikes out too much and does not hit for average. Weak defensively and makes many mistakes. Not an alert player. Baserunning poor.

SECOND-BASEMEN

1—BILL MAZEROSKI, Pittsburgh. Unanimous choice as outstanding man at this position. Makes double-play pivot faster than any man in league. Praised by one manager as "best DP man ever." Underrated as a hitter, but fine in the clutch. Can hit long ball or bloop to beat you.

2—JULIAN JAVIER, St. Louis. If he learns to hit the curveball could become a .300 hitter this year. Has fine speed; best runner of all the NL second-basemen. Has above-average range in field and will catch more short flies to outfield than any other second-baseman. Can hit to all fields and will drag bunt any time. Problem is his moods. Gets down on himself and his play suffers.

3—KEN HUBBS, Chicago. One of coming stars of the league. Has good actions both at plate and in field. Has a tendency to overswing and must cut down on strikeouts. Intelligent player. Not as great in field as record he set last year indicates, but above average nevertheless. Has sure hands.

4—FRANK BOLLING, Milwaukee. Good defensive man because he plays hitters as well as anyone. Right behind Mazeroski on making pivot. Slowed up considerably but still smart bunter and good hit-and-run man. Good early-season hitter, but needs occasional rest.

5—CHUCK HILLER, San Francisco. Desire to play keeps this average player in lineup. Al Dark has done much to help improve his play. Does not cover too much ground and his hands are not exceptional. Improved at bat more last season than in field. Does adequate job and does not hurt contending club as he proved last year. Average on double play. If had ability (→ TO PAGE 36)



Fred Kaplan

Though Orlando Cepeda has more batting power, Bill White, *top*, is rated the best first baseman. The managers give him the edge on "great baseball instincts, excellent baserunning, superb fielding." One knock: He tends to be a streak hitter.

Maury Wills, though erratic in the field, say the league managers, more than makes up for it with his batting, his speed, his range and strong arm. Maury, *right*, is rated the league's best shortstop. Jose Pagan is rated second.

Tommy Davis, *below*, is No. 1 among the leftfielders. His batting, particularly in the clutch, impresses the men who picked him. His batting isn't as good when he plays at third.

David Sutton





Color by Marvin Newman

If you ask me, Al ought to get a job with the Kodak people in the off-season. They'd pay him plenty for that "picture" swing. He has the perfect stroke. You'll seldom see him off-balance. The next time you see him swing, watch the end of his bat. It comes around so fast, you can hardly follow it.



Rocky's muscles seem to have muscles. I used to wrestle some steers back in Texas (when I was a young man, mind you) but I don't think I'd care to tangle with Rocky. He's so strong that he can be fooled by a pitch and hit the ball a long way. He hits out in front of the ball. He doesn't wait on it like Al. That's why he hits so many balls to left field—and so many of them for big home runs.



MY BUDDIES, COLAVITO AND KALINE

STORY AND CAPTIONS
BY NORM CASH

with Joe Falls

I'M NOT SURE I like the title of this story. A "buddy" is supposed to be just that—a buddy. He's supposed to do things for other people. He is supposed to be kind, courteous, friendly, thoughtful, helpful and considerate. You call Colavito and Kaline my buddies? All they ever do for me is leave me waiting at home plate while they trot around the bases after banging another ball into the seats. It gets a guy, I tell you. I've got to stand there and shake hands with them when they come across home plate and the next morning, there's their picture in the newspapers—big as life, coming straight at the cameras, while all anybody ever sees of me is my back. I'll bet my number—25—gets a bigger circulation than Dick Tracy.

But that's what happens when you bat behind two of the best hitters in baseball.

It's a lonely life, really. You go up to the plate yourself and look around the bases. They're empty. You look at the pitcher. He isn't looking at you. He's glaring. His face is usually flushed and if you look carefully enough, you can see the white wisps of smoke curling around his head. The man is mad, obviously. It is not a good time to dig your spikes very deep into the ground.

Colavito and Kaline, my buddies, have that kind of effect on pitchers. Or I should say, Kaline and Colavito—because that's how they bat in the Detroit Tigers' lineup.

Back east they talk about Maris and Mantle. Not bad. They hit 63 home runs between 'em last season. But how about our guys? Al hit 29 and Rocky hit 37 and that, I can tell you, adds up to 66 handshakes. I could add that I hit 39 myself, but I'm much too modest for that.

It's a thrill hitting behind Al and Rocky, believe me. Just come out to the ball park some day and see. When they're coming up to the plate, a certain excitement—I can't explain it, really—seems to sweep through the stands. You can almost sense that something is going to happen.

There is no way to compare the two players. I'd just like to be their agent and take the customary

ten percent. Each is a stylist in his own right, outstanding in his own way. Even their personalities differ. Al is usually one of the first ones in the clubhouse every day. Rocky is usually one of the last. He is never late, but if he is told to be there at 11 o'clock, he is there at 11 o'clock.

But they differ mostly on the field. Al is a great all-round player. He can do it all—run, hit, field, throw. He's a battler. He wants to beat you every time he goes to the plate. He thinks he should never make out. I think he's a better hitter with two strikes on him. He just tries to meet the ball then, hit it where it's pitched.

Rocky, he's more of a free swinger. He's got great determination at the plate. Watch him. Watch him in the on-deck circle. Already his mind is working. He follows every pitch, trying to figure out what's working for the pitcher that day—what he might get when he goes to the plate.

Rocky doesn't have Al's timing but he makes up for it by being so strong. He can be fooled by a pitch and still hit it a long way. Tell me, what player in baseball has hit 200 home runs in the last five years? I'll tell you: nobody but Rocky Colavito.

He is paid to hit home runs, but he's not just a one-way player. Rocky is slow and maybe sometimes he looks awkward, but is there a better left-fielder in our league? He battles out there, too. If you watch him every day, you realize just how good he is.

And confidence—nobody has more confidence than Rocky.

I remember the first game he ever played for the Tigers. How could I forget it? It was the most exciting opening day I'd ever seen. It was in Cleveland, just two days after the Tigers had traded Harvey Kuenn to the Indians for Colavito. What a way to start a season—the batting champion facing the home-run champion, each wearing the other's uniform for the first time.

I'm sure Rocky remembers it, too. All of his fans were out there still rooting for him. They hung banners and signs all over right field. That's where

MY BUDDIES, COLAVITO AND KALINE continued

Rocky first played for the Tigers. Al was in center.

Rocky had the most frustrating day any ballplayer could have. He was aching to do good, to get off to a good start with his new team. But he struck out four times, hit into a double play and popped up. We played 15 innings, more than four hours, before finally winning, and by the time the game was over the stands were almost empty. Rocky's fans had gone home.

But what I remember the most is not that day, but the next day. Rocky came into the clubhouse as if nothing had happened. He seemed the same as ever. I knew, then and there, that he was quite a ballplayer. He hit a home run that day, as I recall—and when we went home to Detroit I saw something that amazed me—the park was filled for our home

opener and every person in the right-field stands rose and gave Rocky a standing ovation as he ran out to his position in right field for the first time. That's something that doesn't happen to a ballplayer every day.

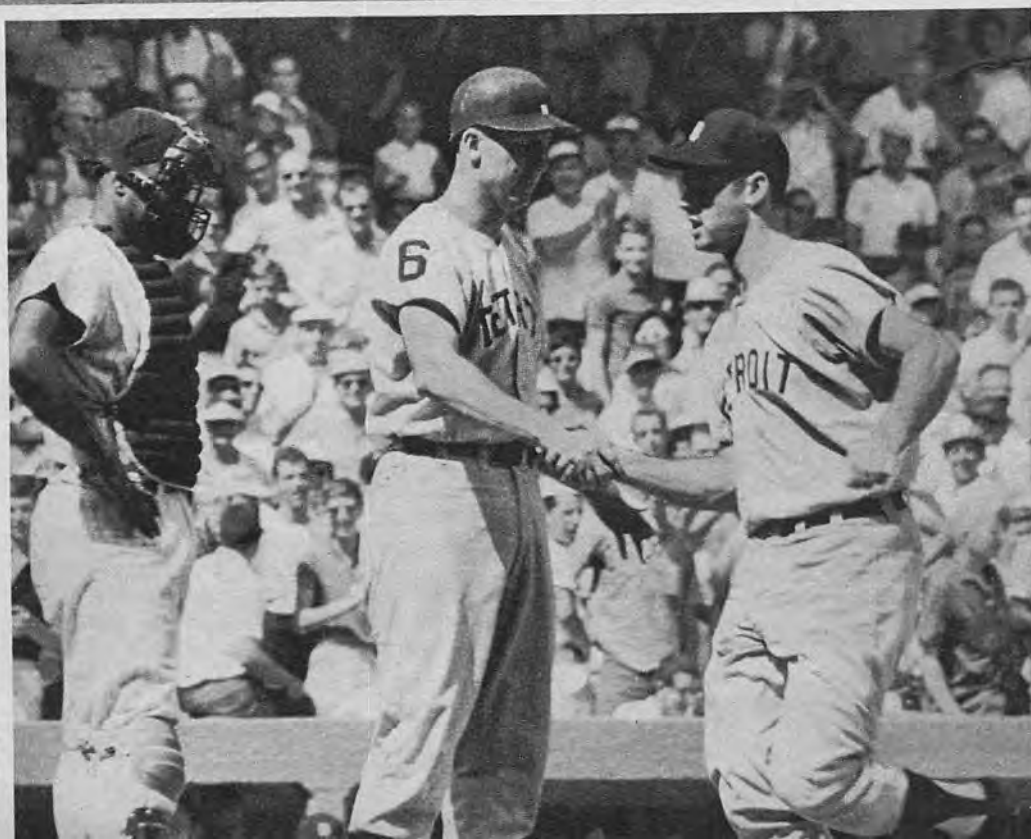
We have a lot of fun on the field, Al, Rocky and myself. At the end of batting practice, we usually play "long ball." We see who can hit the most into the seats. We make up bets. We usually play for Cadillacs and Cokes. I should say, Al and Rocky play for the Cadillacs; I play for the Cokes.

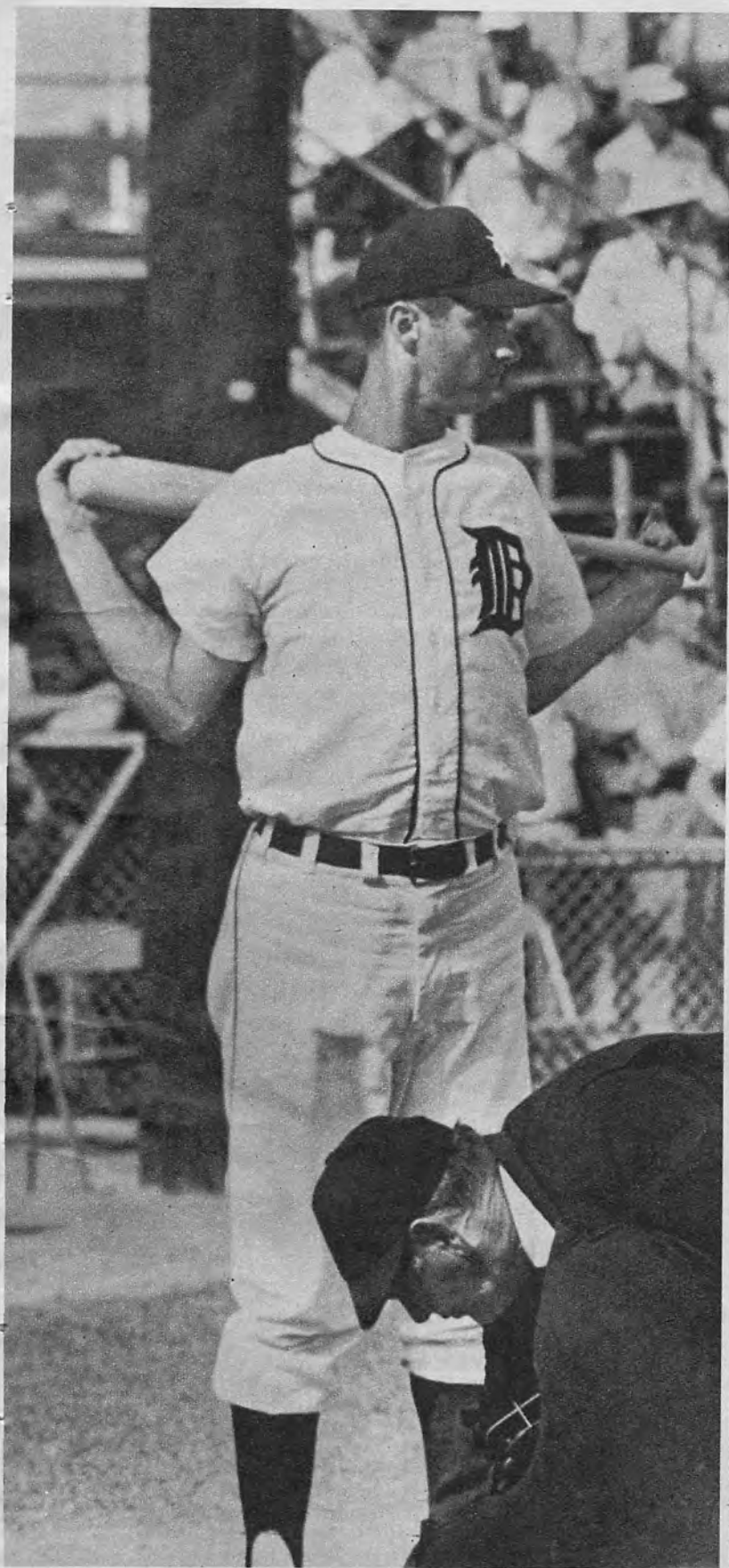
I'll tell you what kind of guy Rocky is. A couple of years ago we were playing in Washington—in old Griffith Stadium—and Rocky slammed a long drive to left-center field. It got caught in the wind and came down short of the seats for an out.



An amazing catch? Oh, I don't know. It's sort of routine with Kaline. He makes amazing catches all the time. He's just the best outfielder in the game. There isn't a thing he can't do. I'm waiting for the day when he picks up a single in right field and throws the ball right to me for an out. It'll happen. I'd bet on it.

There it is, *at right*, the old familiar scene: Rocky coming across the plate after hitting his home run, Al, who was on base, congratulating him. But wait a second. Where's No. 25? How do you like that? Now the photographers won't even take pictures of my back. I can't win.





No, Rocky doesn't have the itchiest back in baseball. It's just a habit with him to roll his bat across the shoulders and down his back. We all do different things to relieve the tension. I twirl two bats over my head.



Signing autographs can be an awful chore, but Rocky, *below*, never seems to mind it. He's got more patience than my wife. Al, *above*, has a clever way of signing his second name: a "K" followed by a long line. (If I made \$50,000 a year like some ballplayers that I know, I just might give out autographs, too.)



MY BUDDIES, COLAVITO AND KALINE continued

Rocky came back to the dugout and groaned, "That's robbery. That should have been out of here."

When it was my turn, I hit a ball to the same spot and it bounced off the wall for a triple. A couple of innings later I hit another one out there and it went into the seats for a home run.

I couldn't resist the temptation. When I got back to the bench I said, "You call that a wind. Back home in Texas that wouldn't even stir up the dust."

Rocky threw his hands up in the air and said, "What chance has a city guy from New York?"

Usually Rocky is pretty quiet in the dugout. Al is more of a bench jockey. He'll needle some of the other players, but only the ones he knows very well. Sometimes, Al gets mad when he makes out. He's not a water cooler-smasher, but he'll stomp around the dugout for a while. He doesn't think a pitcher should ever get him out. Rocky, on the other hand, is willing to give the pitcher credit for making a good pitch.

Oh, Rocky gets angry, too. We all do. It's only natural. But he gets aroused quickly, then cools off just as quickly. Who can forget the night he went up into the stands at Yankee Stadium when he saw some fan giving his father some trouble?

A lot of things seem to happen to us in Yankee Stadium. Like last year when Al rolled over making that great catch on Elston Howard and broke his collarbone.

Honestly, I didn't think Al was hurt. I'd seen him make those rolling, tumbling catches before. But when he stayed there on the ground, we all ran out

to him. I was one of the first to get there. He looked at me and said, "My shoulder—I think it's broken." We walked in with him—his catch was the last out and saved the game—and you could just feel the gloom settling over everybody.

When we got to the dugout, Al passed out and we had to carry him into the dressing room. We put him on a stretcher and he lay there on the floor, I don't know how long, but it seemed like forever until the ambulance came for him. That's the quietest I've ever seen our clubhouse.

Rocky is one of our most durable players. He hasn't missed a game for two years—that's something nowadays—and I understand he has a chance to break the record for the most consecutive games by an American League outfielder. (Editor's note: Colavito, entering the 1963 season, had played in 422 straight games. The American League record is 511.)

Kaline, on the other hand, has had broken collarbones, broken cheekbones, he's been beamed and spiked. But he keeps coming back.

When they're both playing, they're enough to cause a pitcher nightmares. It's a strange thing, but Al can hit the ball farther than Rocky, but not more consistently. Rocky is more of a line drive home run hitter. His homers get in there in a matter of moments.

It's been an experience hitting behind them—a frightening experience at times. But I'm a decent sort of a guy. I'm willing to make a deal with them. They keep hitting the homers and I'll keep shaking their hands.

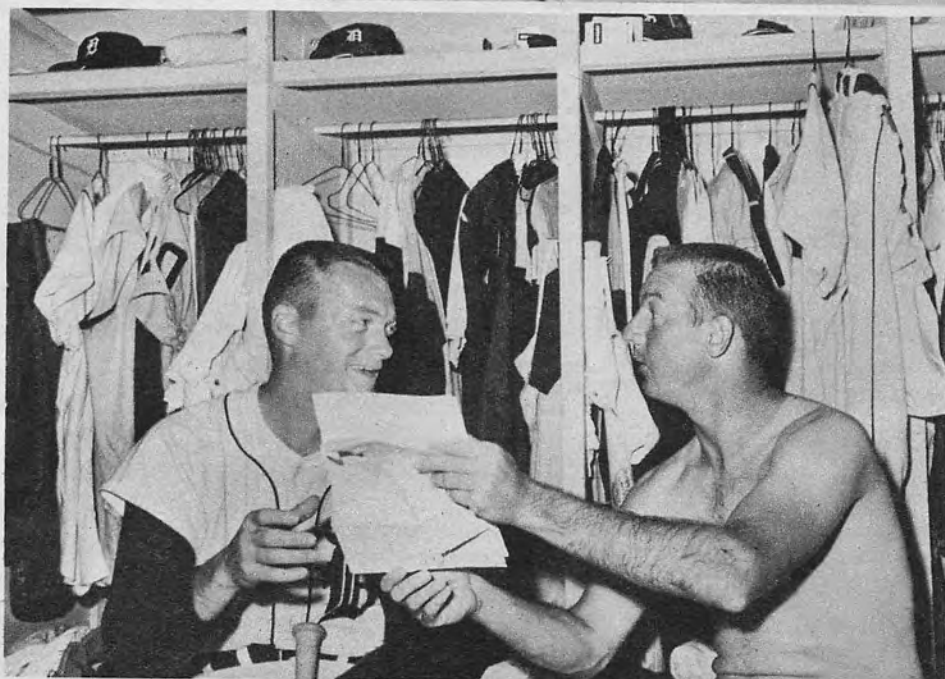


Could there be an umpire inside the fish? I've seen this look on Rocky's face before. The other fellows, *top*, are Don Mossi and Terry Fox. *At left*, there are three very handsome fellows. The one on the far left is Al Kaline, the famous ballplayer. The one on the far right is Rocky Colavito, the famous ballplayer. The one in the middle? He looks like the last of the tree men to me. Me Tarzan. Where's Jane? (Tree man in middle, folks, is Tarzan Cash.)



Colavito is going to be tagged out, *above*. No one ever accused him of being another Wills; but no one ever accused Wills of being another Colavito. Rocky makes his living with his bat, not his legs. But even if he's no speedster, he certainly is a great hustler. He just never stops trying.

Oops! What do we have here? A fan letter? A letter from home? Look at that expression on Al's face as he shows off the letter to Jim Bunning. If I know my ballplayers, it's most likely Al's tax rebate.



The Return Of Alex Groza

Convicted of point-shaving in 1951, Alex struggled hard to regain a respectable place in society. He didn't feel he was really regaining it until he came full cycle—back to basketball, the sport that had brought him both glory and disgrace

By Fred Katz



Louisville Times

Alex made his return to college basketball when Bellarmine College head Msgr. Alfred F. Horrigan, with him left, approved his appointment as the coach of the Bellarmine team. In four seasons, Groza brought the school a championship ballclub.

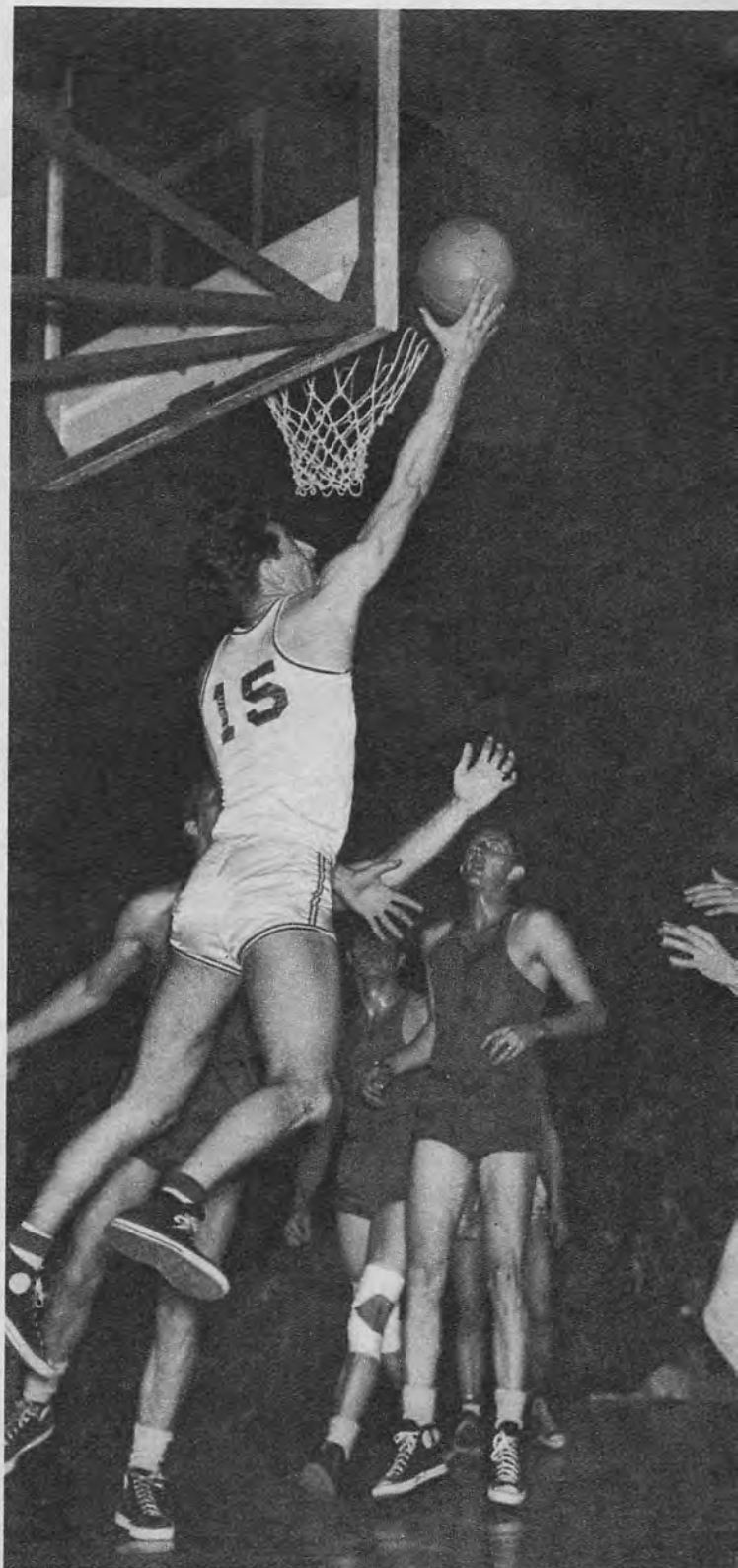
IN FEBRUARY, 1963, an agent from the Federal Bureau of Investigation drove up to the Bellarmine College fieldhouse in Louisville, Kentucky, climbed a flight of stairs and entered the office of basketball coach Alex Groza. The FBI man flashed his credentials and explained his visit. He wasn't checking on anyone in particular, the agent said, this was merely a kind of preventive maintenance. The FBI was sending men all over the country to make coaches and schools aware of the gambling problem.

Alex Groza smiled, amused at the irony. "I'm one fellow you don't have to tell this to," he said.

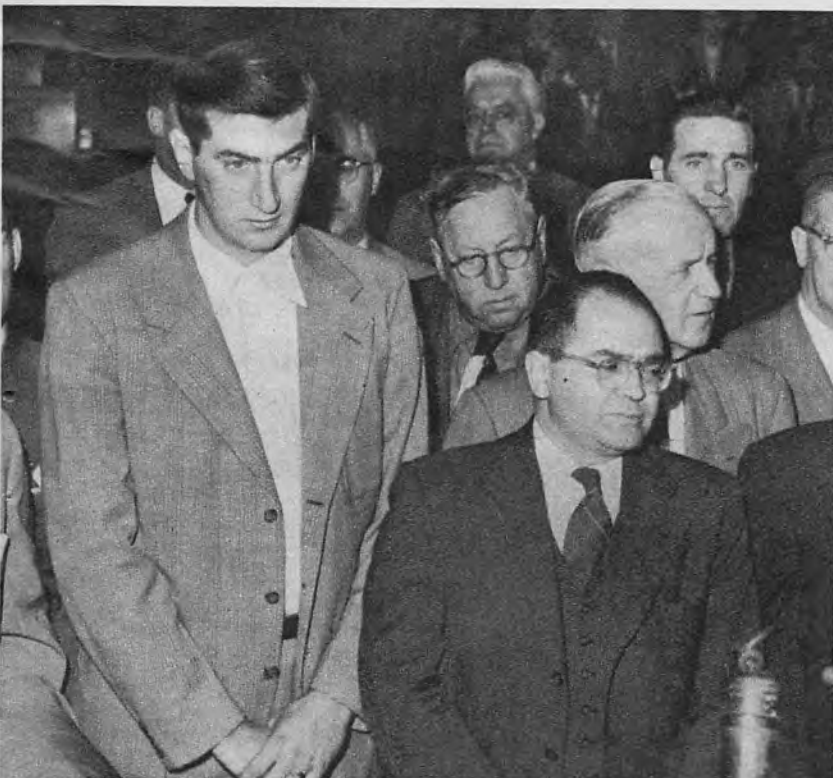
The agent returned the smile, acknowledging the irony. Here he was, warning the man who probably had lost more than any other person involved in the 1951 point-shaving scandals.

One of the few things Groza hadn't lost was his courage. When, in 1959, he actively sought and received a second chance in the sport he had once betrayed, he became the first and only convicted point-shaver to return to college basketball. Could the FBI agent tell a man with this kind of background anything he didn't already know?

Groza realizes, of course, that precautionary measures by law-enforcement agencies are going to be a major factor in halting future scandals. But this doesn't prevent him from deeply regretting that such measures are necessary and that the lesson others should have learned from his error in judgment didn't register. "We should have been an example to them," he says, referring to the athletes in the 1961 scandals, "and I'm only sorry we weren't." (—→ TO PAGE 72)



Groza, shooting above, made the All-America teams three straight seasons while at Kentucky. He then starred in the Olympics and in pro basketball, but his NBA career was cut short when he was indicted, at left, in the 1951 basketball point-shaving scandal.



AN OLD PITCHER AGAINST



Bob Hendley, left, was one of the young men with a chance of becoming a starter. Failure by Burdette, right, would increase Bob's chances.

LOU BURDETTE SCOWLED, two lines as tight as rubber bands pulling down the ends of his mouth. "I'll tell you about last year," he said, the voice loud, the words tumbling out like rocks. "—last year. The only difference from last year and other years was that I didn't get to pitch. Sure it hurt, damn right it hurt. There's nothing worse—nothing—than being cast aside after you've been an important part of something for so long. But there wasn't anything I could do; they wouldn't let me out there."

His voice tore through the empty clubhouse at West Palm Beach, Florida, where the Milwaukee Braves trained this spring. Out on the ball field, the Braves were warming up; in the clubhouse you could hear the distant crack of bats rapping out grounders in dozens of pepper games. In a few minutes Burdette would go out to join one of the games.

He would walk out as he had walked out to ball fields a thousand times before, prancing for laughs on the balls of his feet. But this spring it had not been the same for Lou Burdette. True, he looked no different, the big, lined face cut as straight as a rectangle in a geometry book. Playing around the thin mouth was the usual tight-lipped grin, a grin that can switch in an instant from cold meanness to warm good humor. On his back was the same number—33—that he had worn on Braves' uniforms for 11 years. On the mound he worked in the same manner, his tall figure leaning forward, the fingers darting to the mouth, then running across his chest, the right arm catapulting the dropping pitch that cursing batters swore was a spitter.

This was the Lou Burdette who had won 173 games for the Braves, the big righthander who had teamed

*For the first time
in a decade, Lou Burdette
came to the Braves'
spring-training camp knowing
he had to battle for
his major-league life. If he
failed, or perhaps
even faltered, a younger man
would have his job*

By JOHN DEVANEY

with Warren Spahn to bring pennants to Milwaukee in 1957 and 1958. He had won 15 or more games in every season except one from 1953 to 1961, and in the 1957 Series he had stared down coldly at Yankee batters and beat them three times, the third time shutting them out—after only two days' rest—in the seventh game.

In those years the living was loose for Lou Burdette, a long season for joyous sweating and ribald good humor: the horseplay with his buddy, Spahn; the earthy repartee with the writers; the practical jokes that made him and Spahn the Martin and Lewis of baseball. ("Back it up a little more, bussy," Spahn hollers at the bus driver edging into a parking space. "A little more! A little more!" And then Burdette whacks that huge palm against the side of the bus, the fake crash lifting the driver off his seat and shaking the Braves into fits of laughter.)

But the laughs came hard for Burdette in 1962. He won only ten, lost nine, and finished with a fat 4.88 earned-run average. He sat out the last two months of the season in the bullpen. During the winter the Braves tried to trade him. Nobody wanted him. In the dugouts in 1962 they had whispered that Burdette's back was giving him trouble, and who wants to pay a big salary to a pitcher with an aching back?

Even the Braves discounted him. A few weeks before he opened camp, Bobby Bragan, who had replaced Birdie Tebbetts as the Braves' manager, told Milwaukee writer Bob Wolf: "I don't figure on using Burdette for relief. I don't think he is the kind of guy to come in there and strike guys out. I know he's got great control, but there are situations when you need a strikeout to get out of an inning. He's more likely

THE CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

to give up a fly ball, and that can beat you. As for starting, he will have to show in spring training that he deserves to start ahead of those other five fellows."

The other five fellows were Warren Spahn, Bob Shaw, Bobby Hendley, Tony Cloninger and Denny Lemaster. Spahn is 42, but seemingly ageless. Shaw is 29, the age of full blossom for most pitchers. Hendley and Lemaster are 24, and Cloninger only 23.

Now, as he dressed in the clubhouse on this hot spring morning, Burdette was 36, and for the first time in 11 years, he was fighting for a job, fighting for his big-league life. Now, asked an inquisitor sitting next to him, how did he feel?

"I feel the same this spring as I always felt," he said, zipping up his shirt front. "I tried to lose some weight this winter, and I did. But otherwise I didn't do anything special. And I haven't done anything special since I came to camp. So far—knock on wood—I've felt real good."

He picked up his glove and walked slowly toward a corridor that leads from the clubhouse under the stands to the dugout. "Say," he said, his cleats stomping on the wooden floor, "what kind of story are you doing?"

Well, said the inquisitor, it would be a story about how a veteran pitcher, like himself, must fight in the spring to hold a job, and how a younger pitcher, like Lemaster or Hendley, must fight to win one.

"Hah!" It was a hard, dry laugh. He stopped, the big chin working angrily. "Why didn't you tell me that before?"

He hesitated, the blue eyes appraising. "Look," he said, "this is a ticklish situation. Sure, it's a true situation that you're talking about, but it's a ticklish situation. Anything I say might make me sound bitter, but I don't want to sound bitter because that's not the whole truth anyway. Oh, I could say lots of things, but I might look like a horse's bottom if I said them. Sometimes what you say to you guys, it comes out different."

He walked down the steps and into the corridor. "Oh, I'll talk to you," he said, the voice (→ TO PAGE 80)



Though Lou's always had a flair for comedy off the mound, on it, above, he is a grim, tough man.

FOR DEFENSIVE PURPOSES Willie McCovey of the San Francisco Giants owns both a first baseman's mitt and an outfielder's glove. For offensive purposes he owns Don Drysdale. For peace of mind he has become a philosopher and a fatalist. He had to.

If there were such a man as an adult Charlie Brown—the forever-suffering star of the comic strip “Peanuts”—that man would have to be McCovey. Everybody picks on Charlie Brown. McCovey goes this, if anything, one better. He opened his newspaper one morning last winter and discovered that Charlie Brown was picking on him.

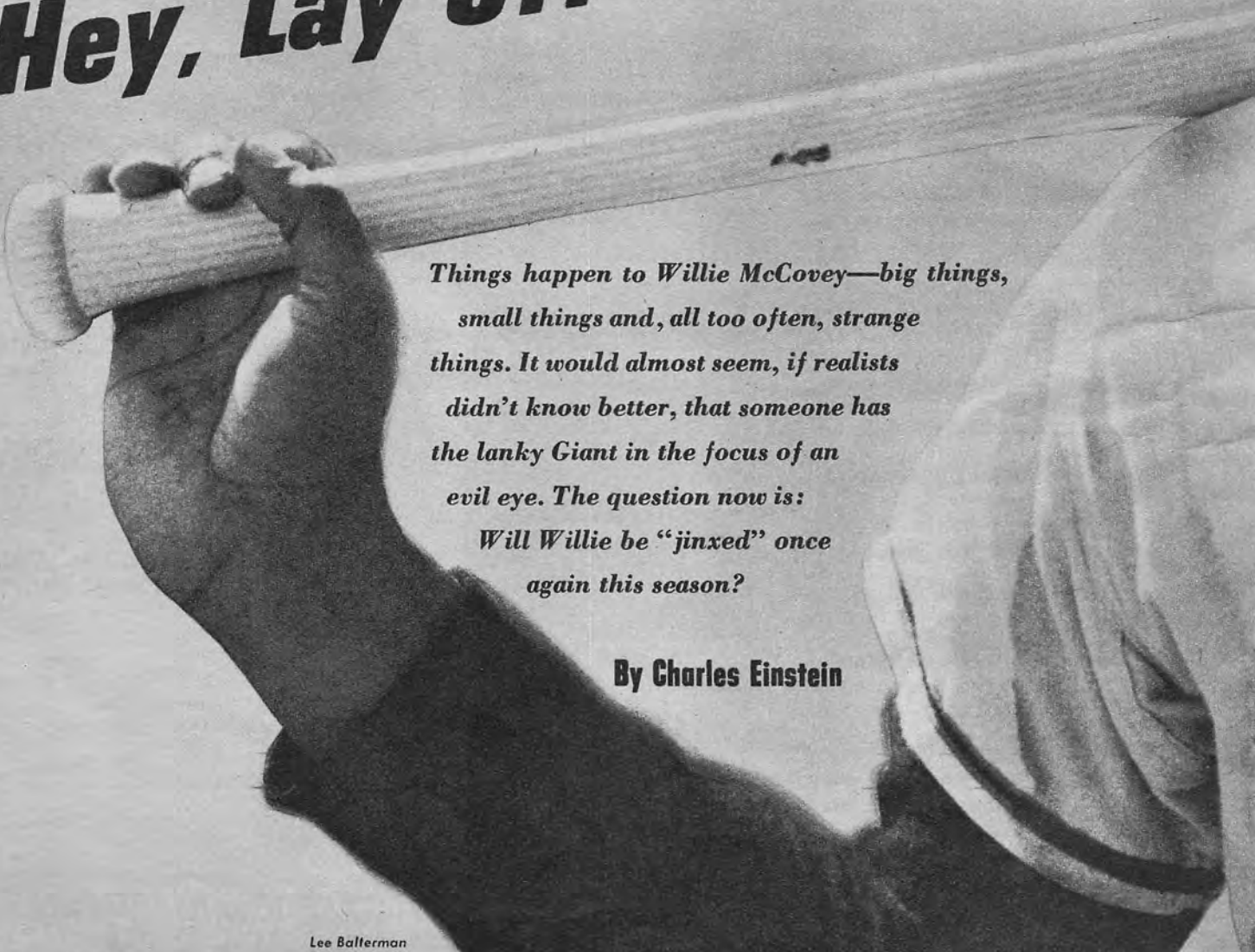
“Why,” cried Charlie Brown, after three panels of nothing but brooding silence, “couldn’t McCovey have hit the ball just two feet higher?”

Why indeed? The reference was of course to the last out of the 1962 World Series when, with the tying and winning runs in scoring position, McCovey hit a sadistic line drive that caught (or was caught by—either description is accurate) the glove of Yankee second-baseman Bobby Richardson. Had the ball deviated only a couple of feet in almost any direction, the Giants, rather than the Yankees, would have won the World Series.

Such events are enough to make a philosopher-fatalist out of anyone. And such events, with varying degrees of importance, are part of McCovey’s life. Few batters in history, for example, have hit home runs that carried 500 feet. McCovey has not only hit them, but in the span of less than one full season saw three of them taken away from him, twice by umpires and once by rain. Little wonder he talks to himself.

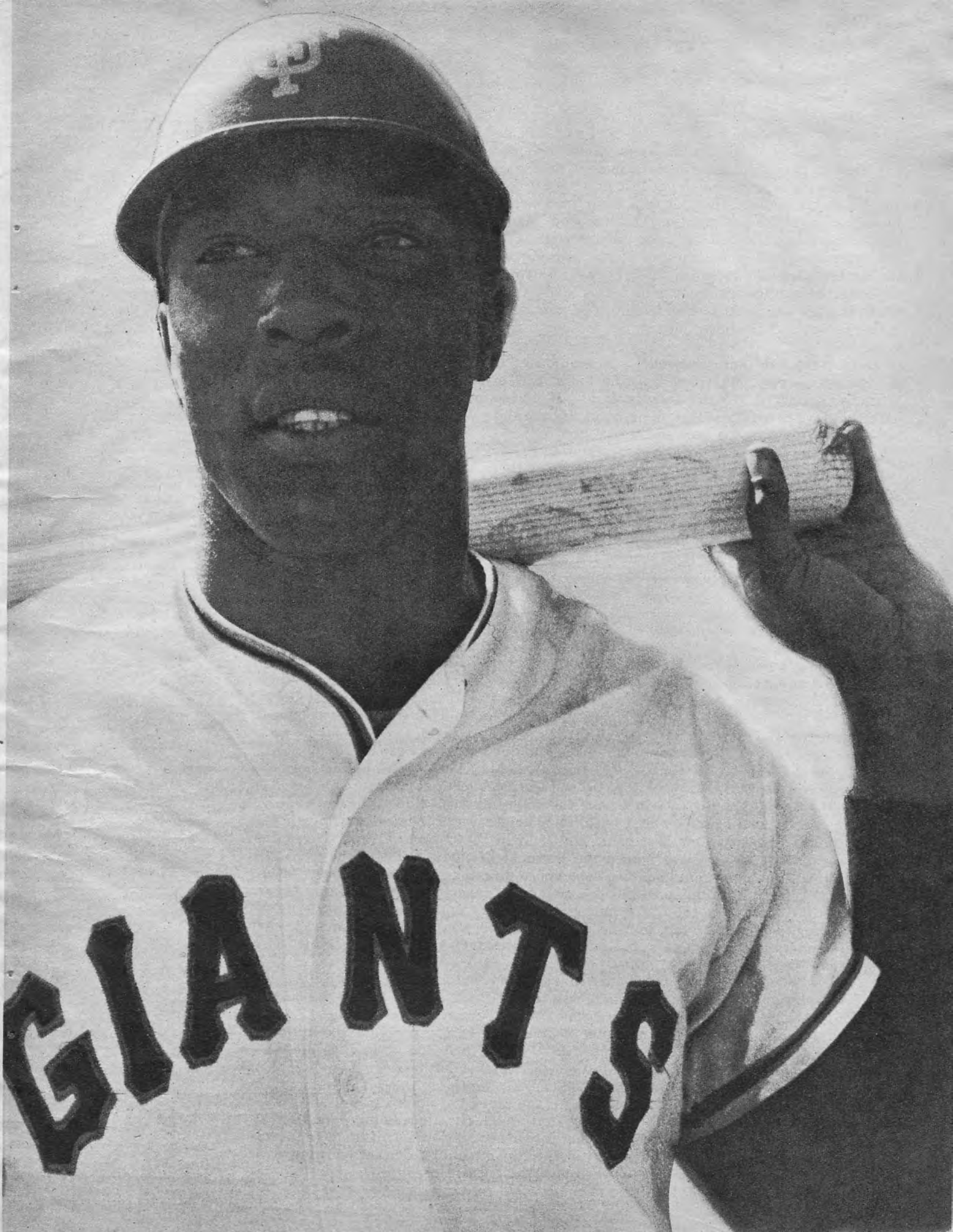
Even then—when he is talking to himself—he can conjure up misunderstanding. Once, home-plate umpire Dusty Boggess called time and invited McCovey to repeat what he had just said in the wake of a called strike.

Hey, Lay Off McCovey!



Things happen to Willie McCovey—big things, small things and, all too often, strange things. It would almost seem, if realists didn’t know better, that someone has the lanky Giant in the focus of an evil eye. The question now is: Will Willie be “jinxed” once again this season?

By Charles Einstein



GIANTS

"All I said," McCovey replied, "was, 'That was a dandy!'"

"The pitch or the call?"

"Both," McCovey said.

Umpire Boggess was neither the first nor the last to find it difficult to accept Stretch McCovey at face value. He is tall, loose-boned, ungainly, and has the look of one bred to play straight man to a midget on the old Orpheum Circuit. At 6-4 he must sublimate any desire to get lost in a crowd, for by physical necessity he stands out. So do his feats on the ball field, sometimes to his horror. Playing at Los Angeles two seasons ago, he lost sight of a foul pop-up. Many had done it before him. Some had actually had the ball hit them on the head. But it was left to McCovey to have the descending ball strike the bill of his cap and actually rest there momentarily, so that for a fraction in time, standing there in front of the enemy dugout, he looked as though he had just emerged from a coal shaft, complete with miner's headlamp.

On another occasion, in Philadelphia, he topped a ground ball to the right side with two out and the bases loaded. Second-baseman Tony Taylor first fumbled, then kicked the ball, as Giant after Giant scored. Ultimately, Taylor picked the ball up in short right field and, responding incredulously to shouted commands from his teammates, threw to first base in time to get McCovey; none of the runs counted. What had happened to McCovey was simply this: in topping the ball, he had swung so hard that he twisted himself to the ground. By the time Willie untangled, Taylor had been able to recover the ball and throw him out.

Overall, it would not be a bad description of McCovey to say that he is one of those people who have strange things happen to them, particularly in Philadelphia. Two of those 500-foot homers were taken away from him in Connie Mack Stadium. He lost one when a fourth-inning cloudburst washed out the game. He lost the other in a more disheartening way. He hit the ball high on the light tower in deepest center field. That's a home run anywhere, but the umpires said the ball had hit the adjacent scoreboard instead (the scoreboard attendant said later it had hit the tower, not the board), and McCovey had to run to get a triple.

"You'll have to hit the next one farther," a sympathizer murmured later.

"I can't," McCovey said.

In such ways have the gods of baseball picked McCovey as their Charlie Brown. He has been regarded as the worst fielding first-baseman in the National League. Actually, he is a fine fielder. He makes the most out of his long reach and is particularly skilled at executing the 3-6-3 double play (first to short and back to first). When he was first converted to outfield duty, he asked a friend how he should stand in front of the left-field wall. "With a cigarette and a blindfold," the friend responded. But by the start of the 1963 season, Willie was a good outfielder.

"I'm a growing boy," McCovey says. "I keep finding out what I can do. So do they."

"They" is everybody else. Here's what they—and McCovey—found out in his first four big-league seasons, seasons sprinkled with typical McCovey irony:

1. (1959)—Brought up to the Giants from their Phoenix farm club at the end of July, McCovey was promptly put at first base by manager Bill Rigney. He went 4-for-4 against Robin Roberts in his first game and launched a 22-game hitting streak. He wound up hitting .354 and was named the National League's rookie of the year.

2. (1960)—"If anyone's immune to a sophomore jinx, it's got to be McCovey," Rigney said. "His hitting is fundamentally too sound. He takes a short stride and keeps his head still. He stays on top of the ball and he doesn't uppercut it. He has a near-perfect swing, a picture swing, and he doesn't go after too many bad balls. He can hit righthanders and lefthanders just the same." McCovey hit .238, was farmed out to Tacoma in mid-season.

3. (1961)—"McCovey is my first-baseman," said the new manager, Alvin Dark. McCovey played only half a season at first base.

4. (1962)—"McCovey is my leftfielder," said Dark. McCovey played in only 91 games, some at first base, and came to bat a total of 229 times, hardly a regular's output.

5. (1963)—"One thing McCovey cannot do," said Dark in the spring, "is hit lefthanders." To which McCovey replied, "I hit .300 against lefthanders last year." To which Dark replied, "That's right. Three-for-ten. All three off the same lefthander. His name's Ken MacKenzie and he pitches for the Mets, but don't tip him off."

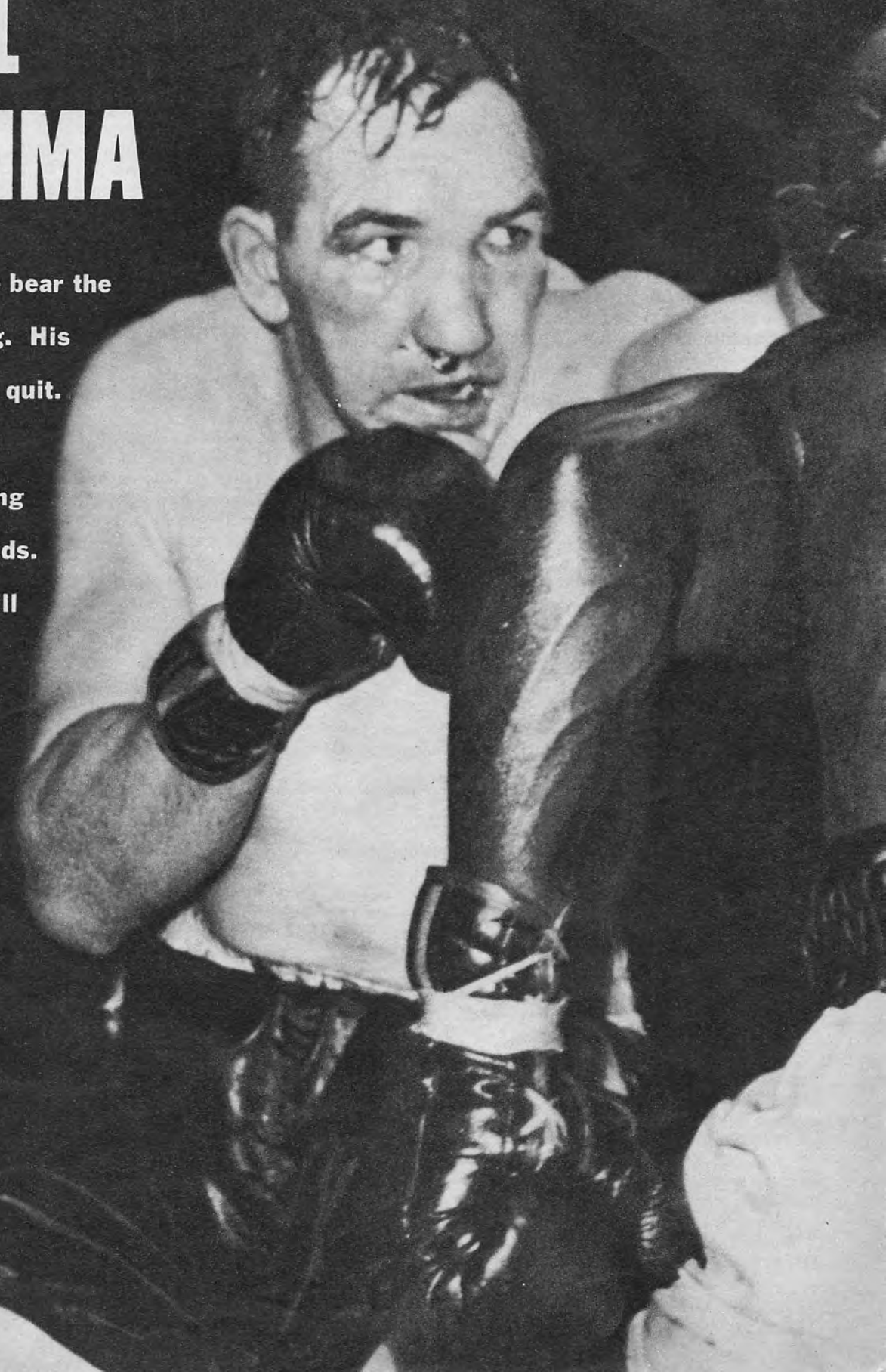
Against righthanders then McCovey does quite well. His home-run output in 1962 alone—20 in 229 at-bats—was the best homer rate in the majors. He hit them (and had a .293 batting average) despite the difficulties and the mental burdens of learning how to play the outfield. He had to learn how to play the outfield because Orlando Cepeda could not. When Cepeda was switched to the outfield from first, so (—→ TO PAGE 69)

GENE FULLMER'S CRUEL DILEMMA

His body, his face bear the
burdens of boxing. His
wife urges him to quit.
But, says Gene, "I
started with nothing
but these two hands.
The two hands still
want to work"

By MILTON GROSS

PLEASE TURN PAGE ►



IT WAS MID-MORNING in Las Vegas, but the gaming tables were in business like it was midnight. The box men, croupiers and dealers in the casino were calling out the numbers. Slot machine bells jangled their jackpots. "Seven-Hah!" a dice shooter shouted and all the frenzied sounds of fortune hunting blended into the quiet, cozy conversation of the close-knit Fullmers seated around a dining-room table at the Thunderbird Hotel enjoying breakfast.

The night before Gene Fullmer had fought a draw with Dick Tiger, the sturdy Nigerian who had won his middleweight title some three months earlier in San Francisco. Fullmer hadn't regained his title, but he had regained his prestige. And his cruel dilemma was momentarily forgotten. There were no thoughts of retirement this morning.

"I'm kind of sorry, after all, that I didn't go to see the fight, but I've been getting so nervous lately," said grey-haired Mary Fullmer, the fighter's mother.

"Gene will get him the next time," Gene's father, "Tuff" Fullmer, said. "And you'll be there to see it."

Everyone at the table except Gene's wife, Dolores, nodded in agreement. There were Gene's brothers, Don and Jay, who also fight, and their sister, Colleen, who sits and watches, and Dolores, who doesn't watch any more. Dolores just waits and worries about her husband being hurt.

"I told you there was nothing to worry about," Gene said to his wife and mother. "I wasn't hurt and I wasn't beat, so why should I retire?"

Dolores looked at Mary. Something passed between them that only the wife and mother of a fighter can understand.

"I'll go with Gene's judgment," said Dolores, not quite convincingly enough. "His judgment's been good enough for me."

"Gene won, but he lost," said his mother. She looked at Gene's wife and I waited and wondered if Dolores would say, "No, Mother, both of us lost."

This was the day Dolores Fullmer had thought she finally would be out of it, that the worrying and waiting would end. It was February 24, the day the boxing world had expected Fullmer would announce his retirement from a profession in which his face had been pounded until the scar-tissue over his eyes all but closed them against the light and the punches. It was the day Dolores, the mother of Gene's three children, had wept for, argued for and prayed for. Now that the day had come she knew it was no use.

"Gene has to fight, I guess," she said. "It's his life." "And," Gene said, "I wouldn't want to change a minute of it." He held up his fists. "I started with nothing but these two hands," he said, "and I still got the two hands. That's the most important thing of all. You can throw out the rest. The two hands still want to work. What would I have if I hadn't fought? Nothing."

Fullmer's hands have brought him much: two homes in West Jordan, Utah, each worth approximately \$30,000; \$20,000 worth of quarter horses and \$75,000 worth of mink and mink sheds; investment in the Murray State Bank in Murray, Utah, which borders on West Jordan. Gene Fullmer, who started with a pair of

hands, has become a bank director. He owns some securities and is the vice-president of Exercycle Corp. for Western United States. He's a 32-year-old who twice won and twice lost the middleweight title he believes he can win again. But he's been criticized as being clumsy and awkward; only his valor, say the critics, has driven him to boxing success.

If Gene had a battle flag, it would be a blood-soaked towel. If he had a coat of arms it would feature crossed cotton-tipped applicators which corner men use to stem the flow of blood from opened flesh. In the background of the crest would be a pair of hearts—Gene's, large and pulsing for courage and determination; his wife's and mother's, constricted and contrite for agony.

The history of this stumpy, ugly little man seems to be as much wrapped up in this symbolism as it is in the disputed decision of the referee and judges who ruled against his attempt to regain the title from Tiger.

Fullmer had said he'd retire if he lost this one. Dolores had hoped he would abandon his brutal way of life no matter how the fight came out. I was with Gene as he trained for the fight. I talked to him, his family, friends, and the people in Tiger's camp, as Gene prepared for what appeared to be his last big pay day. But you can be close to people until you figuratively creep inside their bones, think you understand what moves them and makes them change direction. . . . Then suddenly you discover that nobody can get that close to somebody else's life.

A man may fight; he may bleed; his features may be redesigned by punches, but inside he remains the man first who wanted to be a fighter because he felt he could be the best. In the world. What changes is the growing fear of the people about him.

Ironically, it was the people about the young Gene Fullmer who shaped him for the ring, the rugged people who are his parents. Lawrence Fullmer was nicknamed "Tuff" because he was tough as a youth in his Utah community where the Wasatch Range looks down on West Jordan from one side and the Oquirrh Mountains yield its copper from the other. Tuff and Mary Fullmer's first child was named after Gene Tunney, the former heavyweight champion. At six Gene was given his first set of boxing gloves. At eight he was allowed to join the West Jordan Athletic Club where Marv Jensen, still Fullmer's manager, turned children into fighters. At 12 Gene was boxing as an amateur.

Which is why Fullmer, in the days immediately preceding his fight with Tiger in Las Vegas, was touchy about the subject of retirement.

"I don't want to retire," Gene said. "Nobody wants to stop doing what they enjoy doing. From the standpoint of doing something I like doing, that's the last thing in my mind. But I have a family I live with, too. I'm not in this alone. Dolores feels I have a responsibility to her and the children. A long time ago she brought the subject up. After the last fight she said I ought to start thinking about my family before I get hurt and not be able to think about them again. It annoys me because I don't think there's any more chance of me being hurt in (—> TO PAGE 78)



Gene Fullmer took a bloody beating from Dick Tiger, *right*, when he lost his middleweight title last October. His son Delaun, *above*, was too young to realize what happened. His wife, Dolores, knew, saying, "I told Gene that I thought I've taken as many punches as he has, but my bruises don't show." She wants him to retire but after fighting a draw with Tiger in March, he said he'd fight again.



SPORT'S GREATEST TEAMS NO. 7

The '42 Cardinals

Now, the names of their stars are well known—Musial, Marion, Slaughter among them. But in 1942 they were young men, not yet proven, and, trailing the Dodgers by ten games in August, they didn't seem to have any chance of winning the pennant

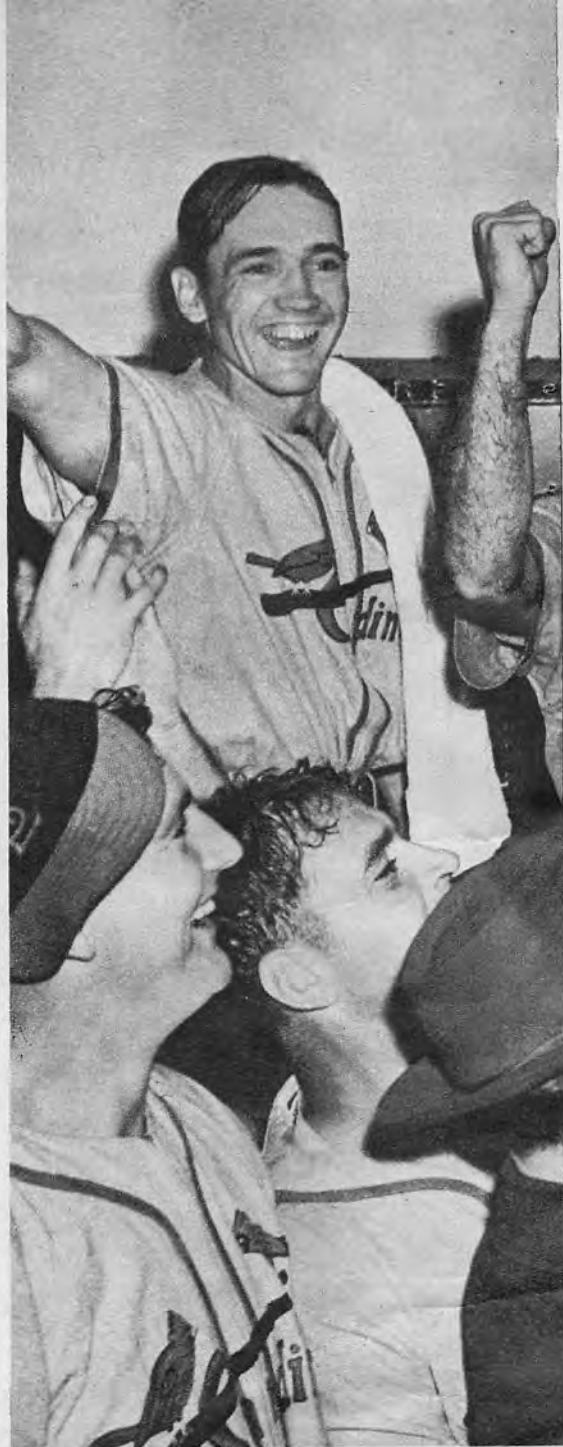
By Bob Broeg

THE ICED BEER cooled Casey Stengel's throat, but not his temper. As he drank he spoke strongly about the baseball game that had ended hours earlier. His Boston team, down low in National League standings this August, 1942, day, had been involved in a vicious beanball battle with the league-leading Brooklyn Dodgers. Casey thought the Dodgers' manager, Leo Durocher, had made a big mistake.

"If I had a ballclub as good as Durocher's," Stengel said, "I wouldn't throw at a ballclub as bad as mine. We're going to battle these guys all the harder from now on, and I've talked to Frisch, Wilson and other managers who feel the same.

"Sure, they've got a big lead"—and the raspy voice rose in belligerence—"but they're not in yet. In case you guys didn't notice it, St. Louis is winning steadily."

Stengel's audience, mostly New York and Boston baseball writers, laughed. A droll fellow, Ol' Casey. Why, the Dodgers held a ten-game lead over the Cardinals. The close race between Brooklyn and St. Louis simply hadn't materialized. The Dodgers, pennant winners in 1941, seemed certain to repeat even though



Speed and swift sliding, as shown by rookie Stan Musial, left, was a team trademark.



The hero of the final World Series' game was Whitey Kurowski, hoisted by teammates in the clubhouse celebration, *above*.

the "experts" had predicted a pennant for St. Louis.

Why had the Cardinals, second in 1941, been the pre-season favorites in 1942?

Because, for one thing, St. Louis in 1941 had lost the pennant by just two games despite an incredible string of injuries. Rightfielder Enos Slaughter had suffered a fractured collarbone, catcher Walker Cooper a broken shoulder blade and third-baseman Jimmy Brown a broken nose. Pitcher Mort Cooper had undergone surgery for elbow chips, first-baseman Johnny Mize had nursed a bad shoulder and, finally, center-fielder Terry Moore had suffered a severe brain concussion.

Baseball experts figured that, physically sound, the Cardinals in 1942 would accomplish what they narrowly had missed the year before. Besides, the previous September, just too late to help win the pennant but

early enough to make a tremendous impression, the Cardinals had brought up a converted pitcher who, playing the outfield, batted .426 in 12 games.

The young St. Louis Swifties, as New York cartoonist Willard Mullin named them, were an incredibly fast ballclub, defensively spectacular, particularly at shortstop, Marty Marion's position, and in the outfield, where Moore was flanked by Slaughter and the converted pitcher, Stan Musial, a young man from Pennsylvania.

The strength of the ballclub, though, lay in a pitching staff that, as Grantland Rice wrote that spring, had "exceptional depth." Leading the staff were Cooper, Lon Warneke, Max Lanier, Ernie White, Harry Gumbert, Howard Krist and Howard Pollet.

"Pollet," the Cardinal owner Sam Breadon told Rice, "isn't yet 21, but he's the smartest young pitcher I 41

ever saw, and his control is so good he can pitch into a tin cup."

Another New York writer, Harry Grayson, pointed out that manager Billy Southworth's biggest problem was to choose from among the most promising minor-league pitching prospects, a dazzling list that included Murry Dickson, Harry Brecheen, George Munger, Max Surkont, Al Jurisich, Henry Nowak and a dark, handsome young righthander Grayson said looked like "another Dizzy Dean"—Johnny Beazley.

Aside from pitchers and Musial who since has called himself "the lemon on the Grapefruit League in '42," St. Louis' rookies included outfielders Harry Walker and Erv Dusak, infielders George Kurowski and Bud Blattner and a stoop-shouldered first-baseman, Ray Sanders, thrust into the spotlight by a winter deal.

In the winter Breadon and his shrewd general manager, Branch Rickey, had sent their slugging first baseman, Johnny Mize, to the New York Giants for catcher Ken O'Dea, pitcher Bill Lohrman and cash.

Bluntly, both the St. Louis front office and the field management felt that Mize had pampered himself the previous season by refusing to play with what they considered minor injuries. Frank Frisch, then the Pittsburgh manager, predicted that Mize's loss could cost St. Louis the pennant, particularly since Brooklyn had added All-Star infielder Arky Vaughan to its strong roster, which already included Pete Reiser, Joe Medwick, Dixie Walker, Dolph Camilli and Billy Herman.

On opening day at Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, the 1942 Cardinals lined up with Frank Crespi, second base; Stan Musial, left field; Terry Moore, center field; Enos Slaughter, right field; Ray Sanders, first base; Jimmy Brown, third base; Ken O'Dea, catcher; Marty Marion, shortstop, and Mort Cooper, pitcher. The lineup, though formidable, wasn't good enough to win. St. Louis lost to Chicago, 5-4, and was stifled without a run for three innings by lefthanded relief pitcher Johnny Schmitz.

Lefthanders continued to trouble St. Louis, and so

The only regular over the age of 30 was the team captain and centerfielder, Terry Moore, *swinging below.*



The Cooper brothers, *above*—pitcher Mort, *left*, and catcher Walker—formed one of baseball's most formidable batteries. Mort had a 22-7 record in 1942, a 1.77 ERA, and won the MVP Award. The fielding star of the infield was shortstop Marty Marion, dodging a base-runner and throwing to first, *right.*



did little things. Southworth felt the team lacked the proper mental attitude. He was angry at a sloppy pregame infield workout in Boston. He was angry at a pitcher who had taken a 15-minute workout and then retired to the clubhouse for a rubdown without asking permission. He refused to confirm a report that he had fined one regular \$200, but as the Cardinals, 15-15 on the season, prepared to play Brooklyn for the first time, he said:

"I'm cracking down on everybody, myself included. We're not going all-out, but we will from now on, I assure you. You'll see a change in this ballclub."

That day Mort Cooper beat the Dodgers, 1-0. The run was scored by his brother, Walker, who came home on a fly ball after tripling. From then on the Cardinals picked up, in spirit if not in the standings. Their speed and exuberance on the bases caused Jimmy Wilson, managing the Cubs, to moan:

"Too much energy, entirely too much. No team can keep charging around a park the way they do and stay in one piece. The Cardinals knock you out of the way just for fun."

Not for fun. To win—with their sharp pitching, tight defense, bunt-and-run offense. And especially not for fun when they played the Dodgers, with whom their relations had been rowdy since 1940. The bad feelings began shortly after St. Louis traded Joe Medwick to the Dodgers. Medwick had argued in a New York elevator with Cardinal pitcher Bob Bowman, and in a game that night one of Bowman's pitches hit Medwick in the head, forcing Joe to the hospital. Although Bowman was not a Cardinal in 1942, the feud he had triggered remained.

In Brooklyn's first visit to St. Louis in 1942, Medwick stepped on Sanders' left ankle on a play at first base. Players ran to the field from both benches ready for battle. Another time, after the Dodgers' Les Webber twice had thrown pitches behind him, rookie Musial started out toward the mound and had to be hauled back.

Rhubarb really sprouted in a June series at Brooklyn when Medwick, attempting to advance on a short passed ball, slid hard into Marion, knocking down the skinny shortstop. They argued and prepared to fight. Before they could swing, however, Crespi, rushing over from second base, knocked down Medwick.

In the ensuing scramble, Dixie Walker tackled Jimmy Brown, Medwick and Crespi continued fighting.

Medwick and Crespi were thrown out of the game and fined \$25 each by National League president Ford Frick.

Despite the bitterness of the feud, Southworth spoke with admiration of the Dodgers. At mid-season, with St. Louis eight games behind Brooklyn, Billy said, "They've got a fine ballclub. In fact they have two fine ballclubs. That's what makes them so tough to beat. When one man goes out of the lineup, another comes in who is just as strong. They remind me of Notre Dame when Knute Rockne had two teams—shock troops who softened you up and then a first team to polish you off."

The Dodgers reminded the rest of the National League of something else—bullies. Lording it over the league, they began to push around the non-contenders. More specifically, they—the Dodger pitchers—began to knock down the batters on non-contending clubs. In turn, Pittsburgh's Frisch, Chicago's Wilson and then Boston's Stengel spoke bitterly against the terror tactics of Leo Durocher's team.

The day Stengel suggested, outlandishly, that the Dodgers weren't "in" turned out to be the turning point in one of the most incredible pennant races in major-league history. On August 8, the Braves beat Brooklyn's ace pitcher, Whitlow Wyatt, for the first time in four years and the Cardinals overcame a five-run Pittsburgh lead to tie the Pirates in 16 innings. They tied the score when young Musial tripled, then faked a steal of home so cleverly that Luke Hamlin balked the run across.

The Cardinals went to St. Louis to begin a 22-game home stand with a revised lineup. Brown, the regular third-baseman, had been out for ten days with a chip fracture of the big toe on the right foot and his replacement, rookie Whitey Kurowski, had shown so much batting potential at third base that Brown returned to the lineup at second base, in place of Crespi. Johnny Hopp had taken Sanders' job at first base so Marion was the only infield regular at his opening-day position.

There was another change in August, too, made by Mort Cooper. Twice, in 1941, Mort had lost games trying for his 14th victory of the season. Now, with 13 1942 victories, the big pitcher, who'd flouted superstition by wearing uniform No. 13, discarded his shirt and put on the No. 14 shirt worn by catcher Gus Mancuso.

The shirt switch worked. Coop beat Cincinnati, 4-0, allowing only two hits. After the game the Swifties serenaded him. The Cardinals' colorful trainer, Harrison J. (Doc) Weaver, twanged his mandolin. Stan Musial played a slide whistle. Harry Walker kept time with coat hangers on a clubhouse chair, and Johnny Beazley raised his voice in an off-key tenor.

"Put on another record," someone yelled, and Weaver, custodian of the clubhouse phonograph, substituted one Spike Jones novelty number for another. In place of *Jingle, Jangle, Jingle*, he put on one he'd just bought: *Pass The Biscuits, Mirandy*.

Daily, down the stretch, Mirandy passed the biscuits as the young lineup, in which Terry Moore was the only regular over 30 years old, began to put on the pressure.

Borrowing brother Walker's No. 15 shirt, Mort won his 15th game. When the Dodgers came to town for the last time in late August, Cooper borrowed Ken O'Dea's No. 16 shirt. Pitching against Wyatt, Mort seemed to have tripped over 13 again. Brooklyn broke a scoreless tie in the 13th inning, but in the bottom of the 13th, brother Walker singled home a run for St. Louis. The Cardinals won in the 14th, 2-1. The Cardinals were now 5½ games (→ TO PAGE 81)



■ *Though he's the best indoor hurdler in history, Hayes, somehow, has been unable to equal his excellence outdoors. This year his biggest test of goals will be coming up*

THE FIRST TIME Hayes Jones ran the 120-yard high-hurdle course, he tied a world record: he knocked down each of the ten hurdles in his lane. Despite the discouraging start, though, Jones, three years later, was beating such notable hurdlers as Lee Calhoun, the Olympic champion, indoors and was recording times just over the world record outdoors.

He had been a high-school sophomore at the time of his first "record-tying" race. He was a college freshman when he began beating Calhoun and all other hurdlers indoors. Now, three years out of Eastern Michigan University, he is still beating everyone indoors. He has won 45 straight hurdles races indoors, he has broken or tied all four of the major indoor hurdles records. But he has been unable to equal his excellence outdoors. At 120 yards, outdoors, he has beaten the very good hurdlers but not the great ones, not men like Calhoun and Jerry Tarr, in the crucial races.

Still, at 24, Hayes Jones thinks big, talks big, plans big. Defeat hasn't bluffed him out of his dreams. He boldly struts around the track, very athletic-looking even in his turned-down sailor's hat, with three gigantic aims in mind:

"One, I want to win 70 straight indoor hurdles races," he says. "Two, I want that Olympic gold medal (in 1964). Three, I want to set the world's record outdoors."

The first goal, seemingly the most difficult for a hurdler, may be the easiest for Hayes. No one has beaten him since 1959 indoors and no one looks good enough yet to challenge him next year. He is just too talented in the short, indoor races (45 to 70 yards), mixing the perfect blend of great start, great form and great speed. Hayes never ducks a contender. And, most important, he's consistent.

Goal No. 2, usually first in a trackman's ambitions, is a likely prospect for Hayes. As the 1963 outdoor season opened, he was ranked No. 1 in the world—by default maybe, but still *the best*. Of the other great hurdlers of the past few years: Calhoun, twice the Olympic champ, had retired; Tarr, last year's national champ and the No. 1 ranked in the world, had turned to professional football; and co-world recordholder Martin Lauer, a German, had lost a leg after an automobile accident. In fact, only Willie May, second in the '60 Olympics, had clockings even close to Hayes'. All the others were almost a half-second behind, at best.

Goal No. 3, the world record (now :13.2) is Hayes' main ambition. "That, more than anything, is what I really want," he says. Last year, in his hope to achieve it, he not only failed, but he was beaten by Tarr when he tried to set it at the national AAU championships. To punish himself, perhaps, Jones lowered his goal from a :13 flat to a "conceivable :12.9" this year. His reasoning: "I use a guy like Tarr as an example. He is a guy with no talent, no style, no finesse. He's just strong and he runs :13.3. With my style and speed, I should be able to do :13.0 or even :12.9 by the 1964 Olympics. I have to do it—to be more confident at the Olympics."

Confidence, usually, is no problem for Hayes. "I got plenty of that," he says. "All I need is the training."

Hayes has to work harder than most hurdlers be-

HAYES JONES' HURDLES

By JIM BENAGH



cause of his physical handicaps. At 5-10 and 160 pounds, he is built along the lines of Harrison Dillard, the Olympic hurdles champ who held the record for consecutive indoors wins (40) before Jones. But the typical champion hurdler is at least six feet tall. The little men depend upon speed and must build up stamina. Hayes, like Dillard (an Olympic sprint titlist, too), is fast. He has been timed at 9.4 seconds in the 100-yard dash.

But stamina has been a problem. He begins his indoor training program early, maintaining it's his success formula. "I'm ready at the first track meet," he says. "By the time the other boys are getting ready for the indoor season, it's over. That's why it's so tough to give me a hard way to go indoors." But the year-round program leaves him without *peak* energy for any one time—especially near the end of the outdoor season when all the national meets are held. It was evident at the Olympics, held in September of 1960. Hayes told reporters there: "I'm just hanging on with what little energy I have left after eight straight months of competition." He finished third.

Furthermore, Hayes' eyes are so weak he can hardly see past the first hurdle when he is in the blocks. And his right lead leg is three-quarters of an inch shorter than his trail leg.

His worst *physical* handicap, though, was a spring-and-summer disease he caught from Lee Calhoun. Hayes calls it "the case of the wandering eye." It only bothered him outdoors, in the longer races.

Twice in the Los Angeles Coliseum, Hayes shot out of the blocks in his patented perfect starts. He bounded over the hurdles beautifully, clearing each by a couple of inches, the way he was supposed to. Calhoun trailed, but pulled up slowly. He caught Hayes on the eighth hurdle on both occasions. Each time Calhoun's first appearance within Hayes' peripheral view worked a magnetic magic for the Olympic champ. Each time, Hayes' head turned slightly. And each time, the distraction led to defeat.

"This cost me about four or five meets . . . he beat me at the tape all the time. It was in these stupid races I ran outdoors that I ruined myself. Because I was always looking for someone. And it was always Lee. When I'd see him, I folded."

Hayes corrected the fault during his senior year of college, the Olympic year. By then it was too late. He was exhausted from the winter season. One weekend alone in March he had run ten heats and races at Philadelphia and New York—and won them all. He had also beaten Frank Budd in the sprint. On weekdays he was competing in several events for Eastern Michigan, taking part in the high jump, broad jump, sprints and relays as well as the hurdles.

Calhoun retired in 1961, Hayes' first year out of college. That season Jones, well rested, won the AAU outdoor title at New York City and made a clean sweep of the United States' international dual meets' hurdles races—against the Russians, the Poles, the Germans and the British. He beat everyone to the tape by at least a yard.

In 1962 he cut his 120-time to :13.5, then to :13.4. He lost the AAU title to Tarr, then, after working for a while—lifting heavy boxes ten hours a day in a stock room—he decided to compete in the U.S.-Russia meet and was beaten by Tarr again. Badly. "What the hell did you come here for, Hayes?" he asked himself. "You didn't give him any kind of competition."

The summer job had obviously hampered him, but Hayes needed the money. He must work whenever he can. He is a teacher but cannot work full-time because he needs rigid training and time off for meets. So he substitutes in the Detroit elementary school sys-

tem. His best year financially will be 1963. He estimates his jobs will earn him \$4,800; he also estimates he lost between \$400 and \$500 in wages because of 1963 competition. He wasn't reimbursed a cent for wage losses, for example, when he made a trip to Japan for the State Department in March. In fact, the only mercenary gains he's made from track have been the 35 prize watches he's won. But he's not allowed to sell them because he's an amateur.

Hayes' wife, Odeen, teaches to help support their son, Wendell, and allow Hayes to compete. During college days, Hayes' mother worked in a dime store and he worked continually at part-time jobs so he could go to Eastern Michigan, a school which gives no athletic grants.

Hayes chose Eastern after an excellent high-school track-and-field career at Pontiac, Michigan. Some Big Ten universities expressed scholarship interest in him, but he wanted to go to a small teachers' college. Eastern had low tuition and was close to home.

Ironically, he was a fine college hurdler immediately because he had had poor technique in high school. At Pontiac, he was a 6-5 high-jumper and a 23-8 broad-jumper. The excess of spring enabled him to clear the high hurdles by almost a foot (wasted motion). Thus, the college hurdles, which are three inches higher (and sometimes cause trouble for fellows attuned to clearing the lower, high-school hurdles) proved no problem for him.

After graduation he married Odeen. One of his watches came in handy—he gave it to her as an engagement gift. Her cooking became a pleasant change of pace from the "greasy kid's stuff" he ate in college dorms. Now his only deviation from a good training diet is his between-seasons celebration treat: three-quarters of a pie washed down with two quarts of soda pop.

He sometimes devotes between-seasons energy to track of less pressing importance—races with his son Wendell, 1½. Wendell has made one trip around the outdoor oval, chasing his father, and has done several swift laps around the dining-room table. "I'm gonna get him started at an early age," says Hayes. "He's wide, maybe has a future as a discus thrower . . . Or . . . (slyly) maybe a little baseball player. That's where the money is, you know."

Hayes' own future is undecided.

He wants to compete outdoors until after the '64 Games at Tokyo. "I'd like to go four-five more years indoors, too," he says. "Till I meet my Waterloo. Then I'll hang it up."

The indoor season is not as demanding and he will probably continue competing indoors, as he says, longer than outdoors. The double season is very grueling and already he is being more selective about his outdoor program; he has few meets on his '63 agenda.

Eventually, he wants a public-relations career because he likes to meet people and travel. A few years ago, he considered becoming a mortician but decided that was not a good way of meeting people. He also wants to continue coaching. "Once an athlete, always an athlete," he says. He tutors a teenage girl sprinter in Detroit, just for fun. An eternal optimist, he says, "She has possibilities, I think, to break Wilma Rudolph's records."

Mostly, though, for the future, Hayes Jones wants to be known as a great champion. It's not enough, he says, when Harrison Dillard rates him "one of the half-dozen finest hurdlers of all time (and the only active one of the six)." The indoor streak, the Olympic title, the world record would be Hayes' proof of rising out of the "half-dozen" rating. Only a few more hurdles to clear and he'll make it.

Though seven years in the minors helped prepare Lee Thomas for big-league success, they didn't help his temper, which is why he's called . . .

WHITE FANG

By BILL LIBBY

IN MAY OF 1961, after seven years in the minors, many years of living in one-room apartments in small towns with his wife and child, Lee Thomas was with the Yankees. On the bench, but in the big leagues at last. Then New York traded Thomas to the Los Angeles Angels. Lee flew home from Kansas City to drive his family West. He and his wife Jo-Ann had just cleared out their rented New Jersey home and were carrying the baby out the front door when the phone rang. Lee went back, answered it and he heard Roland Herman of the Angel farm system tell him that since it was cut-down time and the roster was tight, the club wanted Lee to report to Dallas-Fort Worth.

As Herman talked, Lee thought, *Oh, my God, here we go again!*

His shy reserve faded away and he said, "No, I'm not going. I'll play with you or I won't play at all. I had several good years in the minors and it never got me anything with the Yankees. Another good year in the minors won't get me any more. I have nothing more to prove. I know what you have on your ballclub and I'll play for you now or never. I'm going home to St. Louis and you can call me if you want me." He hung up the phone.

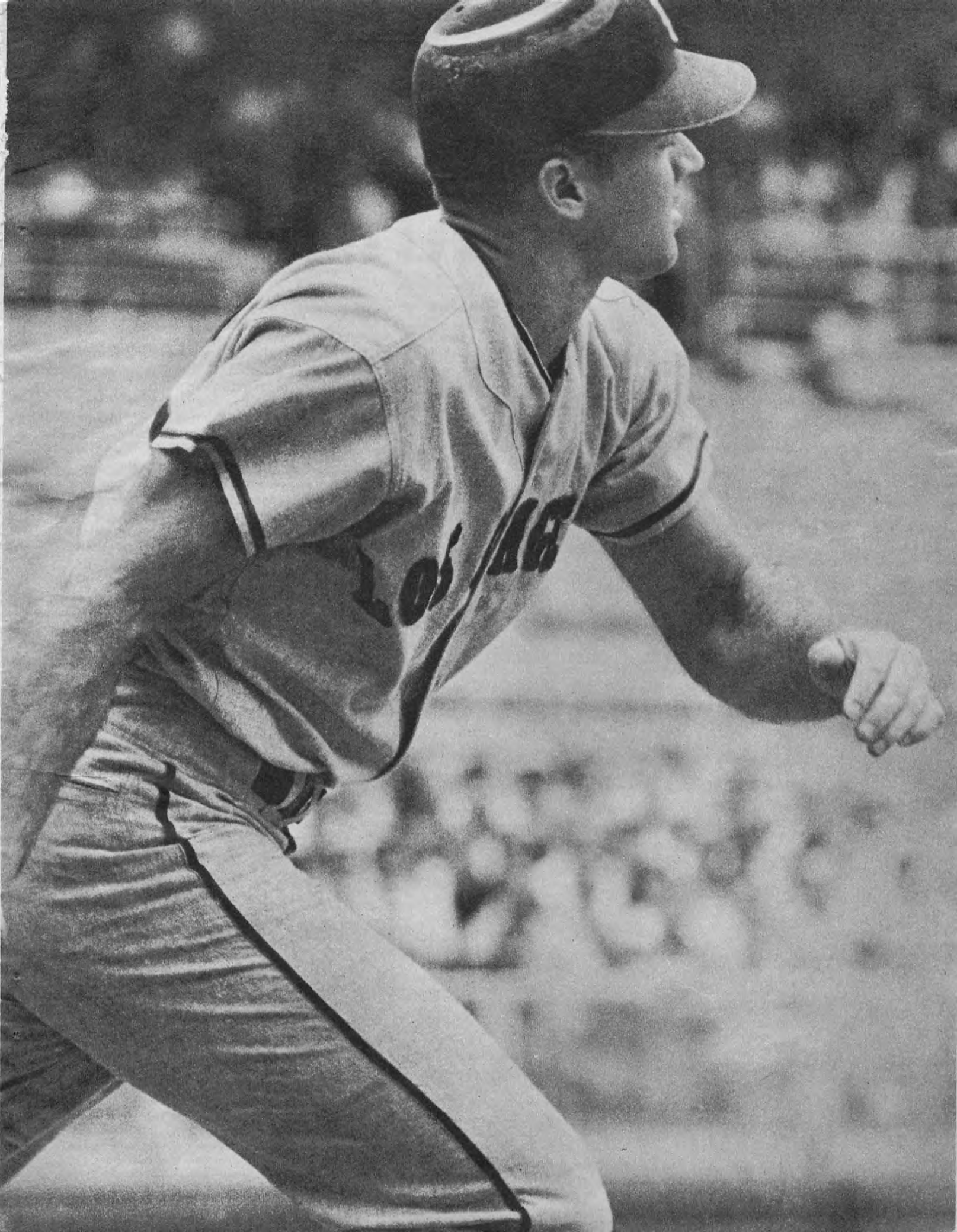
Jo-Ann had come back into the room. She had the baby in her arms and a surprised, frightened expression on her face. "Oh, Lee, what in heaven's name happened?" she asked. And he told her, and she said, "Oh, Lee." And then she said, "All right, we never talked up before, maybe that's what was wrong."

They drove their loaded car home to St. Louis. "That was the worst time," Lee Thomas recalls now. "It took us four days; and all that long drive to St. Louis from New Jersey I didn't know if I was suspended or out of baseball or what."

"We both felt awful, just awful," Jo-Ann says.

However, when they got home, there was a telegram instructing Lee to join the Angels. Explains L.A. general manager Fred Haney: "I thought it over and decided (—→ TO PAGE 83)





DRESSED FOR SPORT

Andy Bathgate

PHOTOS BY BURT OWEN

ANDY BATHGATE of the New York Rangers is never satisfied. Goalie Gump Worsley heard him grumbling after a bad performance this season and told Andy, "You should complain. You've got a plate in one knee and a prayer in the other." Bathgate has to play with cumbersome braces on both knees, yet at age 31 he's played nine NHL seasons and scored 256 goals, 414 assists. In the 1958-59 season he had his highest goal total (40) and was named the league's MVP.

But Andy has never won a scoring title and this is perhaps his biggest frustration. "I can't get a break," says the Ranger captain. "Last year Bobby Hull went wild, and this year it was that big moose from Detroit." In 1961-62, Andy tied (84 points) with Chicago's Hull, but Bobby had more goals and won the title. This year Detroit's Gordie Howe came from behind to beat Bathgate. One consolation for Andy: he set a record by scoring goals in ten consecutive games.



Hockey star Bathgate, in white above, is a golf pro (he shoots in the low 70s) at the Northwood Golf & Country Club in Toronto summers. At left he's wearing an alpaca golf cardigan and lisle golf shirt, both by Jockey Brand Menswear. The golf trousers are Fortrel-rayon-mohair by Biltwell of St. Louis, the cocoanut straw hat by Dobbs and the golf shoes by Edgerton Division of Nunn-Bush. U. S. Royal golf bag, clubs; balls are by the U. S. Rubber Company.





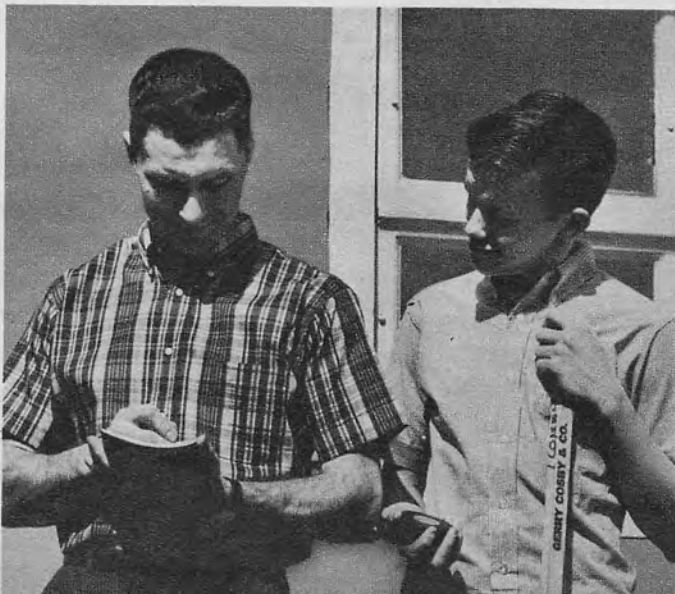
Andy wears a reversible nylon parka with nautical patterned duck inside and a hidden hood under the collar (Wind-breaker-Danville Company). His crew-neck striped shirt by Jockey Brand Menswear is cotton jersey with metal buttons. The white Cotrell duck weave pants are Avril-cotton blend by Levi Strauss. The low-cut wool-nylon stretch "Scull Sock"

by Adler has a cushion sole. Andy's young friend, Fred Hawley, wears a zip-front hooded sweatshirt by Jockey, faded blue-denim deck shorts by Levi Strauss, and Orlon-nylon crew socks by Adler. The deck shoes with sawtooth grip soles are by Bata, the madras hat by Knox. The collapsible rubber boat and oars are from Weather-Rite Sportswear.

Andy Bathgate continued

Seated on a Honda (50) Mark 102 motorbike, Fred wears a glen plaid sport coat in Dacron-cotton linen weave by Darwood-Triton, Dacron-rayon poplin Continental trousers by Levi Strauss, an oxford grip-tab shirt by Shapely and a madras tie by Rooster. Andy's sport coat is a ticking stripe Orlon-wool blend by Linett, his "Side-seater" beltless slacks are a Dacron-wool tropical blend by Biltwell of St. Louis, his oxford button-down shirt is by Shapely University Club and his silk Shantung tie is by Rooster. *At right*, Andy models a Ban-Lon stretch sock with a scotch-grain black shoe. Also shown are a golf shoe, a moccasin-style "Suburban" shoe and an Orlon-nylon crew sock. Shoes by Edgerton Division, Nunn-Bush; socks by The Adler Company.





*Above, Andy models a white cotton cabana set featuring swim-walker trunks and striped belt. His linen-textured beach shoes are by U. S. Rubber. Fred's split-color sweatshirt matches his Hip-Hugger cotton trunks. Both swimwear sets are by Jantzen; swim fins, compass watch, face mask and other snorkling gear are from The Seamless Rubber Company. *At left*, Bathgate's shirt is an American "Bleeding" madras plaid by Shapely, his slacks are "Royal Grizzly" Dacron-Avril blend by Levi Strauss and his "Feather Leather" Paris cowhide belt is by A. Stein. Fred has on a cotton seersucker short shirt (Shapely) and "Wheat Jeans" (Levi Strauss).*



THE MATURING OF RALPH TERRY

Not until the last pitch of the 1962 World Series did the tall Yankee righthander prove he could win the big game. It was another important step in his often jinxed and painful learning process

BY LEONARD SHECTER

Fred Kaplan

ONE HEARTBEAT AFTER THE crack of Willie McCovey's bat and the snap of Bobby Richardson's glove, Ralph Terry threw his own baseball glove into the air. Then he threw his hat. Terry's shoes and socks surely would have been next if Cletis Boyer and Bill Stafford hadn't hoisted him to their shoulders and carried him to the clubhouse. You beat the San Francisco Giants 1-0 in the seventh game of a World Series and someone will carry you off, too.

But fame is not a simple thing. It's a ball the second baseman catches. It's there or, in a blink, forever gone. Fame is a rushing stream that can swirl you to great glory or condemn you to obscurity. For an instant on that windy October 16, 1962, in San Francisco, Terry was hung up in a fork of the stream. Ralph knows it was the stream which made the choice and not he. He is Ralph Terry, World Series Hero. He could as easily have been Ralph Terry, World Series Bum.

The fact is he made a mistake. At a time when there was no margin for error, he made a pitch to McCovey that was far enough outside to be hit fair. The pitch before that was hit over the right-field railing and was no mistake because it was foul and that was the whole idea. This one McCovey hit sharply. Only it was hit almost directly at Richardson, who caught it and bowed, partly in relief, partly as a grateful gesture to heaven. The game and the Series were won. Yet Terry can measure his fame in inches. If the ball had gone by Richardson, the two runners on base would have scored and the Series would have been lost. No World Series has ever been balanced so delicately. Once before Terry lost a Series on one pitch. He was haunted for two years by that pitch. If history had repeated, he might have been haunted forever.

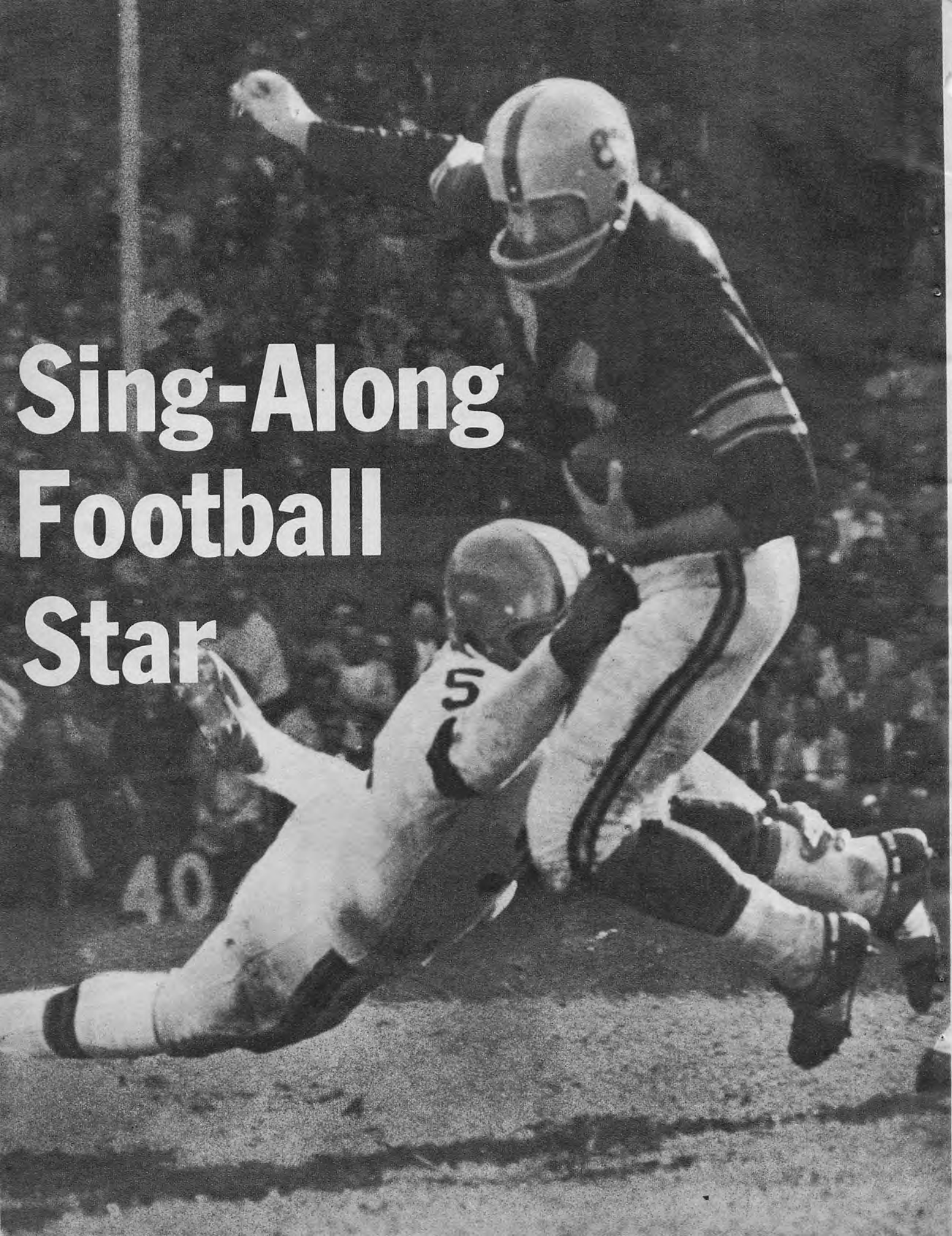
"The way the game ended was the best thing that ever happened to me," says Terry, who is (—→ TO PAGE 76)

Terry led his league with 23 victories in '62, a personal high.

Color by Ozzie Sweet



Sing-Along Football Star



Buddy Dial soon stopped hating the Giants for cutting him. He found he could be a top pro end, and a pro singer, in Pittsburgh as well as New York. And only with the Steelers could Buddy be Bobby Layne's personal troubadour

By Lou Prato



BUDDY DIAL is a teetotaling choirboy from Texas who sings a lot, smiles a lot, jokes a lot and catches a lot of passes for the Pittsburgh Steelers. He also talks a lot, and some people have mistaken this garrulousness for cockiness, which has caused him some trouble.

An All-America end at Rice Institute in 1959, Buddy was the second draft choice of the New York Giants. This

was wonderful for him. A singer of religious songs, Dial figured that playing with New York would advance his singing career. He received a sizable bonus and reported to the Giants' camp after the college All-Star game. But his reputation had preceded him.

"We had heard many stories that made us think he was cocky," Sam Huff says. "There was one about Buddy getting his (music) agent to talk about his contract. But when Buddy came to camp and everyone got to know him, they changed their minds about him. He became a good friend of mine."

Don Chandler, who also became quite friendly with Dial in camp, says, "Buddy gave the impression of being cocky. He still does. But after you get to know him you realize it is part of his personality."

Trouble was, not many of the Giants got to know Dial at the 1960 pre-season camp. Already a couple of weeks behind the other ends because of the All-Star game, Buddy was put back still further by his teammates' hostile attitude. His play became so poor that the Giants put him on waivers a second time (his name had been withdrawn once). Pittsburgh picked him up. That was the one team Dial dreaded joining.

Buddy had met fun-loving Bobby Layne, the Pittsburgh Steelers' quarterback, at the 1959 All-Star Hula Bowl in Honolulu, Hawaii. It was a jarring introduction for Dial. "Bobby was drinking his breakfast," Buddy says.

Recalling that meeting, Buddy grinned. "Every morning when I came down for breakfast, I'd see Bobby at the bar. And he was always putting others up to pulling tricks on us college kids.

"There was this one time at an Island luau for the players. Bobby got this native combo to ask me to sing with them. Well, I'd ask them if they knew a certain song and they'd shake their heads, no; and then, they'd ask me if I knew a number and I'd shake my head, no. Finally, someone hollered out: 'Let him do the hula.' It was probably Bobby. And I ended up doing the hula with one of those little Hawaiian

girls. Anyway, from that association, I sure felt sorry for Steeler rookies."

Nine months later Buddy was feeling sorry for himself. "I didn't want to go to Pittsburgh for I knew Bobby would run me ragged," Dial says. "And I was even more apprehensive after Sam Huff told me all the stories he had heard about Bobby."

Layne came up to Dial as soon as the youngster reported. Buddy was standing on the sidelines at Forbes Field in a sweatsuit and football shoes, exhausted after a flight from Los Angeles in which his plane had caught fire while travelling through a thunderstorm. Layne ambled over and shook hands. He was grinning as if to say: "Here you are, I've got you in my clutches now."

"Come on and run a few plays," Layne drawled.

"I don't know your plays," Dial drawled back.

"Get in the huddle," Layne commanded, "and I'll tell you what to do."

Layne called a play in which Dial would race straight downfield, throw a body fake at the halfback, then break at full speed and catch a Layne pass.

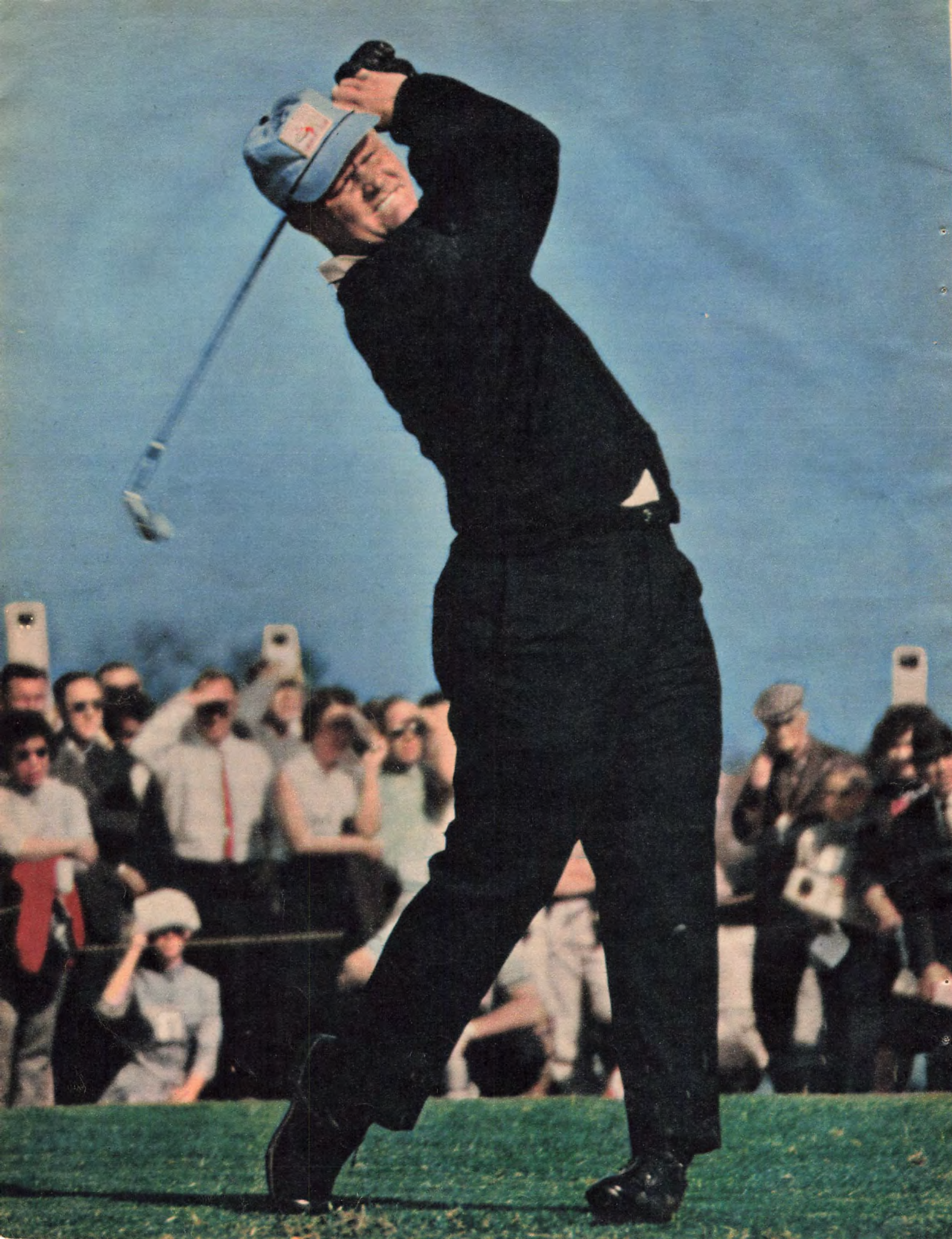
"Dadgum if he didn't try to throw the ball clear out of the park," Dial recalls with a laugh, "and I just caught it with my fingertips. But I did catch it and from that day on he threw to me."

Layne, who had urged Steeler coach Buddy Parker to claim Dial from the Giants, says, "The first day I wanted to see if he could get under a ball. I do that to all pass receivers. I throw the ball over their heads to see if they can get to it. But I didn't worry about Buddy; I had confidence in him when he first came over. The first day Buddy worked out he had all the moves of a pro. You can spot these guys right away."

Today, Dial is regarded as one of football's best receivers. In four years, he has grabbed 159 passes for 3428 yards—a fantastic average of 21.6 yards per catch—and scored 33 touchdowns. Last season, which Dial describes as "one of my worst ever in football," he caught 50 passes for 981 yards and six touchdowns. His average of 19.6 yards per catch was third in the league. And he set those marks in 1962 despite the facts (1) that the Steelers had the worst passing attack in the NFL; (2) the defensive backs continually double-teamed him; (3) injuries cut his early season playing time.

How did Buddy Dial make it so big in pro football today? Bobby Layne. "He gave me confidence," Dial says. "I needed an inspiration after being dropped by the Giants and he gave it to me."

The passing combination of Layne to Dial has been one of football's most explosive for four years. Early last season it set an all-time record before 19,478 Texans in the Cotton Bowl. The (→ TO PAGE 64)



Citing five basic reasons (a supposedly easy-going golf attitude among them), some people say Jack may not sustain his success. He disagrees and tells why here

JACK NICKLAUS

"I Want To Win Them All"

By WILL GRIMSLEY



During the early rounds of the Masters Golf Tournament this spring, a Southern newspaperman approached Jack Nicklaus on the putting green at the Augusta National course and began peppering him with personal, impertinent questions.

"Are you aware of your public image?" the man asked.

Nicklaus stopped abruptly in the midst of his practice. "Image—what do you mean, image?" Jack said.

"What people think of you," the man said. "Did you know that most golf fans, especially those who have seen you on television, think you're too conservative?"

Jack stood there, speechless, while the interviewer continued.

"Take the last hole in the Bing Crosby tournament at Pebble Beach," the man said. "You used an iron for your second shot instead of going for the green with a wood, which you could have reached easily. So you wind up with a bogey and lose by a stroke to Bill Casper."

Nicklaus angered. He may have been excused for completely ignoring the intruder or wrapping the putter around the man's neck, but he demonstrated exceptional self-control.

"Have you ever played Pebble Beach?" Jack asked, with unconcealed irritation. "No. Well, neither have all those television fans."

"I have played Pebble Beach. I won the National Amateur there. And I'll tell you—if I had the same shot today, I'd make it the same way. It would be foolish to shoot for the green and risk going in the ocean."

The inquisitive man pressed on. He reached over and tapped Nicklaus on his ample, barrel-like mid-section.

"Are you tough enough in here?" he asked.

By this time Nicklaus had become as intrigued as he was chagrined by this strange line of questioning, and his patience endured.

"What do you mean?" Jack said.

"Have you ever hit anybody?"

"Oh, I suppose so, when I was a kid."

"Tell me, how many times? Have you hit one man? Have you hit two? Have you hit more? Have you ever been really sore?"

"I don't know," Jack, now flushed with anger, said. "If I haven't, this might be a good time to start."

The interviewer left.

"It burns me up," Nicklaus said later, after putting on the green coat, symbolic of his first Masters cham-

JACK NICKLAUS

pionship. "Where do people get off saying I lack determination, that I need more competitive spirit or fire?"

"How do they know? Competitive spirit is something inside a man. People have entirely different makeups. Just because I don't jut out my jaw or jerk at my trousers, that doesn't mean I don't have any desire.

"I think I want to win as much as any man in golf—and my record should prove it."

If there ever were any doubts of Nicklaus' fighting qualities, they should have been dissipated by the unwavering determination he displayed in his magnificent Masters victory. A half-dozen rivals made a charge at him down the stretch at Augusta and at one stage on the final nine holes the formidable Sam Snead pushed two shots ahead, but Nicklaus never wavered. He went on to become the youngest man ever to win the title.

Today, at 23, he already has won the U.S. Open and the Masters—an achievement which many of the game's great players fail to reach in an entire lifetime. Only Bob Jones could boast a parallel start at so tender an age.

Jack Nicklaus no longer is just the fat boy with the booming game, knocking at the door of Arnold Palmer's throne room. No more can he be shrugged off as merely a threat or contender for No. 1 tournament honors. He definitely has arrived. He is here—to be reckoned with by any man aspiring to be the king of golf. No shadow is big enough—not even Palmer's—to hide Nicklaus' 205 pounds from the game's blazing sun.

When the country's top golfers tee off at The Country Club in Brookline, Massachusetts, June 20 for the 63rd U. S. Open Championship, the favorite for the first time in recent years will not be Palmer but, rather, young Nicklaus, seeking to become the sixth player in history and the first since Ben Hogan in 1950-51 to put Open championships back-to-back.

Just as the Augusta National course, site of the Masters, has become known as Palmer's private "shooting preserve" because of his phenomenal success there, so the Open has developed into Jackie's personal tee party.

Although the tournament is rotated around various courses, Nicklaus has the best scoring record of any of the Open competitors for the last three years. He has had consecutive finishes of second, fourth and first. For the 13 rounds of these three tournaments, including last year's playoff victory over Palmer, he has averaged 70.7 strokes, a remarkable performance.

Ben Hogan holds the all-time Open scoring record with an average of 71.9 strokes for 70 rounds. Nicklaus' overall average, dating back to 1957 when he played in his first Open at the age of 17, is 73.2, but since he reached golf maturity no one has been able to match his sizzling pace.

The Open at tradition-steeped Brookline, where an obscure Boston caddy named Francis Ouimet beat the great British stars Harry Vardon and Ted Ray 50 years ago, has added significance this year for Nicklaus.

It is the second leg on the professional Grand Slam, which includes the Masters, U. S. and British Opens and the U. S. PGA and which has become an obsession with Palmer, who has made it his golfing goal.

Nicklaus was asked, after winning the Masters, if he also had fixed his sights on the Grand Slam.

Jack's round, German face broke into a broad smile and he replied: "I guess I'm the only one left with a chance this year."

Elaborating later and pulling the curtain slightly on some of his golfing philosophy, Jack said he wasn't interested in the Grand Slam, as such. He was interested to the degree that the Slam represented four major tournaments.

"I'm not concentrating on one tournament or on four," he explained. "I want to win them all. I want to become the winningest golfer who ever lived. I want to be the best."

They say—with his youth, power and mature approach to the game—that he should win 30 major championships before he reaches the end of the line.

Still, Nicklaus, for all his early success and apparently

unlimited future, has not yet captured the imagination of the golfing public as did Bob Jones and Walter Hagen back in the Golden Twenties, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead in the Forties and Fifties, and Palmer in the Sixties.

The galleries still swarm after Palmer and Snead, going into ecstasy over their good shots and groaning with the bad. Nicklaus, even when he's front-running such as at the last Masters, attracts only a handful of faithful followers. He has not yet cultivated a worshiping fan club to compare with the stampeding, demonstrative Arnie's Army, but it is certain to come with mushrooming victories.

Nicklaus' game is pure thunder, without the lightning. He lacks the fluid, rhythmic grace of Snead. He hasn't the swaggering, easy-going course personality of Palmer. Once he applies himself to the task of fashioning pars and birdies, he is cold, grim, mechanical.

After sinking a three-foot putt on the final hole to win the Masters, Jack jerked off his white baseball cap and flung it in the air.

"For Nicklaus, that was like setting off a 21-gun salute," said one observer.

On or off the course, Nicklaus doesn't present an impressive image. He looks like anything but an athlete with 205 pounds generously padded over a 5-foot, 11½-inch frame. He has sandy-colored hair, a broad, jowly face and pleasant blue eyes. He is extremely heavy around the hips and thighs.

While an amateur, his Walker Cup teammates christened him "Baby Dumpling." At Ohio State, where he completed all but a semester in his bid for a degree in economics, fraternity mates labelled him "Blob-o." The pros on the tour kiddingly refer to him as "Ohio Fats."

If any of this ever bothers Jack, no one would know it. He has an excellent temperament, with a slow anger trigger. He has a good sense of humor. On the course he may be a frigid machine—phlegmatic and withdrawn. Off it, he is loose and relaxed, becoming a boy again. He talks in a high-pitched, squeaky voice—incongruous with his hulking size.

Most of the tournament pros can be the epitome of good grace, conviviality and even gregariousness when things are going well but let them blow a round and you can approach them only at your own risk. They'll grab their shoes and leave the course in a huff.

With Nicklaus it's impossible to tell whether he's just shot a 65 or an 80. His disposition never changes, a characteristic that was quite apparent at Troon, Scotland, last year when Palmer won his second straight British Open championship.

Nicklaus, who a month before had whipped Palmer in a playoff for the U. S. Open title, played miserably at Troon. He finished 29 strokes back of Palmer. It was enough to make a man want to go over to the dunes and slice his throat. Not Nicklaus. After the presentation ceremonies, Jack and his wife, Barbara, were found sitting at a table in the clubhouse, sipping iced tea.

Jack was laughing and kidding with those around him.

Spotting a friend from America, he waved and said, "Old Arn had it going for him today, didn't he?"

Nicklaus looks more like a weekend 90 shooter than a young man who is close to being the best golfer in the world. Because of his small hands and stubby fingers, he uses the old-fashioned inter-locking grip—the same as Gene Sarazen—instead of the almost universal overlapping grip. When he assaults the ball, he doesn't do it with the flawless grace of a Jones, Nelson or Snead. His arms come back stiffly. His head sometimes bobs. His right elbow flies out from his body and his right knee forces the left side out of the way on the downswing. But the clubhead meets the ball as crisply and as solidly as it can be hit.

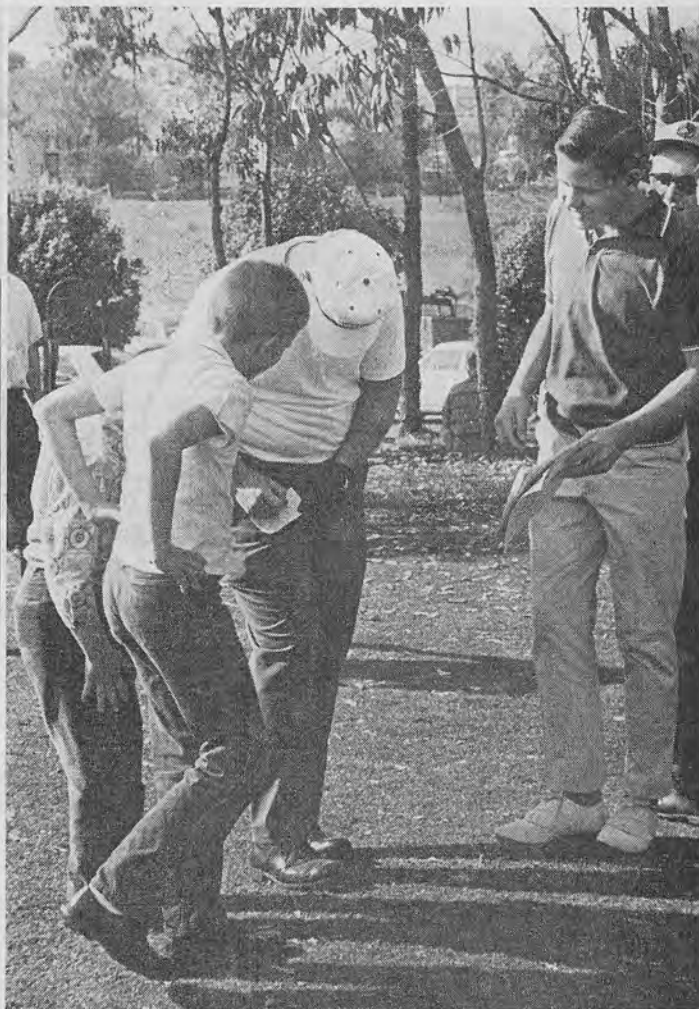
"One of the first things I learned when I became a pro is that style isn't important," Nicklaus says. "The idea is to get the ball out there and keep it moving. The difference in golf today and 15 years ago is that we don't care so much how we look as how we score."

"As Byron Nelson said recently, everybody today is a home-run hitter. They're not thinking so much about

David Sutton



After the '63 Masters Tournament, Jack put on the green winner's jacket with some help from Arnold Palmer, *above right*. The win in the Masters helped him attract some fans, *right*, but he still doesn't muster support such as Palmer's. A reason is his intense concentration in a match, *below*. He does not have Palmer's knack for ignoring golf pressure and socializing with the gallery.



JACK NICKLAUS

placing the ball as creaming it. You have to make birdies to win and you have to hit the ball to be in a position to get those birds."

If Jack has a weakness, it probably is in putting. He is an excellent short putter but concedes something to some of his rivals, particularly fellows like Bill Casper and Art Wall, on the long, lag putts. Most of the modern pros are bold putters, always going strongly for the cup. Like Walter Hagen, Nicklaus is inclined to nurse his putts and let them die as they sneak up to the hole.

"I'll admit Palmer is a better putter than I am," Nicklaus once said. "He has had ten years longer to work at it."

The records, however, do not fully bear this out. In the 1962 Open at Oakmont, Nicklaus three-putted only one of the 90 greens he played, including the 18-hole playoff. Palmer, on the other hand, three-putted ten. In the recent Masters, Nicklaus three-putted only once.

To some observers, there seems no way of keeping this beefy, powerful and imperturbable youngster from achieving heights in golf never reached before—not even by such men as Jones, Hogan and Palmer. Others see roadblocks which may trip up Jack's climb to greatness.

The big factors in Nicklaus' favor are: 1. Youth. 2. Power. 3. Mind. 4. Temperament. 5. Luck. Pushing against him are: 1. Weight problem. 2. Physical ailments. 3. Slow play. 4. Business diversions. 5. Easy-going attitude.

Like Jones, Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen, Nicklaus reached competitive maturity at an early age. He was playing in men's tournaments and winning them at 15. He won the first of his two U.S. Amateur crowns at 19. He won the Open at 22 and the Masters at 23.

"Looking at Nicklaus makes me feel like an old man," said Palmer, now 33. "Just think, he is only 23 and already has had about as much tournament experience as I have had. He has ten more years to go before he's as old as I am today and he may be winning tournaments until he's 50, like Snead."

Palmer refers to Jack as "that big, strong, happy dude" and predicts Nicklaus' future should be unlimited.

"He has everything going for him—youth, strength, wonderful poise," Arnold added. "The only thing that could stop him would be lack of competitive desire. I don't say this will happen in Jack's case but it's just one of the dangers of this business. You can get soft, satisfied and lazy—not hungry any more."

In this age of brute strength in golf, they say players grab a course by the neck and beat it to death with a sledgehammer. No player beats it harder than Nicklaus. There's not a golfer in the world, including Palmer and Snead, who can hit the ball farther or straighter off the tee. George Bayer can outdrive him on occasions, although not always, but Bayer, with his phenomenal length, suffers from wildness.

Not so, Nicklaus. He hits his drives an average of 280 yards, often reaching past 300 yards, and almost every tee shot is hung on a clothes line. He rarely misses a fairway.

Because of his high, soaring drives, Nicklaus was asked once if he could achieve the same effect in a severe wind storm—could he keep the ball low in the gusts?

"I don't have to," Jack replied casually. "The way I hit the ball, I can bore it into the wind."

Frequently a man overloaded with power sacrifices something in finesse, but this is not true with Nicklaus. They call him the "Big Hogan" because of the mechanical, systematic manner in which he plays a course. Once he steps onto the first tee he seems to lock himself inside an invisible isolation booth. He goes into a trance of concentration. He shuts himself off completely from distracting outside influences.

This is in direct contrast to Palmer, who carries on a running conversation with the galleries no matter how intense the pressure. It is more in the tradition of Hogan who, tight-lipped and with his familiar white cap pulled low over his eyes, often played a full round with-

out saying more than two words to his partner: "You're away."

Nicklaus hasn't yet conformed to the trend toward dapper dressing styles. He wears loose-fitting shirts and slacks normally of conservative grey. A white baseball cap is pushed back over his reddish crew-cut. His face is a mask of deep thought. During the course of a round, he rarely says a word. He hardly ever smiles. His pressures may be measured by the depth of the furrows on his frowning brow.

He is one of the coolest and most calculating competitors the sport has known. If he is conscious of mounting tensions or the antics of the people in the gallery, he never shows it. If he has a panic button, he has never pushed it.

"This boy has an iron pipe running through his head from one ear to the other," says Gene Sarazen. "Everything that's said goes in one ear and out the other."

In the U. S. Open playoff last year against Palmer, after each had finished the regulation 72 holes tied at 283, Nicklaus had to contend with the stamping, tugging, yelling antics of the Palmer followers: "Arnie's Army." They were out in particularly heavy force in the 1962 Open because Oakmont is only about 30 miles from Palmer's home in Latrobe, Pennsylvania. The men wore hand-made signs on their hats: "Go get 'em, Arnie." The girls had "Arnie Baby" crocheted on their sweaters. They screamed wildly every time Palmer made a good shot and they groaned when he missed one. After Palmer hit, they never waited for Nicklaus. They stormed on to the next green.

The Army's antics became so flagrant and so reprehensible that Palmer himself was embarrassed and frequently admonished his followers to be quiet while Nicklaus was making his shot. Jack never once gave a hint that he was aware of the stampeding herd. Looking neither to the left nor right, he shot a 71 in the playoff and beat Palmer by three strokes.

Once, while playing in the World Amateur Championship matches at Merion, Pennsylvania, Jack bent low over a four-foot putt on the final green of the final round. Just as he prepared to bring back his club, his cap toppled and fell at his feet. He never paused. He stroked the ball—and sank it.

In the tension-packed final round of the Masters this spring, Nicklaus was walking to the 13th green when he heard a great roar go up ahead of him. It had been brought by Snead's nailing his second straight birdie to go two strokes ahead. Nicklaus had just bogeyed the short 12th to fall behind. The crowd was definitely pulling for the 50-year-old, very popular Snead. It was enough to shake a lesser man.

"I was really worried at this stage," said Charlie Nicklaus, Jack's father. "I thought this might jar Jack up. But as Jack walked toward the 13th tee, he gave me a little high sign with his hand and winked as if to tell me 'Don't worry, Pop, everything will be all right.' It was, too. Jack got his bird at No. 13, ran in a long putt at No. 16, and that was it."

Papa Nicklaus said he believes his famous son thrives on pressure.

"I think close tournaments like this are tougher on Dad than on Jack," Charlie said. "Jack doesn't seem to have a nerve in his body."

"Did you know on the day of the Open playoff, we had to wake him up at a quarter-to-eleven to get him out to the course? I would have thought he would be so edgy that he couldn't sleep. But he was perfectly relaxed, dead to the world, when we awakened him."

It is quite possible that what some may interpret as lack of fire and spirit in young Nicklaus' competitive makeup may actually be tremendous calm and composure. He is an exasperatingly slow player. Many of his opponents, including Palmer, are constantly criticizing him for his indolent pace. Like Hogan, Nicklaus walks off every course in practice rounds before the tournament and makes a chart of every hole. This, he contends, is intended to take the guess work out of the game. Whereas Hogan memorized distances, Nicklaus

jots down landmarks and various yardages on scorecards which he carries in his hip pocket. After hitting a shot, he'll pull out the cards, refer to his notes and tell himself he has a shot of, say, exactly 176 yards to the green.

"Hogan was smarter than I am—that's why I have to write down the distances," Nicklaus says. "I probably could memorize them if I wished but I don't see any point in it. This way, I can concentrate on other parts of my game."

The constant chart-check adds to Nicklaus' slowness of play. He thinks out every shot before executing it. He refuses to be pushed or hurried. On the putting green, Nicklaus hunches over the ball like a frozen grizzly bear. He keeps his head low and his knees together, knock-kneed fashion. He strokes the ball well forward. He has an unusually gentle touch for a man of his size. This is his style and he is quick to defend it.

"It's ridiculous for anybody to tell someone else how long they should take to make a living," he says. "I'm not the only slow player in golf and I'm not the first. Ben Hogan was very slow. So was Cary Middlecoff. There have been others."

Nicklaus scoffs at suggestions that his promising career may be jeopardized by his tendency toward slow, meticulous play; his easy-going attitude, his weight problem or his growing business interests.

"I think my nerves should last longer than most players simply because of the temperament I have," he says. "I don't tense up much and I am able to relax easily. As for my weight, it's true I have gone up to 230 pounds but by strict discipline and diet I can keep close to 200. That doesn't worry me."

"Now about my business interests, I have a long way to go before I become so financially secure that I don't feel compelled to win any more. Money means a great deal to me naturally, because I have a family to support, but I am more interested in winning tournaments. I think if I can win enough tournaments, the money will follow as a natural course."

In his first year as a professional last year, Nicklaus made more money than any freshman pro in history. He may have set a first-year record that will never be surpassed. His official PGA money winnings amounted to \$61,868.95, placing him third behind Arnold Palmer's \$81,488.33 and Gene Littler's \$66,200.83, but his unofficial golf earnings reached \$112,933.59, topping everybody. This included the \$50,000 first prize he won for beating Palmer and Gary Player of South Africa in the rich World Series of Golf television match at Akron, Ohio.

Jack's income last year probably totaled \$250,000, counting his money from endorsements, exhibitions, television, appearances, instructional articles, club affiliations, etc. His business affairs are handled by the young Cleveland attorney, Mark McCormack, who also looks after the myriad enterprises of Palmer and Player.

Asked recently if he thought winning golf tournaments might cease to be a thrill and an incentive for him by the time he reaches 30, Nicklaus managed a grin and replied:

"I hope I have the opportunity of getting bored from winning so many tournaments. I'll cross that bridge when I get to it."

If Nicklaus' brilliant career is to be cut short, the axing blow may come from physical ailments, which only providence can control. Jack is troubled by a chronic hip ailment, a form of bursitis on the left side which results in cramps and tension of muscles. He also has foot troubles stemming from unusually high arches.

The hip ailment knocked him off the tour shortly before the Masters this year and sent him home where he spent two weeks taking hydro-cortisone injections and hot baths. He was in pain and limping when he reported to the Augusta National club, and concerned lest the layoff should have dulled the sharpness of his game.

"For about two weeks the doctor told me not to swing a club," he says. "Then, at the Masters, he told me to go

ahead and give it a try. Strangely, the hip didn't bother me when I swung a club but it hurt when I walked."

"Mainly, I was worried because I had never made a real good showing in the Masters. The first three times I played, I was an amateur, coming to Augusta right out of school. I wasn't ready to play against the pros, who were hot off the tour. Then, last year was my first year as a pro. I was pressing and trying too hard. Maybe my bum hip was a help. It kept my mind off my golf."

When not on tour, Jack lives the life of a normal suburbanite in a modest, green-shuttered Cape Cod house in Upper Arlington, Ohio, on the outskirts of Columbus. He was married in 1960 to pretty, blonde Barbara Bash, his college sweetheart at Ohio State. They have two children—the youngest born a few days after Jack's Masters victory this spring.

At home Nicklaus is not much different than any other young father. He putters around the house. He plays handball four times a week to keep his weight down. He plays bridge—his favorite form of relaxation—with neighbors. He drives over to the Scioto Club for practice and a few tips from the only pro from whom he has ever taken a lesson, Jack Grout.

Jack was born January 21, 1940, in Columbus. It was only natural that he and his sister, Marilyn, born three years later—should take part in sports. L. Charles Nicklaus, their father, had played football, baseball and basketball at Ohio State and had taken a brief fling with the pro-football Portsmouth Spartans. He also had won the Columbus city tennis championship and had set two course records on municipal golf layouts.

Jack, like his dad, was a natural athlete. He played football, baseball and basketball on the playgrounds and in school. He was the star quarterback on the grade-school team—a fine passer and a good runner. He also ran the 100- and 220-yard dashes on the track team.

Jack was only ten, a slender, tow-headed youngster, when the elder Nicklaus took him to Scioto and put a set of golf clubs in his hands. They played nine holes, and Jack shot a 51. "By the time he was 12, he was beating me regularly," the father recalls.

One day when the two were playing together, Papa Nicklaus hit one of his best drives. The ball sailed and came to rest about 250 yards from the tee. "Beat that one and I'll buy you a Cadillac," the father said to his young son. Jack beat it. By 20 yards.

"I never bet him or outdove him again," Jack's father says. Jack didn't hold his dad to his wager but collected the price over and over again from him in the succeeding years. Jack's father, a prosperous Columbus pharmacist, is said to have spent more than \$35,000 for Jack's lessons, equipment and tournament expenses.

Jack was enrolled in pro Jack Grout's junior classes at Scioto and soon became the star pupil for the rugged Texas instructor, whose formula was "hit the ball with all you've got and learn style later."

Jack shot in the middle 90s during his first year of golf, got down to 81 his second year and by the time he was 13 was breaking 80 regularly.

Nicklaus was only 15 when he qualified for his first National Amateur Championship, and this was a decision that made a major change in his life. "Jack was out for football and he liked it very much," his father says. "If he qualified for the National Amateur and played in the tournament, he would have to pass up football. The dates conflicted. After a great deal of debate, Jack decided he'd rather take a fling at golf."

The 1955 National Amateur was played over the James River course of the Country Club of Virginia, and it's a tournament young Nicklaus probably never will forget. Bob Jones, who also had qualified for the Amateur at 15 and who went on to become one of the fabulous figures of golf, visited Richmond for the event and made a special point to look at the sensational prodigy from Ohio. Jack had a bad day.

"I was playing Bob Gardner in the first round," Jack recalled later, "and I was one-up after the first ten holes. As I was getting ready to drive on No. 11, I noticed Mr. Jones in the gallery coming up the hill."

JACK NICKLAUS

"I proceeded to bang my drive into the woods. On the 12th, I sculled my approach over the green and really goofed up the 13th. I had messed up three straight holes and hadn't had a single par. I really felt miserable. Then I saw Mr. Jones, who apparently had seen enough, take off for the club house."

Jack had no reason to be embarrassed, although Jones had not waited around to watch him ultimately tie up the match and then lose it on the final hole.

"Although I didn't see the boy at his best, I was greatly impressed," Jones said later. "It was obvious to me that he had considerable talent and composure. I was impressed with his beautiful swing."

Jones, who wrote a letter to Nicklaus in 1961 urging him to remain amateur, said he felt Jack was destined to be one of the all-time great champions in the game's history.

"He is a fine youngster with everything going for him," Jones said. "He has power, control, a good short game. I don't see how he can miss. I don't take any stock in the talk that he may lack the competitive urge. We all have different personalities which project themselves in different ways. Certainly, you can't question the fighting qualities of one with such an outstanding record as Nicklaus."

Nicklaus won the Ohio Open, beating some outstanding pros, at the age of 16 and then proceeded on a brilliant amateur career. He played in seven National Amateur Championships, qualifying for every one easily. He won two of them.

But despite his meteoric start as a teenager, Nicklaus must have wondered if he, like Jones, was destined to persevere through "seven years of want" before reaching his "seven years of plenty." He did little of consequence in 1957 and 1958, but, as people knew they soon had to, things started popping for young Nicklaus in 1959—when he was 19. Selected as a member of the U.S. Walker Cup team, he helped spearhead a 9-3 victory over the British at Muirfield, Scotland, winning both his assignments. He compiled an outstanding record, losing only one of his 30 matches.

In 1960 Nicklaus finished second in the U. S. Open at Denver's Cherry Hills Club, his 282 putting him only two shots back of the victorious Palmer. It was the highest finish for an amateur in the Open since 1933.

Nicklaus made another strong run at the Open in 1961 at Oakland Hills in Birmingham, Michigan, shooting 75-69-70-70 for 284 and fourth place, three shots behind the winning Gene Littler. He also won the National Amateur at Pebble Beach and helped the United States capture the America's Cup against Canada and Mexico at Monterrey, Mexico.

It was while he was playing at Monterrey that word leaked out prematurely that Jack had been approached by persons seeking to get him interested in a professional career. A month or so later, he became a pro.

"I was criticized for playing in Mexico," Nicklaus said later. "There were reports that I had already decided to become a pro and that I was playing in the America's Cup just to give me more prestige."

"That isn't true at all. I will admit that the suggestion had been made to me, but I had not made up my mind. I am telling the absolute truth when I say that I did not fully make up my mind until five days before the announcement was made."

Nicklaus said he had asked Mark McCormack, the lawyer and business manager for Palmer's affairs, to present him some figures showing what he might be expected to make as a pro in the next few years.

"I really debated," Jack said. "But I was in a real stew. I was trying to do three jobs at once. I was trying to go to school. I was trying to keep up my insurance business. And I was trying to play golf. I wasn't doing justice to any of them."

"So I decided I would concentrate on golf. I know there was some disappointment from people who wanted me to remain amateur. But I figured this was the best for me and my family."

Jack hit the winter tour in January, 1962, making his

first pro start in the Los Angeles Open. Co-favored with Palmer and Player, he finished in a tie for 50th place and collected \$33.33. Tournament after tournament, he failed to live up to expectations.

Nicklaus gradually began edging up closer to the front at the cashier windows and in the rich Thunderbird Classic at Upper Montclair, New Jersey, the week before the Open, he finished second to Gene Littler. This provided him an impetus for the Open at Oakmont.

Palmer, who had won his third Masters title two months before, was heavily favored. Littler stepped off to the first-round lead. Then a fight developed, with Palmer and Nicklaus finishing in a tie at 283.

The bulk of the huge gallery of 10,000 was openly for Palmer when the playoff began. "Go get him, Arnie!" "We're with you, Arnie baby!" they yelled as they tugged and tore over the massive course. Nicklaus never once showed a sign of pique or nervousness.

He took the lead at the first hole after Palmer bogeyed and, playing steady, almost flawless golf, increased his advantage to four strokes through the eighth. Palmer suddenly rallied with a blast-hot putter and sliced Nicklaus' lead to a single stroke with six holes to play.

"Let's go—we've got him," Arnie's Army hooted in mad glee, and Oakmont became suddenly charged with electric excitement.

It's the sort of situation which can shake even the strongest men, but Nicklaus refused to be budged. He won the playoff by three strokes—71 to 74.

"I didn't get scared," Nicklaus recalled later. "I just told myself not to be an idiot. When Palmer starts moving, most people get flustered and start making bogeys. I told myself just to keep playing my own game—and I did."

In the Masters, Jack was faced with almost the same situation when Snead started making his surge on the final holes, moving two shots ahead of Nicklaus, who had led at the three-quarter point. Jack stood off pressure from Snead, Tony Lema, Julius Boros, Dow Finsterwald and Ed Furgol to win by a stroke.

Reminded later that he had played almost two complete rounds without a birdie and had run up a streak of 18 straight pars over the latter part of the third round into the early part of the last round, Jack was asked if he had purposely played conservative golf.

"I never play conservatively," Nicklaus replied. "It's suicide if you do it in this business. If you get too cautious, some guy behind you will knock in two birdies and you'll find yourself in trouble."

"No, sir, I'm always going for birdies. If I don't get them, it's because my putts are not dropping—not because I'm not going for them."

Nicklaus said he'd be going for birdies also in the Open at Brookline. "Arnie will, and so will Gary Player and the others. It's the kind of game we play nowadays—to heck with style, get that score."

This will not be Jack's first meeting with the famed course of the Country Club in big-time competition. He played there in the U. S. Amateur in 1957—at the age of 17—and won three matches before losing to Dick Yost of Edgewater, Oregon, 3 and 2.

"I played very well," Jack said. "I lost although I had a medal score of 69. It's a good golf course. Not as tough as Oakmont or Oakland Hills, but a real hard test."

"Of course, they have toughened the course considerably since the Amateur and changed it around a bit. They've eliminated the first and second holes and put a hole between No. 4 and No. 5 somewhere. Some of the par-four holes you can almost drive. I played it again not so long ago just to see how it had been changed."

Nicklaus was asked if an Open victory meant more to him than the Masters. "No, not at all," he replied. "The Tournament that means the most to me is the one I am playing in at the time. When I'm playing in the Open, it's the Open. When I'm playing in the Masters, it's the Masters."

"My ambition is to win them all."



THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers Turn to Page 74



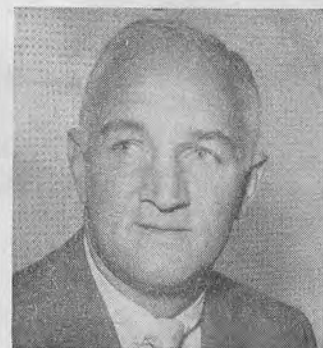
Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's been at it for 29 years), covers the White Sox over WCFL radio in Chicago



Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on WTOP's radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast



Phil Rizzuto, the former New York Yankee shortstop, reports sports news six days a week on CBS radio and announces all the Yankees' games



Tom Harmon, the former Michigan football All-America, has a daily program, covering all sports, for the nationwide network of ABC radio

1 Four of the 14 head coaches in the National Football League last year did not play in the league. Can you name these coaches?

2 The 1961 Philadelphia Phillies established the unwanted major league baseball record for most consecutive losses. How many did they lose in a row?

3 The 1916 New York Giants hold the record for most consecutive victories in a season. How many did they win in a row?

4 Before Wilt Chamberlain came into the National Basketball Association, two men each led the league in scoring three straight times. Name them.

5 Until the 1960 Olympic Games, the American trackmen had won eight 400-meter relay titles in a row. What nation ended this streak?

6 The dimensions in feet for a tennis court are:
a 36 by 78
b 36 by 88
c 27 by 78

7 On four occasions he was the runnerup in Masters Golf:
a Sam Snead
b Byron Nelson
c Ben Hogan

8 The highest price ever paid for a thoroughbred race-horse in any country was \$1,251,200. Five million-dollar bids were made for the horse. Name him.

9 When Ty Cobb set a record for stolen bases, he also set a record for being caught stealing, a record that still stands. How many times was he caught?

10 Bob Feller pitched a record number of one-hitters. He had:
a 10
b 12
c 14

11 The last pitcher to lead his major league in won-lost percentage and earned-run average the same year achieved the feat in 1956. Name this pitcher.

12 True or false? A catcher has never won the Baseball Writers' Association award for Rookie of the Year in either major league.

13 Before Jim Taylor won the title, who was the last Western Division player to lead the National Football League in rushing?

14 Which was the first American Football League team to be involved in a franchise shift? To what city did this original AFL team move?

15 The last football player selected as the Sullivan Award winner (top amateur athlete in the United States) was a West Pointer. Who was he?

16 There have been 22 recognized world heavyweight boxing champions over the years. Only five of them were not U.S. natives. True or false?

SING-ALONG FOOTBALL STAR

(Continued from page 55)

score was 7-7 midway in the second quarter, Pittsburgh had the ball on the Dallas 38, third and nine. Layne stepped into the pocket as Dial, from his flanker position on the right, ran straight downfield. At the 25, Dial cut diagonally to his left. Layne threw the ball. Dial grabbed it on the 15 just in front of a Dallas defender and sped into the end zone.

Buddy Dial is a part-time professional singer. He has an album on the market: "Buddy Dial Sings" on a Word Records label. It includes such songs as *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands* and *When Jesus Beckons Me Home*.

In addition, Buddy makes a number of public singing appearances each year on local television, at charity shows and at events sponsored by religious organizations.

RELIGION and music are indigenous to Dial. He's the product of a devout Christian family in Pinehurst, Texas. Buddy learned how to play the guitar and mandolin from his father, an oil company laborer, but he never had any formal voice training.

Singers Pat Boone and Andy Williams have encouraged Buddy to pursue a musical career fulltime. Other encouragement has come from the noted musicologist Bobby Layne, whose love for music probably rivals Nero's. Layne adopted Dial as his personal troubadour and he constantly had Dial strumming a guitar and warbling a western or folk tune. Many a night after a game, Dial went to his bed only to be summoned by Bobby at 3 a.m. for an impromptu "Sing Along with Buddy" at a local bistro.

Dial's first command performance for Layne occurred the day he joined the Steelers. "I walked into the dressing room and made a point to see where Bobby Layne was dressing," Dial says. "I walked clear down to the other end and took a locker. But Jim Boston, the equipment manager and one of Bobby's cronies, came up and tapped me on the shoulder. He said, 'You're a'way down there.' And he pointed to an empty locker beside Bobby's. Well, I was scared to death when Bobby came in. But as soon as he saw me he said, 'Okay, you didn't sing for me in Hawaii, so you'll sing here.' And, dadgum it, right then and there he made me climb up on a bench and sing *John Henry* and I've been singing for 'im ever since."

To many, the kinship between the two men must seem absurd. But not Buddy, who says, "I don't think my ideals and standards conflict with Bobby's. There will always be a conflict of everyone's views of life, but I have so much respect for his ability and he has so much respect for my religious life. I can't be in a position to be critical of Bobby Layne. I have as many faults as he does. But as basically different as Bobby and I are—and I'm basically different from 90 percent of the guys on the team—his type of fun is my type of fun."

Part of that enjoyment stems from Dial's love of clowning and practical jokes. Buddy is appreciated even by the enemy. Jimmy Hill of the St. Louis Cardinals, one of the league's best defensive backs, grinned as he talked about Dial last November at Forbes Field. The Steelers had just beaten the Cards, 19-7, with Dial

catching seven passes for 186 yards.

"You know," Hill said, "that is one guy I couldn't get angry with even if he clipped me from behind."

"He'll come running out and he'll say somewhat confidentially, 'Hey, relax, buddy, the play is going the other way.' Then, he'll reach up and grab a pass. Of course, I don't relax; I'm still trying to stop that pass, but he sure makes it difficult."

"When a receiver comes out, I try to slip up on him and blast him with a block. It's perfectly legal. But when Buddy comes out, the first thing he says is 'Don't you sneak up on me, now, you hear?' And he always seems to evade the block."

In that Steeler-Cardinal game Dial had run a square-in pattern. Hill rushed in with forearm cocked. Just as Hill let go with a scythelike forearm, Buddy caught an 18-yard pass from Ed Brown. Dial went down on a tackle by another Cardinal back. The crowd oohed as they saw Hill's swing barely miss Buddy's head.

"Some guys get real mad and are ready to fight after I do that," Hill said, recalling the play, "but not Buddy. He jumps up, smiles at me and says, 'Jimmy, you just took five years off my life.' Now, how can you dislike a guy like that?"

Last year at the Steelers' training camp in West Liberty (West Virginia) State College, Dial's room was busier than a neighborhood tavern on payday. "Everybody congregates in his room to see what he's up to," says offensive end Red Mack. "One time someone took a fan from John Reger's room and right away everybody went to see if Buddy had it."

Nothing enlivens the Steelers more than the joshing conversation Dial carries on with fullback John Henry Johnson. They kid each other endlessly. Buddy's humor is unsophisticated, even corny to some Steelers, but coming from Dial, they laugh because this is Buddy.

There was the day last November at the South Park Inn, a restaurant-bar near the Steelers' daily practice field. Dial sat at a table, John Henry a few tables away.

"Hey, John Henry," Dial called over, that puerile grin showing broadly on his handsome face. "Did the squirrel find you yet?"

JOHNSON looked up, trying to appear as stoic as possible. He didn't reply.

"Hey, John Henry, did the squirrel find you yet?" Dial said.

"No," John Henry answered hesitantly.

"Well, you better watch out then," Dial said, "I heard he's looking for nuts."

A ripple of laughter went through the restaurant, as much in anticipation of old John Henry's inevitable retort as of the gag. "Listen here, Buddy Dial," John Henry said. "I just read *Downbeat* and I saw where you sold ten copies of your record. I'll bet you bought all ten of them."

Each accuses the other of being more verbose. "John Henry's always yakking," Dial will tell you. And John Henry says: "I call him jet mouth. I used to call him motor mouth, but he's stepped up since then. Every time I see him, his mouth is running about something."

Because of Buddy's flair for talking,

he is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker. After the Steelers had lost the 1962 season opener, 45-7, to the Detroit Lions, Buddy told a gathering of Pittsburgh fans: "Every game has its turning point. Ours came when we kicked off. Instead, we should have booted it up in the stands and run." The fans roared.

But not all of Buddy's comments are appreciated. One last season drew a sharp rebuke from Ohio State coach Woody Hayes. Appearing before a group of fans in Cleveland the Monday following a game with the Browns, Buddy was asked why everybody's 1961 All-America fullback from Ohio State, Bob Ferguson, was languishing on the Steelers' bench. Dial, in a comment meant in jest, said that Ferguson slept so much he couldn't learn his plays and that because of this, the Steelers were thinking of giving Bob "to the Olympic Sleeping Team."

HEARING this, Hayes said, "Anyone who would criticize a teammate publicly, I have no respect for whatever."

Hayes isn't the only one who has shown a repugnance for Dial's mouth. One Pittsburgh sportswriter refers to Buddy as "that smart aleck." And the Steelers' defensive line coach, Buster Ramsey, accuses Dial of being a troublemaker who clowns around too much on the playing field.

However, head coach Buddy Parker disagrees. "I don't think he clowns around on the field," Parker says. "He works pretty good out there. He clowns around mostly off the field. And he adds to the spirit of the club with his singing."

Parker considers Dial one of the best pass receivers he has ever seen. "But I don't think he's reached his peak yet," Parker says. "He'll get a lot better. He'll get to know how to run patterns better and he'll become smarter—able to out-think a defender."

Dial's ability as a pass receiver is best summed up by Jimmy Hill: "He catches every damn thing that comes to him."

When appraising Buddy's assets, most football observers first speak of his hands. "He has a great pair of hands," says Parker, "and because of them he can be covered and still come up with the ball."

Layne thinks Dial's great hands complement a more vital asset. "He can come back and fight for the ball," Bobby says. "When the ball is in flight, a lot of ends give up when they see the ball is going to fall short. But Buddy can come back and fight for it. He also can turn it on and go after the ball that is thrown over his head. Very few receivers can do this."

Dial's biggest weakness is his blocking. He knows it, and John Henry Johnson doesn't let him forget it. There's much laughter on the subject when the Steelers view game films. When the camera catches Dial missing a block (as he frequently does), John Henry's voice will fill the air with a comment such as: "That's the way to punish him, Buddy Dial." And when Dial successfully makes a block (as he occasionally does), a voice cries out: "Well, you got in his way again, Buddy Dial."

Despite his eminence in the NFL today, pint-sized Gilbert Dial was no more than a good player at Magnolia High School. So college recruiters didn't bother him much.

"Baylor invited me to their cam-

pus to talk over a scholarship," Buddy says, "and I really wanted to go there to study the ministry. But they told me they thought I was too small to play college football, and they said I should try to get a voice scholarship. That broke my heart. But I got home that night and coach Neely called and said he would give me a scholarship. That's the only dadgum one I was ever offered."

Dial developed into one of the finest ends in Southwest Conference history and made several All-America teams as a junior and senior. However, because of his size—then 6-1, 170-pounds—Dial did not figure on playing pro football until New York drafted him. The Giants tried him as a tight end. Then, in an effort to keep

him somehow, New York tried him as a defensive back. In the next five weeks, the Giants played six exhibition games. Dial, who was nervous, couldn't catch and showed little speed in practice, played about three minutes.

The Tuesday before the Giants opened the season against the Rams in Los Angeles, Giant coach Jim Lee Howell called Dial up to his room. "I have to put you on waivers," Howell told him. "It is my personal opinion that you should go home and get a job."

Dial said: "Someday, I'm going to make you look bad."

Just a month later, when the Giants met the Steelers at Pitt Stadium, Dial caught four passes for 146 yards and

a touchdown, although the Giants won the game, 21-16. In his rookie season, Dial caught 15 passes for a total of 428 yards. He also scored six touchdowns.

"It was very insulting to me, dadgum it," Dial says in recalling his unhappy experience with the Giants. "They had scouted me in college and they knew I could catch a pass and could run patterns. But the only thing the coaching staff could do was to holler at me. I know I didn't get a real chance with them."

He got his chance with the Steelers and, with Bobby Layne's help, made it big. And the Steelers should be singing along with Buddy Dial for quite a few years.

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IS IT DIRTY FOOTBALL?

(Continued from page 19)

is necessary and what isn't," Brown said. "Football is a very rough game. Some guys hit hard and some guys don't and some guys try to get as much in, try to hit you as hard as possible as many times before the whistle blows—and this is expected because of the nature of the game."

"It's a very fine line between dirty play and just rough, aggressive play, I think," Pellington said. "If you look at movies you can see everybody—even the guys who are supposed to be the cleanest players—doing something in the course of a game that could be construed as dirty."

What, exactly, is dirty football? The players' general definition is that dirty play is anything done intentionally to injure another player. For example:

"Stepping on a guy or kicking him or anything of that nature," Pellington said. "Sometimes it isn't meant to be dirty. Sometimes it's absolutely just a defensive nature, really. A lotta times a guy's trying to push men away and their fingers—and I mean this—just go through the bar (face mask). And they don't mean to gouge at a guy's face, but in pushing him away, fingers go through the mask."

No intent, no dirt. But, Bednarik said, "If you try to hit a guy with your knee or your elbow as you go down on him, I'd say that's dirty."

"Oh, sometimes that's dirty," Brettschneider said, "but sometimes you don't really mean it when you hit a guy with a knee or an elbow. You hit with your whole body and sometimes it's hard not to hit with your knees first. If you want somebody to give you an opinion on a dirty player, the guy to call is Don Burroughs (safetyman) from the Eagles."

"Why?" we asked.

"Well," Carl said, "I don't want to say. Sometimes things happen. I know he's had things . . . I kicked him one time. He came after me with some lime. He was gonna throw lime in my eyes. So we had a feud going for a couple of years."

"How did you happen to kick him?"

"Oh, I was blocking on a field goal," Brettschneider said, "and he came in to block the kick and I couldn't figure out any way to keep him from getting in as he came by. So . . . I kicked him. I kinda hit him right above the groin. He went down like a shot hit him. He was really out. He called me dirty and everything else. But sometimes you can't help things, you know?"

"You mean you lose control?"

"Well, no. It was a case of either him getting in to block the field goal or me stopping him the best way I could. That was the only thing left."

"So you say any way you stop a man is the best way?"

"Yeah," Carl said absently, "well, the same thing happened again this year. We played the Steelers and I caught Bob Ferguson and knocked him cold."

"Which foot?"

"No, this time it was a little different. I hit him with a clothesline. When a back or end's coming out, you stick your arm straight out like a clothesline and catch 'em about the adam's apple, it hurts pretty good." He chuckled. "When I first came into the league (1955), everybody talked about clotheslining backs and ends; they used to teach it. It didn't use to be dirty. But now, when one of the older guys does it, the younger guys think it's dirty. The officials call it now, so you don't see much of it."

There are several points here. First, veteran linebackers may not consider a clothesline dirty because, from their viewpoint, their job is to slow up the backs and ends who are trying to get out for passes. A clothesline can slow them up for several plays. Then they recover and come back into the game. The intent is not to injure a man but to do a job. The clotheslined man today would call the play dirty.

Burroughs called Brettschneider's attempted field goal on him dirty. Almost all players would agree, but linebackers might be more lenient, more understanding. Brettschneider's act was the "defensive nature" Pellington spoke of. His intent was not to maim Burroughs, just to keep him from blocking the field goal, and he did his job in the only way he could during that split-second before Burroughs raced by him to steal three points from his team. So there are definite offensive and defensive viewpoints, and within the players' general definition of dirty play the "intent" is sometimes flexible.

Thus, in examining the championship game, "unnecessary roughness" (which some people regard as the same as "dirty" anyway) may be dirty if it is intentional and its intent is to injure. Everyone who played in the title game was still sore weeks later.

"It was such a big game and you get so keyed up," Taylor said, "it's gonna be rough like that. But it seemed obvious to me in the films—and this is just my opinion—that if

there had been a flag or some pretty heavy threatening right at the beginning of the game, it might've been altogether different in the roughness of the play, in what I think was unnecessary. A couple of times an official was right on the play when there was piling on and it looked like a very slow whistle. A couple of times one of the Giants rolled over and came down on top of me. I wouldn't call it dirty play, just unnecessary roughness."

Taylor refused to name the Giants he thought were unnecessarily rough, but he had named Huff in the press.

"Like I've said before, I didn't play dirty," Huff said. "I just played a normal game. I've had much better days and I've had much worse days. People that know football, they know I played the way you have to play."

"I thought it was a good, hard, rough, tough game," Kramer said, "but I didn't see any dirty play. It wasn't a great deal rougher than any other game. It was one of the coldest days I've ever played under. And the game seems rougher in the cold."

"I think both teams were hitting just as hard as they could," Thurston said. "I didn't think there was anything excessively rough or dirty though. I should know because I took some beating in that game. It was just the hardest-hitting game I've ever played in. Most of the complaints I heard about roughness came from people who watched the game on television."

Television can, of course, magnify or distort areas of a game,

"TV doesn't show everything," Modzelewski said. "On one play Taylor was tackled and Sam pulled up and I think it was Ron Kramer who came and accidentally bumped into Sam and Sam fell right down on the pileup. Some writeups said that Sam Huff piled on on that occasion because he was after Taylor. Obviously that was an accident."

"I don't know," Taylor said, "I play hard football and I don't mind getting hit at the right time and at the right place, but it's bad for somebody to just pound you if the whistle's blown. A couple of times I'd been tripped up and was flat on my face—which should be down—and there's no reason to keep coming. Maybe the whistle hadn't blown. It's hard to tell on the films and I can't remember every play. Maybe the Giants didn't hear the whistle sometimes because of the wind. But I think there were times the whistle had blown and they were rassaling and tugging and twisting and going into my back."

"Did you call this to the officials' attention?" we asked.

"No, I didn't," Jim said. "I know Vince Lombardi was trying to get their attention from the sidelines but it was so windy you couldn't hardly hear anything over ten feet away."

"I think Sam Huff got condemned unfairly," Modzelewski said, "because people—even those at the game—didn't see Taylor kicking or scratching after we tackled him. And believe it or not, I've never been bitten in my life—in ten years of pro football—and in this particular game for the championship, Taylor gave me a pretty good bite in my forearm."

"I didn't have any opportunity to do any kicking," Taylor said. "I was getting the dickens kicked out of me. Bit him? Some players will say anything, I guess."

"Did you?"

"No, I don't recall anything like that. It coulda happened, but I don't think so."

GENERALLY when someone gets hungry on a football field, the offensive men serve as the meal. "I've been bitten a few times myself," fullback Johnson said. "Big Daddy's (Lip-scomb) the only one I remember."

"What'd you do about it?"

"I just told him about it, laughed about it, I think," John Henry said. "Next time I saw him I think I blindsided him upside the head."

"That was one time I actually had a right to play dirty against Taylor," Modzelewski said, "because of what he did. I wouldn't do that. But I made sure I got a good clean shot at him and I put one of the hardest tackles on him I ever put on a guy. Actually, I think Taylor got a little disgusted early in the game. He drives hard and he always wants those three-to-five yards at least and we weren't giving them to him. So he started getting a little anxious and using his tactics as far as swinging his forearms and doing a little kicking. We overlooked this a little bit. When he kept it up, some of the guys just happened to retaliate."

"How can I kick or scramble or hurt anybody with the ball in one arm?" Taylor said. "The only time I can hurt anybody is when I have a halfback in a one-on-one, and that's just good hard football. He can pick me out when I've got the football just as well and hurt me—legally—before the whistle's blown. But after the whistle's blown it's not right."

If you're a fullback you may agree with Taylor. "I thought there should've been a couple of flags thrown because it would've stopped the piling on," Pietrosante said. "When a guy's down he's down and this is how injuries happen. A ball-carrier's down and here comes a guy; instead of avoiding the pileup, he continues right into it."

Especially if you've been piled on. "I thought Taylor got piled on a few times," Johnson said. "It wasn't necessary. I've been jumped on a lotta times myself unnecessarily, but the referees don't call it. Occasionally they do. The guys jump on you two or three times, then they'll call it once."

"And what do you do about it?"

"Well, I'm always fussing myself," John Henry said. "I get up, tell the referee, tell the player, too."

Yet even an offensive end—at least when he's as large (6-3, 250 pounds) and as tough as Ron Kramer—can say, "You're playing a game of great desire and the defensive men are out

there desiring to make every tackle. Sometimes the whistle blows and they've got so much momentum, it takes a great deal to stop in midair and stop a way of thinking."

"Let's face it," Pietrosante said, "the defense has so much advantage that if the officials let 'em do just what they want, hit out of bounds, hit after the whistle, it just becomes a defensive battle."

Many defensive men will tell you they have to hit Taylor *after* the whistle because he gets a slow whistle from officials. He may look stopped, but if the referee doesn't think so he doesn't blow and Jimmy does—right out of the hands of defenders. This is the key to Taylor's running, and perhaps a key to the question.

"Jim Taylor deserves everything you've gotta give him," Brettschneider said, "because Taylor's the type of guy who unless you tackle him and lay on him and hang on, he's gonna crawl, kick, and he's the type of guy you gotta hit after the whistle or he's gonna get that extra yardage. If the whistle doesn't blow fast enough, then—well, it happened to us Thanksgiving Day. Taylor was kinda stopped so the guys let up. The whistle didn't blow and . . . he got a touchdown."

"He gets the slow whistle because he's always trying to get that extra inch," Pellington said. "I mean, even in a particular game of ours last year, hell, he hit in there, hit in there and then bounced around, then—boom. Actually the whistle should've blown, but Jimmy bounced off and got something like six or seven more yards."

Jim Brown, they say, also gets a slow whistle because of his strength and drive. "They're both so strong they're never really stopped," Kramer said. "If you do give 'em a fast whistle there are people who're gonna tackle 'em after the whistle anyway. People say there's a lot of tackling after the whistle, but this is really not tackling after the whistle. The man has to be down. When you get somebody like Jim Taylor or Jim Brown—or just about anybody in this league—you've gotta get 'em down on the ground, otherwise they're gonna slip away and make extra yardage."

Taylor's forte is power and he has to beat you with that. "This is the only way he can do it," Kramer said. "Taylor enjoys hitting people and people enjoy hitting him. Fortunately enough for us, Jimmy seems to win out a good deal more than anybody else."

BUT this is one reason Taylor takes a beating Brown does not, despite the fact that both get a slow whistle. With football in hand, Brown, you might say, is very intensely disliked by defenders, a feeling bordering on hate. Taylor, with football in hand, is hated, period. Brown beats the defense many ways with his many great assets. Taylor beats the defense almost exclusively at its most obvious asset—strength, and he never quits.

"Taylor squirms a little more than Brown in a gang-tackle," Bednarik said. "It usually takes four or five guys to bring either of them down. But Jimmy Brown knows when it's no use to drive any more and he goes down. Taylor doesn't."

This, naturally, riles the defenses. Yet even more pertinent to the treatment accorded these two great runners: "In the seven years I played against Jimmy Brown," Bednarik said, "I never heard his voice on the field. But when Green Bay was beat-

ing us 49-0 this year, Taylor kept popping his mouth all game. A lot of us were saying, 'If I can belt you, you sonofagun, you're gonna get it!'"

Taylor challenges—dares—the defenses not merely physically but verbally. So if his gaining extra yardage after he was seemingly stopped fires defenders—his talk starts infernos.

"He's always giving you that talk," Brettschneider said. "I thought you could hit harder than *that*," he'll say, stuff like that. Or you'll hit him a pretty good lick. Like he blocks me on pass defense and I'll hit him pretty hard and he'll say, 'Well, that was a pretty good lick.' Then he'll laugh like it wasn't really, like he didn't even feel it. So you figure, next time I'll hit him a little harder."

Brettschneider said Taylor was unique in this respect. "Most of the guys, if you hit a guy a pretty good lick, well, it's 'Nice tackle' and that's it. Taylor's kinda got this cocky attitude: 'I'm Taylor, see if you can knock me down.'"

"It's a natural tendency, because he does mouth off a little bit, to give it back to him a little mouthy," Pellington said. "I know we got a big kick out of one play in the game up in Green Bay this year. It was third down and about six inches, and Taylor didn't make it. And I know a lot of us said, 'Ha, ha, Jimmy; the great fullback couldn't even make it.' And he gave a few choice words back as to what we could do." Bill laughed heartily. "You know, you laugh at those kind of things now, but in a game your boiling point is so damn low because you just get so charged up. I wouldn't doubt that Taylor's talk has cost him some extra bruises. But I would say the success he's been having more than compensates for the bruises he's been receiving."

THE players don't seem to resent Taylor's behavior. "He's a helluva ballplayer," Brettschneider said. "He led the league in everything (ball-carrying) and if that's the way he wants to be, you know, as far as talking after he gets tackled, well, that's his personality. Maybe it makes you try harder against him, but that's all."

"I think Taylor's talking more in the last few years may come from his bigger rise to stardom," Pellington said. "I don't think this has gone to his head or anything though. I know I voted for him this year as the Most Valuable Player in the league and I was glad to see him get the award. It showed even if he is mouthy and everybody's gunning for him, that he's still respected by the ballplayers."

"This is just the nature of Jimmy Taylor," Kramer said. "When he says things during a game it just comes out of him. He brings some roughness on himself, but, hell, people bring it on themselves too. You know, they start talking to Jimmy and he's not the kind of guy who'll sit there and not say a word."

"It's Taylor's job to mouth off," Pietrosante said. "This is the way he builds himself up, this is the way he gets his drive for each game. It's his inner drive that's doing this."

"Jim Taylor is one of the greatest competitors who ever played this game," Thurston said. "And he talks to fire himself up—a lot of times he's only talking to himself—and this helps make him a great player."

Again, television can distort things, because Huff is also a talker.

"Oh yeah," Modzelewski said, "Huff

will jibber-jabber quite a bit out there. Especially with a guy like Taylor who's been mouthing off quite a bit at Sam the last few games, saying Sam's overrated, saying Sam falls down a lot. This is all right with Sam because he can talk with the best."

"You always have a few things to say," Taylor said. "It's not always that you're trying to get another player off his game or anything. Sometimes they're just little caty remarks. Sometimes some of 'em aren't real nice." He laughed.

The remarks in the championship game were mostly un-nice. "A lot of guys get rid of their exuberance, or whatever you'd want to call it, by talking," said Pellington who was at the game. "But talk and dirty, or even excessively rough, football are two different things." The television camera apparently picked up a lot of the Taylor-Huff talk-exchanges and gave viewers the impression the two men were out to kill each other.

Bednarik, who watched the game on TV, said, "There seemed to be more gang tackling and piling on than there was in our championship game with the Packers in 1960. I thought things might get out of hand in this game once or twice, but those referees maintain control, they have to. It was rough on both sides. I remember one play where one of the Packer backs ran wide and Sam Huff and some Giants came up to meet him. Somebody ran up behind Sam and belted him in the back of the head with a forearm."

Pietrosante, who watched the game on TV, said, "There are many ways you have to look at it. The Giants have been humiliated many times by the

Packers in recent years. And I think Huff has been humiliated because Taylor seems to have a tremendous game against him every time and I think it just got to Huff. But this was a championship game and if you make it a personal battle your team suffers. It may be the team suffered in this way because I think Huff was pointing for Taylor. But this is part of the game too. If you get their chief runner where he's looking and not running and not thinking, then maybe again you're helping your team too."

Yet Pietrosante—and each of the other players questioned—denied that Huff ever had a reputation as an excessively rough player. "I know he has a reputation of being around a pile all the time," Nick said. "But a middle linebacker's at a very opportunistic spot. He can go right or left without being too far out of the picture. So you have to look at this too: because Sam is a middle linebacker means he's always in the action."

"I don't think Sam plays dirty or anything like that," Johnson said. "I really don't. I think he's an aggressive player. I think sometimes, my own opinion, he jumps on, piles on unnecessarily. But in my playing against him, I don't recall getting any dirty deal from him. I don't get any business from any of the Giants."

"The only reputation Sam had I helped make," Jim Brown said. "He was always a tremendous ballplayer against Cleveland and we've always had a pretty friendly relationship, so I can't say that Sam's ever done anything to me that I should cry about."

Over the years, fans have cried that Brown has been abused by defenders. In fact, fans seem to feel there is a

large amount of dirty football being played today. Why? Pellington, said—and very rightly so—that fans watch games from the offensive viewpoint.

Pietrosante said it another way: "The reason people think the game is dirty is because of the players' size and the way they hit. In other words, if you get hit in the open field and do a flip, people say, 'Well, damn, look at that!' and before you know it the guy who did the hitting becomes a dirty player. People don't understand the fundamentals of the game."

All the players we polled agreed that many people don't understand the fundamentals. Some of the players said that many sportswriters don't understand the fundamentals either. The players, as a group, also said there was no such thing as a dirty player in the NFL. "A dirty ballplayer is one who's trying to hurt somebody all the time," Kramer said. "I've never seen any."

"Ten years ago when I started in the league," Modzelewski said, "all the older guys came up to you and showed you ways to play dirty. But we've found now the good football player never performs dirty." Mo admitted, as did others, there are occasional instances of dirtiness. "If you hit somebody on purpose with an elbow or knee, or you kick somebody, I would say this is dirty."

Some players wouldn't consider these extra-curricular efforts dirty unless they were damaging. "Well, hell," Kramer said, "we've got enough protection that a knee or an elbow isn't even going to bother you. Unless it hits in a vital spot, then I think it's dirty."

"Of course, the referees keep this

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pretty clean too," Kramer said. "But this is what the game is, you know, this is part of the rough tough football. Half the time you don't even notice it. You're intent on doing one thing—scoring or running with the ball after you catch a pass."

"I don't think there's anybody in the league who's out-and-out dirty," Pellington said. "I mean, a guy's gonna hold you you're gonna have to do something to combat it, whether it be swing at him sometime or whatever. But I can't see that this is dirty play. The other guy is holding you—you're gonna have to stop him."

"Hell, we've watched films where the offensive men are trying to pass-block the defensive men," Pellington said, "and the guys are just standing there. They're not trying to get in at the passer—they're just punching each other. I think lots of times one guy thinks the other guy laid in there on him, so he retaliates. It doesn't happen too often because their coaches see that in the movies and they say, 'Look, you either start getting in on that passer or we'll get somebody else in there.'"

"I don't think there's any real dirty play in the league," Bednarik said. "The fans may think so when they see a big lineman pick up a back and throw him down with a little extra. But that's just rough play. The ball-players don't think that's dirty." He laughed. "Except maybe the backs."

Even the backs, we found, wouldn't call it dirty, just excessive. "In the process of tackling you they sometimes do extra things to you that's not necessary to get you down," said John Henry Johnson. "And in the pileups they give you a little extra business sometimes. Twist your ankle, twist your neck, scratch your face, all that kind of stuff after you're down. There's not too much of it anymore, but occasionally you run into it."

And what does a back do—what can he do—to discourage the occasional excesses? He can pray, Taylor said.

JOHNSON believes the life he saves may be his own, and he has means. "If they give me the business," John Henry said, "if you get 'em one-on-one you put your knee upside their head a couple of times they'll stop doing it to you. That's about the best weapon a fullback has, that or your elbow. You can use that when they try to tackle you straight up. You throw your elbow upside their head a couple of times, then they'll be too busy trying to get out of the way to do anything to you."

A couple of years ago against the Rams, Johnson used all available resources to guard against denture fall-out. "This guy tackled me out of bounds and I get up and I'm coming back from the out-of-bounds," John Henry said, "and he hits me again. So I hit him back, then three or four of 'em (Rams) came after me, you know. So I pick up this sideline marker and hit him in the head with it."

"I was sorry I did that afterwards, but it was totally unnecessary what he did to me. Some guys, when you're having a nice day getting yards, I guess they try to intimidate you or something. If they don't intimidate you the way they want, they get mad. But a lot of times they don't do anything to you to hurt you; they do a lot of things to make you mad. I guess they figure if you're mad you won't be able to do your best."

Brettschneider said the offensive

back's best retaliatory move is the blind-side block. "There's not much of this one guy hitting and then the other guy retaliating anymore," Carl said. "But it's easier for a defensive man to get back at an offensive player because they're blocking and can't see you coming."

Brettschneider's roommate on the Lions, Nick Pietrosante, took a minority viewpoint. "Actually," Nick said, "an offensive player has more of a chance to put you out than a defensive player. See, a defensive player can rough you up, can tackle you hard, but an offensive player always has a shot at you because he's blocking and all you have to do is turn your back and he can throw a block at you. I think there are a lot of ways a fullback can retaliate. And if a guy got me dirty I'd go after him. Sooner or later you gotta get him."

IF you don't, will he get you worse? "I don't believe they think of it like that," Nick said. "I think a lotta guys if they get you dirty it's just their nature maybe. But I have always felt that if a guy gets you dirty and you come back and retaliate or straighten him out right away, you're finished with him as far as having any trouble."

"But in my estimation—and I've been in the league four years—I honestly don't think professional football is dirty, and if anyone should know I feel a fullback should. I really don't think anyone has it in their mind to play dirty."

"In the last five years," Modzelewski said, "I don't remember anyone even throwing an elbow at me."

Mo, a defensive tackle, owns a restaurant in Cleveland with his brother Ed called "Mo and Jr.'s." Fuzzy Thurston, an offensive guard, owns one in Nina, Wisconsin, called "The Left Guard." Across a line some Sunday they could pound each other until they still ached the following Sunday. But, principles aside, neither man wants to maim the other for the most basic of all reasons why football is primarily clean—neither wants to become a year-round restaurateur.

However, as noted, there are instances of dirty play or unnecessarily rough play, which is why Jim Taylor said, "The Giants may sit down and tell you the truth—that they didn't try any roughness, that they honestly thought they played an upright ballgame. Maybe they can. Maybe the films just look to me like they're piling on. But I don't know whether each one of them could sit down and say 'I thought we just played a real hard ballgame, that we didn't pile on and that there wasn't any unnecessary roughness.' I wonder if they could say that. I don't think so."

The Giants have said so, other fullbacks have said not. "It's only natural," Huff said, "that fullbacks and offensive players would say, 'Boy, they hit after the whistle' and everything like that, because they have to run that football. They'd like you to stand around and let 'em run, but that's not a defensive man's job."

Brettschneider made a final comment on Huff's performance in the playoff, saying, "I thought Sam played a pretty good game. Sam's a good line-backer but he's overrated. He's overrated because he's in New York and he gets a lot of publicity. And Sam's his own best publicity agent. He knew this was a championship game and everybody was watching and maybe he said I'm gonna pile on and get a

little extra publicity. I thought he carried it a little bit too far. In a way you can say he did, but in a way you can't because Taylor brings this on. But Sam goes a little bit overboard too, I think."

"I don't think there are many ball-players throughout the league who wouldn't like to be playing in New York," Huff said. "As far as the publicity, I never asked for it. And I couldn't care less what other players think of me as long as my teammates and I get along, because they're the guys I depend on and who depend on me. Other players are entitled to their opinions. But I'll tell you, it doesn't matter to me whether one fan or 900,000,000,000 fans are watching, I play the same type of football. I play according to the competition. And it doesn't come any better than the Green Bay Packers."

Men from both teams said it was the roughest game they'd ever played, that the cement-like ground and cold helped make it so. Taylor, who likes it rough and who has never sounded off about mistreatment before, feels there was some unnecessary roughness. Other players do not. There may have been instances and if so, a point Jim Brown made is most pertinent.

"I think the officials have done a tremendous job in the game's I've played in," Jim said, "as far as protecting ballplayers. If it's piling on, they call it. I don't think we've had too many penalties called against other teams in my games, especially for anyone mistreating me. If I ever have a complaint I'm going to the official because he's the man who has to call things that are unnecessary. Complaints should be directed at the officials and I haven't heard anyone crying about the officiating in the championship game. I've heard them crying about other things. And if the officials are that bad, then something should be done about them."

EVERYONE questioned said the entire issue of unnecessary roughness had been overpublicized. Dick Lynch was most concerned about it. "It's the people who do finger exercises on typewriters who are actually causing the stir," Lynch said. "Some people write for sensationalism. It's one of the poorer aspects of newspapers—that one paper writes something and so many others follow, and so many people can be influenced. They're telling me some guy out in Los Angeles saw this and some guy down in Dallas saw this and they know what the hell happened out there in the championship game! Well, how the hell can they ever write something like they did when they're not even at the game?"

And Ron Kramer may have summed up the feelings of most players:

"My God, if this is the kinda game we play," Kramer said, "do people want to come out and see it if we don't play a good rough game? This is football. There are so many people who are concerned about watching it on television they don't know what's going on. It's a good rough game and that's the way it should be played. This is a game of physical endurance, and if you can't endure there's no sense in playing. Anybody who takes that ball is gonna create a little crowd around him because that's what everybody's after. And if it doesn't get rough, to tell you the truth, the game wouldn't be very interesting and I wouldn't even want to play it."

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HEY, LAY OFF MCCOVEY!

(Continued from page 36)

McCovey could play first in 1959, the move resulted in almost psychiatric consequences. Cepeda's mental attitude and batting tailed off and San Francisco fans got mad. Not at Cepeda. At McCovey. Willie was held responsible for everything from defeat to dissension.

In any event, in 1960 and 1961, the Giants tried to play McCovey at first. Part way through the 1961 season McCovey began to play the outfield. Also, in the 1961 season McCovey found a friend: Don Drysdale. Batting against the Los Angeles super-star in '61, McCovey had three walks, a single, two doubles, three home runs. In 1962, against Drysdale, McCovey had two walks, three singles, a double, and two homers. One of the 1962 home runs was a pinch-hit, two-out, 3-and-2 blast with two on and the Giants trailing 3-2 in the last of the seventh on August 11. It won the game for the Giants and produced a crowd reaction that was more enthusiastic, says Giant radio broadcaster Russ Hodges, than the reaction that followed the homer Willie Mays hit to put the Giants into the pennant playoff. What made the McCovey home run more electric, Hodges says, was the hit itself.

"Drysdale threw it, and it was just gone," Hodges says. "I don't think anybody really knows where or when it landed. Some people say it was in the right-field bleachers. Others say it was in the parking lot beyond. Personally, I think he hit it into the Bay."

By then McCovey was making friends with his fielding as well as his batting. At first sarcastic when he caught a ball, then positively exultant about it, San Francisco fans had watched and waited. Nobody with that build, that ungainly stride, that apparently endless effort to untrack and start chasing a batted ball, that untutored arm, could play the outfield, let alone play it well, they had thought.

But McCovey had been proving them wrong. Late in June, for example, he had made a shoe-string back-hand catch of a line drive hit by a Cincinnati batter, then threw the ball on a line to first base ahead of the Cincinnati runner coming back to the bag.

It had been a rare play. The runner, Don Blasingame, hadn't advanced too far, hadn't slipped trying to get back. McCovey had simply brought about a double play with a sensational catch and a sensational throw.

"That one gave me the confidence," McCovey said later in the summer. "There were things to learn out there, and I thought I was learning some of them, but you know how people are. They didn't think so. And in a tight game, we're a couple of runs ahead in like the eighth inning, or seventh,

or sixth, manager take me out. But now. . . ."

Now—in August, the time Willie hit the pinch home run against Drysdale—manager started leaving him in. Time and again, the strategy proved rewarding.

"He's not afraid of fences," Dark said, "and when people talk about his height at first base, they forget about his height in the outfield." It was true. On two occasions, McCovey caught balls at the wall simply by virtue of being tall.

His height, however, would be a bigger virtue for him at first base and with most other major-league clubs, McCovey would be the regular first-baseman. In San Francisco he is a swing man, playing first base when Cepeda doesn't, playing the outfield more often, but, if Dark continues to follow his spring-training strategy, only against righthanded pitchers.

Still, as a part-time player in San Francisco, a player who's never been to bat more than 328 times in a big-league season, McCovey is earning a \$25,000 salary this year. The Giants know his 20 home runs and his outfield play were important factors in their 1962 success. And says McCovey: "It was good to know I helped us win the pennant. When we talked contract for '63, I spoke to my mother, and she said, 'You helped, didn't you?' I knew it, and she knew it. It's something."

Though much of the Willie McCovey story has puzzling overtones, there are some things, like his pennant contributions, that people know about without question. You can say with certainty that McCovey was born in Mobile, Alabama, on January 10, 1938, and is unmarried. That he advanced through the Giant system from 1955 to his .372 in 95 games at Phoenix that caused the Giants to call him up for the stretch run in 1959.

You can say that some plays have caused him trouble. The bunt, with an alternative of plays opening up for him, has puzzled him, though by now he seems to have mastered it. The positioning of a first-baseman is something he knows now, too. ("When he first came up," Rigney has recalled, "we had a play where Henry Aaron hit a high one down the left-field line, and it stayed up forever, and the third-baseman, shortstop, and left-fielder all went for it, but it dropped safe. Now here's Aaron going for third, and who covers? The catcher and the pitcher were both there, and he was out at third. But if he's two steps ahead, he's around third, and who's at home? McCovey is who it should be. But he was standing at first base. You think he was just watching the other players? He was doing more than that. He was admiring them.")

And you can say for sure that Mc-

Covey has been involved in some strange, and illuminating, events:

1. Hampered by a pulled muscle, McCovey picked up a ground ball hit by Duke Snider and had to throw to pitcher Juan Marichal, covering first, rather than make the play unassisted. In the melee, Marichal was spiked and sidelined for the rest of the season. This happened late in 1961. Marichal's injury gave him an excuse for not having to pitch winter ball in his native Dominican Republic. Well rested, he had his finest full season in 1962.

2. In the spring of '61, at Milwaukee, Willie Mays came down with a case of food poisoning, after a midnight snack of ribs in his hotel room. There was doubt as to whether he could play next day. He finally decided to play, even though he felt poorly and had been in a hitting slump. He hit four home runs in that game. Question: Who had brought Mays the bad ribs? Answer: Guess who.

3. McCovey has been thrown out of a game only once in his life. It was when one of those 500-foot homers was taken away from him. The ball seemed fair when it left the park, but by the time it landed, it had hooked toward foul territory. The umpire waited for it to land—which is wrong, for openers—then called it. McCovey pleaded with him. He was thrown out of the game. Actually, Stretch placed his hands on the umpire's stately lapels, which invites automatic fine and suspension. Interestingly enough, the league office suspended only Whitey Lockman, the Giants' first-base coach, and fined him \$75. McCovey, though the greater offender, drew only a \$50 fine and no suspension. It may have been the league president's way of agreeing it must have been a pretty bad call. Yet who would be involved in such a situation? Who else but Willie McCovey?

At one point, amid all McCovey's troubles, a San Francisco columnist attacked him so bitterly in print that Willie was asked, "Are you going to hit him?"

"I can't," he replied. "I've never met him."

This is Willie McCovey, philosopher and fatalist. This is the man who came to bat on opening day of the 1963 spring-training season, walloped a ball out of sight into dead center field and trotted, grinning, around the bases.

And umpire Hank Soar held up a hand, as McCovey crossed the plate. "It's opening day," he said to McCovey.

"I know," Willie said happily.

"And we've got that overflow crowd in the outfield," Soar went on. "And I think that ball must have dropped where they are. So you go back to second. I'm calling it a double under today's special ground rules."

It was the start of another season for Willie McCovey.

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PEANUTS

12-22



LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO BALLPLAYERS

(Continued from page 16)

hard-working ump. "It's just on the drawing board," says Charlie, sitting in front of his locker, mopping his brow after a workout. "It's just a proposal.

"A lot of electric umpires have been designed before, but most all of them had the fallacy that they had to be put right on home plate or back of the pitcher, and were in the way of the game. A robot was tried once in a minor-league game, and the Dodgers once used another device at Vero Beach. It was made by General Electric. It sat on home plate and worked with mirrors and light beams. When the ball went across the plate it registered. But when the bat went across you'd get the same response.

"What I've come up with is a device with three deals between the pitcher's mound and home plate. It would chart the path of the ball at three positions, and if you can do that you can predict the path of the ball at other positions. It's charted by a mathematical series called a Taylor Series. Actually, the more positions you have, the more accurate you'll be, but you can do the job with just three. The last is just a few feet in front of the batter's box."

The three tracking stations between the mound and home plate, Charlie explains, would be buried under the surface of the field so as not to interfere with play. As they chart the path of the ball, they flash their data to an electronic computer which flashes the decision—ball or strike—onto the scoreboard. Presto, the poor guy who runs the scoreboard is out of work right along with the umpire.

"I don't expect it to come to that," says Charlie James. "Umpires are part of the game—they're part of the color." Yeh, but wait till the club owners start adding up those umpire salaries and traveling expenses. They said the auto would never replace the horse, Charlie James.

GEORGE ALTMAN, another Cardinal outfielder, stands 6-4 and can slug a ball out of the park with the strength of a gorilla. Come spring training time, most ballplayers pack their glove, their spikes, their sportshirts, their fishing rods, and their golf clubs for the trip south. Georgie Altman packs his chess set.

BUT Georgie was unhappy last spring. He could not get anyone, not even the ballplayers in the nearby enemy camps, to play with him. Sympathizing with his plight, I made it my business to help out and was able to unearth two chess players in the Pirate camp at Fort Myers—Clendenon and rookie pitcher Bob Veale, a dark giant who at the time I encountered him was standing on a clubhouse bench delivering a ringing impression of President Kennedy. ("We must press forward to integration with vigah!")

"I'm not really proficient," said Altman of his chess game. "I hope I haven't given you a false image. I'm certainly not an intellectual."

Born in Goldsboro, North Carolina, George attended sports-minded Tennessee A&I where he studied physical education, a poor choice by his current reckoning. "I didn't have that real guidance—we didn't have the aptitude tests," he says. "I would have loved to have studied finance." Today George is a stockbroker, an avid reader of

books dealing with social problems, and a guy who watches the clubhouse bridge games and wishes one of those dozens of supposedly bright college graduates could play chess.

DICK HALL, Baltimore pitcher, had it rough because he came up to the big leagues back in 1955, before anyone was much accustomed to having guys like him around. He had been graduated from Swarthmore, a sophisticated college that doesn't go in big for sports. He had gone through Swarthmore on a scholastic scholarship, majoring in economics, and had then shown a practical appreciation for his chosen field by accepting a \$30,000 bonus from the Pittsburgh Pirates. At the time, the Pirates were one of the worst teams in baseball history and it was a municipal pastime among Pittsburghers to poke fun at the players. Hall, stringy and swannecked and fresh out of a joint named Swarthmore, was attractive game.

Worse, the exasperated manager of the hapless crew was Fred Haney, an ex-sailor, an old-fashioned baseball guy who still wears sleeveless undershirts. "I was on first base," says Hal, "and I was kind of excited, nervous. Haney gave me the steal sign three or four times but I didn't get it. He chewed the devil out of me—something about 'these bright college boys who can't get a sign.'"

IN another instance, Hall was on second base with two out. Haney was coaching at first. Very lightly, he touched the letter of his shirt—a signal to steal. Well, now, who ever heard of telling a baserunner to steal third with two out? "He touched his letters so lightly that I wasn't sure he meant it," says Hall, "so I didn't go." At the end of the inning, Haney demanded, "Didn't you see the sign?"

"I didn't think you meant it," answered Hall. Haney pounded up and down the dugout hollering, "He didn't think I meant it! He didn't think I was sincere!"

Hall was a likable kid who tried to accommodate. One day, while a game was delayed by rain, a teammate idly pointed to a puddle in front of the dugout and wondered how many raindrops would fall in the puddle in a given period of time. Hall obligingly made a series of rapid mathematical calculations and furnished an answer. Later, when Haney was fired by the Pirates he asked the public how in blazes anybody could have expected to field a team when he had a guy projecting rainfall in the dugout.

Now with the Orioles, Hall's intellect is considered useful. When Jim Brosnan turned author, the book club at Baltimore's Enoch Pratt Library asked the Oriole front office to send out a player to evaluate Brosnan's work. One might imagine such a request easy to fill, but actually, relatively few ballplayers buy Brosnan's books. ("I know a couple who went together and bought one," says Brosnan.) Hall, however, reads Brosnan and was able to tell the book club he thought Brosnan's prose was exceptionally faithful to baseball light. "Then they asked me what ballplayers read," says Hall. "I thought I was fairly truthful. I said *Playboy*."

Hall adds that one cannot, of course, generalize about the reading tastes of all ballplayers, and indeed, his own team now has a catcher who forms

with Hall the most lofty battery in baseball. Should the fans wonder what Dick Brown and Hall are saying during those conferences on the mound, it may be that they are discussing one of Brown's favorite topics, the psychology of the totalitarian state. Brown is peachy keen on Eric Hoffer's *True Believer*, a pronouncement on the methods by which masses are led.

SMOKEY JOE CUNNINGHAM, Chicago White Sox first-baseman, did not go to college. Most ballplayers know Smokey Joe as a guy who likes to horse around; if you mentioned to them that he has traces of eggheadedness, they would think you were talking about the fact that he has lost quite a lot of his hair. The fact is, however, that when Smokey Joe began his major-league career at St. Louis he used to run with Bohemians.

HE was a bachelor then and he took a six-room apartment in Gaslight Square, which is St. Louis' recently developed version of Greenwich Village. "I was the first guy in that area," says Smokey Joe, making his role as a visionary clear.

"You ran around with beatniks, I understand," I said to Smokey Joe.

"I would classify them as artists, not beatniks," he replied. "We used to discuss literature and philosophy. I like to read philosophy. We used to discuss Aldous Huxley and *The Decline and Fall*—things like that."

In his crazy Gaslight Square apartment, Smokey Joe had a TV den with three black walls, one white wall, and a white ceiling. A tornado struck St. Louis one night, and Smokey Joe sat through it reading the Bible, whose moral and philosophical pedagogy he enjoys pondering. He also digs modern art.

JOEY JAY did not go to college either, preferring to bypass it in favor of a baseball bonus. "Hell, let's face it," says Joey. "I went into baseball for the money. I was 17. At 16 I'd had nothing. At 17 I had money in the bank." He also had literary curiosity and he began reading on his own. Now, disposed as he is to Plato, Joey has little use for sportswriting. "It's terrible," he says. "In general, it stinks. I'm not talking about the guys who write it or even the writing necessarily. It's the material. I just don't care about it. I don't think I've ever read a baseball book except Brosnan's. He's witty. He's an intellectual. He has talent, he can write. Do you think Jay Hook's an intellectual? You hear a lot about Jay Hook, but to me Hook is not an intellectual. I don't think an engineering degree makes him an intellectual any more than a diploma in mechanical drawing would make him an intellectual."

JAY HOOK, New York Mets pitcher, is a handsome, pleasant man of 26, married to a girl who is an equestrienne and enjoys riding to the hounds. Hook himself says, "I don't classify myself as an intellectual. I'm interested in a certain area but I'm not the type that goes out and reads Nietzsche."

Still, Hook is a far distance beyond the average college man in baseball. He is close to receiving his master's degree from Northwestern, and he spent the past winter teaching advanced concepts of space technology to a select group of junior high pupils.

Last year Hook wrote an article on the dynamics of the curveball for an engineering journal. He took the trouble to explain his conclusions to this writer recently. You may listen in:

"Basically, a ball—microscopically speaking—is a rough surface. As the ball spins, air sticks to it and spins with it, and air also flows over it because of the velocity of the ball. So there's a velocity gradient across the ball, and because of this velocity difference a pressure difference is caused. The pressure is force per unit area. So, in order to make any movements, according to Newton's law, an object will stay in a straight path unless a force is exerted on it. So this force changes the path of the ball. The way it changes just depends on how you spin the ball—whether you throw a curve, a screwball, or whatever. But the knuckleball is something different. It doesn't spin but you have fluctuations in pressure that cause it to flutter." Is that clear to you? If not, go stand in the corner.

I said to Hook that it's damned admirable that we've got guys in baseball now who know these things, but again, I wondered if they appeal to the fans. "It all depends on your definition of color," said Hook. "I think it can be defined to some extent in baseball as uniqueness. Right now I feel I'm unique. You don't have to be out carousing around or getting into fights to be colorful."

Instead of carousing around and fighting, pitcher Jack Fisher of San Francisco may be found at the symphony, listening to a Beethoven cycle. Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers may be stretched out near his stereo, soothed by concertos while he reads Thomas Wolfe or George Santayana.

Meanwhile, Jay Hook, like almost all of his fellow ballplaying intellectuals, insists opposing players have not seized upon his reputation as a brain to barber him with dugout abuse, but one suspects he and others like him are repressing unpleasant memories. The fact is, Pete Whisenant, a coach with Cincinnati last year, rode Hook mercilessly. Says Wally Post, a non-college brute of the Reds' outfield:

"When Hook didn't like an umpire's call, Whisenant would yell, 'Getcha goddamn slide rule out, professor.' Whisenant never let him up. I know he heard it, too. He pitched against us four times and never beat us. Twice he had about a two-run lead on us early but lost."

Jim Brosnan is called Professor by enemy and teammates alike. "I've always considered the name complimentary, but at the same time it's a bit of a needle, though a friendly needle," says Brosnan. "'Queer' is a word I've heard from the stands. There was a guy in Cincinnati next to the bullpen who got on me with that name. I was constrained from spitting on him, but this year, should I know he's there, I might do just that."

Because Brosnan's books have rendered candid opinions on the deficiencies of ballplayers and managers, naming names, I wondered whether anybody has told off Brosnan in particularly forceful terms. "There have never been any attacks face to face," he replied. "Fortunately, I'm six-five and weigh 210 pounds. Besides which I have a pretty caustic tongue. If somebody gets on me with a needle, I'll get back. If he gets nasty I'll ask him to stand up. But because I'm six-five and 210, it's never got to that point. It's physical prepossession that's saved me."

Brosnan's first book, which appeared in 1961, dealt rather harshly with the managerial abilities of Solly Hemus, then boss of the Cardinals. When



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Brosnan subsequently pitched against the Cardinals, Solly dispatched from the dugout a torrent of epithets calculated to destroy Brosnan's composure. Brosnan, however, professes immunity to Hemus' attacks. "What happens," says Brosnan, "is I say, 'Now why is he insulting me?' Then I examine his ancestry and his poor moral condition at the time of his utterances."

Brosnan is a creature the like of which we may not see again in baseball for many years to come, but it is clear that many young men with high intelligence quotients will be attracted to the game as long as it continues to pay high bonuses. Will their intellectual presence enhance baseball? Answers Brosnan:

"Baseball is a non-abstract game. The ability to think is not absolutely necessary. The ability to think just enough and not too much is the relative ideal for any professional athlete, except maybe a quarterback. Pro football is considerably more intellectual than baseball. It demands more thinking. There are more things determined by a number of individuals in one act, one play, and all these things have to be accounted for by the opposing team. Everything happens more quickly than in baseball."

As Brosnan sees it, the main reason for signing bright boys is that they learn more quickly—that it takes less time to develop them into major-leaguers. "You've gotta pay money for ballplayers, and the general managers have to find ways to rationalize the risk to stockholders," says Brosnan. Still, the trend toward college men may yet be reversed. Says one big-

league front-office man:

"We're going for the young kid who isn't very interested in college. Baseball is a game of instincts—you don't have to think all that much. Willie Mays has wonderful animal instinct, that's why he's great. Anyway, those college men get dissatisfied when they don't come along as fast as they thought they would. When that happens they can make a better salary elsewhere, so you're apt to lose them."

In such few words may we anti-intellectuals take hope. Dare we dream that baseball will be preserved for the hayseed who plays neither bridge nor chess, who reads neither Dostoevski nor Plato, but who loves the big time because it's a great sweaty place to play ball and, yes, to carouse and fight?

First-baseman Bill White of the Cardinals, who studied pre-medicine at Hiram College for two years on an academic fellowship but dropped out to take a baseball bonus, looked around him recently and frankly assessed the situation. "There's a group of guys coming into baseball who perhaps because of the space age were forced to go to college," said White. "That's why I figure the majority of players today are dull. We take films, we chart pitchers, we analyze. And when we leave this diamond we sort of leave baseball here. We're going to talk about something besides baseball."

The next day I ran into White near the batting cage an hour before the start of a game with the Dodgers. "Aside from Koufax, who are the big intellects on the Dodgers?" I asked.

"The Dodgers are dumb guys," replied White. "All they do is win."

THE RETURN OF ALEX GROZA

(Continued from page 31)

Alex should have been the greatest example of all. Of the many players to stand trial before Judge Saul Streit, Alex Groza clearly had the brightest future in professional basketball. He had been a three-time All-America at the University of Kentucky from 1947-49 and had set a career scoring record there that still stands. In 1948 he had led the United States Olympic team to the championship. In his two seasons with the NBA's Indianapolis Olympians, a team he partially owned, Groza had averaged 23.4 and 21.7 points a game, second to George Mikan.

Then the police closed in. Groza and Ralph Beard, a teammate on Kentucky's "Fabulous Five" and at Indianapolis, were watching an exhibition game in Chicago when detectives quietly asked them to come along. On October 22, 1951, they were flown to New York and were found guilty of accepting money to juggle scores. They received suspended sentences and were placed on probation for three years, a period that included the suspension of all basketball activities.

Groza's admitted guilt automatically barred him from the NBA for life and he was forced to sell his Olympian stock. "I probably would have been a wealthy man today," he says. "The franchise was really paying off. We were getting 10,000 to 18,000 people a game. The fruit was getting ripe and ready to pick. I sold my stock for \$1000 but it eventually could have been worth \$100,000. But it's silly to second guess."

Today Groza talks about his lost fortune with barely a trace of bitterness penetrating his flat Midwestern tones. Perhaps it is because he has lived with his economic fate for 12 years and has become resigned to it. Perhaps, too, it is because Alex, whose father was a coal miner and then the owner of a small neighborhood tavern, doesn't miss what he never had. But most accurately, it seems, it is because during the past 12 years Groza has been more concerned with earning respect than earning money.

"I lost a lot and it hurt to lose that much," he says. "I was bound and determined to make a success of myself after this thing happened. There were a lot of people who had faith in me and I wanted to restore that faith."

EIGHT years after the trial Alex recognized the path he had to take to win back the people he felt he had failed. He knew he had to return to basketball. He had tried other things—working in General Electric's planning department in Louisville; television broadcasting in Wheeling, West Virginia; running the family tavern in Martins Ferry, Ohio—but Alex was only fooling himself. He couldn't hide forever. As a basketball star he had gained national fame. As a basketball point-shaver he had endured national shame. Now he had to earn national forgiveness—in basketball.

And so in 1959 Alex applied for the basketball coaching job at Loyola of New Orleans. He almost got it. Though Alex was the only one of 50 applicants without previous coaching experience, he was one of four finalists. Ultimately, the lack of experience cost him the job; Loyola wanted a coach to double as its athletic director.

There had been a great deal of publicity regarding Alex' application.

One man in particular took more than a passing interest in the wire service stories. He was Father John Davis, a member of the Bellarmine College Athletic Faculty Committee. Bellarmine, a small, all-male school founded in 1950 by the Catholic archdiocese of Louisville, had recently lost its basketball coach and the school was looking for a replacement.

One day Father Davis mentioned Alex as a possibility to Father Henry Schuhmann, chairman of the faculty committee. Father Schuhmann thought his colleague was joking. "You're nuts," he said. "Why, Groza is in a different league. How much of a chance do you think we have to get him, especially with the amount of money we have to offer? And besides, is he even interested in coaching?"

Father Davis said Alex had applied for the Loyola job. This convinced Father Schuhmann that it was at least worth a try and the two priests went to Msgr. Alfred F. Horrigan, Bellarmine president, with their proposal. Msgr. Horrigan raised his eyebrows in surprise and shrugged his shoulders. The gestures meant: What have we got to lose? Go for broke.

Ollie Mershon, the Bellarmine Athletic Association's president, was next informed of the plan and he was immediately in favor of it. "We thought Alex would be a great attraction to the school and that he would attract the caliber of player we wanted," Mershon says today. "And as for his past mistake, I don't think we were as concerned about it as Alex was. We felt if he had the character and plain guts to get back into basketball, that was the kind of person we wanted."

FATHERS Davis and Schuhmann called Alex, asked him if he was interested in the position and that if he was, could he come to Louisville the next day. Alex said yes, he was interested, but no, he couldn't come tomorrow because it was payday at the Martins Ferry mills and it would be a very busy day at the tavern. Alex came instead the following Monday and met with Msgr. Horrigan. That afternoon he signed a contract.

From the beginning the linking of Bellarmine and Groza was excellent. The school had won only 80 of its 200 basketball games and it wanted desperately to build an athletic tradition. Hiring a big name like Alex Groza was the answer. Groza, on the other hand, wanted to get into college coaching so badly that "I would have taken \$50 a month if that's all they could have paid me," he says. "To be honest, they asked me what I wanted and I said \$6000. When they handed me the contract, the amount typed in was \$7000."

The figure on the contract was no typographical error, but neither was it a display of sentiment. Bellarmine officials knew the building job they were asking Groza to do was not easy because Bellarmine is an academically rigid liberal arts college with no physical education curriculum. The year before Alex signed his contract, four members of the starting team had been dropped due to academic failure and players had been recruited from the student body to fill the roster.

But Alex had no difficulty reconciling himself to the school's standards. It took him 14 years to get his degree and he knows full well the

value of academics. (He went to Kentucky for one quarter in 1944, spent 21 months in the army and left the university in 1949 one-third of a credit shy of his diploma. In 1957 he earned the needed hours by taking a French course at West Liberty College in Wheeling. His degree from Kentucky was awarded the following year.)

Shortly after Groza arrived at Bellarmine, he sent a mimeographed letter to faculty members stating he wanted no special consideration for players. "I have yet to go to any teacher and ask him to pass my kids," Alex says, "because it's an injustice to the boy. A kid can only play four years and if he doesn't have a good education, Lord help him." And then he adds proudly: "Out of a possible three-point average, the overall student average is 1.3; the 1962-63 basketball team averaged 1.7."

BELLARMINE, with an enrollment of 950, can't begin to match the offers of larger schools and Groza learned quickly that he would have to forget about recruiting All-Staters and settle for overlooked boys. It is his dream that perhaps some day he will uncover a potential All-America the way Kentucky coach Adolph Rupp did in 1944.

In 1944 Rupp received a clipping from the Martins Ferry paper that stated a 6-5, 165-pound center named Alex Groza was thinking about going to Kentucky. Rupp checked out the lead, came to Martins Ferry, spoke at a banquet, offered Groza a scholarship and Kentucky's gain became Ohio State's loss. Alex had originally leaned toward OSU because his brother Lou (a placekicker of some note and who would soon be even more notable with the Cleveland Browns) was starring there in football. But the school had no scholarship for a skinny kid called "Weed."

So far at Bellarmine, Coach Groza hasn't come up with a Player Groza, not even a reasonable facsimile. The school's officials aren't too worried about it, though. Their concern is that their team simply play good basketball within the limits of its ability—and within the limits of the school's stringent policies. "When we were looking for a coach and when different names came up," says Father Schuhmann, "I always felt that it was in the man's favor if he had had pro experience. But if he did have this experience, I always worried that he'd find it too hard to live with our policy. We laid this on the table to Alex and he said he could do it. And to his credit, he has."

To outsiders who judge a coach strictly on his ability to mold a winner, Groza's record is equally impressive. Alex won seven and lost 15 his first season, improved to 11-17 and then broke even at 11-11 his third year. Last season was the crucial one, for he had promised the student body when he was hired that he would give them a championship team in four years. Alex kept the promise. With a team of all underclassmen but two, Bellarmine won 20, lost seven. It won the KIAC (Kentucky Intercollegiate Athletic Conference) and the Quincy (Illinois) Invitational Tournament and played in the NCAA small-college tournament for the first time.

More rewarding to Bellarmine and Groza than any of the trophies, however, was a letter from Stix Morley, coach of the Western Illinois team. Bellarmine beat 62-60 for the Quincy (Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 72)

title. Wrote Morley: "I want to congratulate you on the well-coached team Bellarmine had . . . If I were to give a trophy for sportsmanship, it would go to your team."

When I visited Alex in his office last March, Bellarmine had finished its season ten days earlier, but things were as hectic as ever. That morning it had been announced that Alex was the KICAC's coach of the year. The phone didn't stop ringing. If the calls weren't from friends extending congratulations, they were from friends asking Alex if he could get them a couple of tickets for the major-college NCAA tourney in Louisville that weekend. And last-minute preparations were being made for the Bellarmine basketball awards banquet that night. (The banquet is an excellent barometer of the avalanching basketball interest Alex has induced at Bellarmine. After his first two seasons the dinner was held in the school cafeteria. The next year it was moved to a restaurant. This year it would be at the Sheraton Hotel.)

I sat down next to Alex' desk and he cleared away a clutter of letters. "I'm behind with all this mail because of this darn thing," he said, holding up a swollen, bandaged finger. "It started as an infection, but I've got blood poisoning now. I guess I'll have to have it operated on."

"Excuse me," Alex said, answering the phone. "Hi, Doc . . . You're coming to the banquet tonight, aren't you? . . . Good. But just don't bring that damn cowbell. You know, next year I'm going to put you in charge of a whole special section at our games—the cowbell section . . . How you feeling? Well, take care of yourself. You've got to get yourself a fifth of bourbon—and make sure it's *Kentucky* bourbon . . ." He laughed.

"Where were we?" said Alex.

"The finger . . ."

"Oh. Well, my problem is I worry too much about coaching and not my personal health. I get so wrapped up with basketball during the season I can't sleep at night. And my stomach kills me. If I try to eat before a game, sometimes I'll vomit, not because I'm sick but because of the tension."

Though Alex is a prime prospect for giant-sized ulcers, he doesn't seem to be in any danger of wasting away. There are 255 pounds on his 6-7 frame and in recent years his belly has become the center of gravity. Alex comes from a big family. His father, who died in 1950, was 6-3, 340 pounds.

Alex also got his intensity from his father. Pa Groza, known as "Big Spot" because of a scar he bore after being kicked in the face by a mule, took athletics seriously. After Martins Ferry High School had lost a football game one afternoon, the Groza family gathered around the dinner table. But "Big Spot," still fuming from the defeat, was in no mood to eat. "Damn, we never should have lost that game!" he roared, and his big fist hammered the table like a sledge.

"The table crumbled and food spilled everywhere," says Alex. "We went without dinner that night."

Except for the nights Bellarmine has a game, Alex misses few meals these days, but, in the tradition of hoboos and coaches, he often doesn't know where his next dinner is coming from. "My first year here I made 54 speeches in three months," he said, picking up a calendar pad. "I wanted to tell everyone about Bellarmine. I

still can't refuse, whether they pay me or not. A fellow called me from Paris, Kentucky, the other day and asked me what my fee was. I said I didn't have one and that they could pay me anything their budget could afford. Sometimes I get \$25, or \$10 or nothing. Mostly nothing."

"Your wife must find it pretty difficult having you gone so much," I said.

"If she does, she doesn't seem to show it," said Alex. "I know I've come home some nights and she'll say isn't there a game you can go to and I'll say I've seen this team play and she'll say well, isn't there another game you can go to since, after all, it's a part of your job."

"So I'm liable to be away from home any night. Any night, that is, except this one," he said, pointing to April 11 on his calendar. "Before I make up my speaking dates I write out 'Anniversary' next to April 11. That's our day and I don't want any conflicts."

Though Alex and Jean Watson both had grown up in Martins Ferry (population 15,000) they didn't meet until July, 1951. Jean, five years younger than Alex, never had seen him play ball. They dated often that summer, but before Alex left to rejoin the Olympians he told her: "Don't get serious over me because I'm not ready to settle down." For a guy who wasn't serious, Alex fed an extraordinary number of quarters into Indianapolis telephones, paying for conversations with a certain Martins Ferry girl.

At noon on Saturday, October 20, Jean Watson left the accountant's office where she worked. She passed a group of young men she thought were Alex' friends. They laughed when she passed by and they said some things she didn't understand. Jean continued on her way home and later that afternoon turned on the radio. She couldn't believe what she heard.

"I was in a daze," she says now. "It was like a ton of bricks hitting me. I was so worried about Alex. I didn't know where he was and when I called his mother, she didn't either. He finally called me and asked if I still wanted to see him if and when he got home. I was never unsure about my feelings. I knew what he did wasn't right, but it didn't seem bad, either. Alex is just good, that's all."

"Between the day the news broke and the day the judge gave the verdict, it seemed like I spent all my time praying. When the day for the verdict came, I was in the office. I would do a little work and then pray a little. When I finally heard the verdict I was so thankful. We were afraid he'd have to go to jail."

The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 63

- 1 Vince Lombardi (Green Bay), Wally Lemm (St. Louis), Weeb Ewbank (Baltimore) and Paul Brown (Cleveland). 2 23 games. 3 26 games. 4 George Mikan and Neil Johnston. 5 Germany. 6 (c). 7 (c). 8 Nashua. 9 33. 10 (b). 11 Whitey Ford. 12 True. 13 Rick Casares. 14 Los Angeles Chargers to San Diego. 15 Arnold Tucker, 1946. 16 True.

Alex and Jean became engaged on May Day, 1952, and were married the year after that. Today they have three children—Lex, 8; Lisa Marie, 6; and Leslie Jean, 4—and the only apparent problem they face regarding Alex' past is determining the proper time to tell Lex about it before he hears it from a playmate.

The Grozas live in a vari-colored brick ranch home in a suburban subdivision and there are few mementoes to remind a visitor that a former All-America lives there. In the living room there is only a souvenir book from the 1948 Olympics, placed inconspicuously in a wall bookcase. In the finished basement a few trophies rest on a mantelpiece; they are there only because of Jean's insistence.

The house is modestly furnished and Jean laughs whenever she thinks of Alex' "secret wealth." "I've heard stories that he got lots of money from the gamblers and has it buried," says Jean, "and that one day, when everything blows over, he'll get it. You can tell it's not true because we would have needed it long before now."

"But, all in all, people have been wonderful to us, even strangers. As soon as Alex' appointment at Bellarmine was announced, we received phone calls from California and Las Vegas from people we didn't even know. They were just so happy that Alex was given another chance. Those are two phone calls I'll never forget."

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(Continued from page 72)
 title. Wrote Morley: "I want to congratulate you on the well-coached team Bellarmine had . . . If I were to give a trophy for sportsmanship, it would go to your team."

When I visited Alex in his office last March, Bellarmine had finished its season ten days earlier, but things were as hectic as ever. That morning it had been announced that Alex was the KIAC's coach of the year. The phone didn't stop ringing. If the calls weren't from friends extending congratulations, they were from friends asking Alex if he could get them a couple of tickets for the major-college NCAA tourney in Louisville that weekend. And last-minute preparations were being made for the Bellarmine basketball awards banquet that night. (The banquet is an excellent barometer of the avalanching basketball interest Alex has induced at Bellarmine. After his first two seasons the dinner was held in the school cafeteria. The next year it was moved to a restaurant. This year it would be at the Sheraton Hotel.)

I sat down next to Alex' desk and he cleared away a clutter of letters. "I'm behind with all this mail because of this darn thing," he said, holding up a swollen, bandaged finger. "It started as an infection, but I've got blood poisoning now. I guess I'll have to have it operated on."

"Excuse me," Alex said, answering the phone. "Hi, Doc . . . You're coming to the banquet tonight, aren't you? . . . Good. But just don't bring that damn cowbell. You know, next year I'm going to put you in charge of a whole special section at our games—the cowbell section . . . How you feeling? Well, take care of yourself. You've got to get yourself a fifth of bourbon—and make sure it's *Kentucky* bourbon . . ." He laughed.

"Where were we?" said Alex.

"The finger . . ."

"Oh. Well, my problem is I worry too much about coaching and not my personal health. I get so wrapped up with basketball during the season I can't sleep at night. And my stomach kills me. If I try to eat before a game, sometimes I'll vomit, not because I'm sick but because of the tension."

Though Alex is a prime prospect for giant-sized ulcers, he doesn't seem to be in any danger of wasting away. There are 255 pounds on his 6-7 frame and in recent years his belly has become the center of gravity. Alex comes from a big family. His father, who died in 1950, was 6-3, 340 pounds.

Alex also got his intensity from his father. Pa Groza, known as "Big Spot" because of a scar he bore after being kicked in the face by a mule, took athletics seriously. After Martins Ferry High School had lost a football game one afternoon, the Groza family gathered around the dinner table. But "Big Spot," still fuming from the defeat, was in no mood to eat. "Damn, we never should have lost that game!" he roared, and his big fist hammered the table like a sledge.

"The table crumbled and food spilled everywhere," says Alex. "We went without dinner that night."

Except for the nights Bellarmine has a game, Alex misses few meals these days, but, in the tradition of hoboes and coaches, he often doesn't know where his next dinner is coming from. "My first year here I made 54 speeches in three months," he said, picking up a calendar pad. "I wanted to tell everyone about Bellarmine. I

still can't refuse, whether they pay me or not. A fellow called me from Paris, Kentucky, the other day and asked me what my fee was. I said I didn't have one and that they could pay me anything their budget could afford. Sometimes I get \$25, or \$10 or nothing. Mostly nothing."

"Your wife must find it pretty difficult having you gone so much," I said.

"If she does, she doesn't seem to show it," said Alex. "I know I've come home some nights and she'll say isn't there a game you can go to and I'll say I've seen this team play and she'll say well, isn't there another game you can go to since, after all, it's a part of your job."

"So I'm liable to be away from home any night. Any night, that is, except this one," he said, pointing to April 11 on his calendar. "Before I make up my speaking dates I write out 'Anniversary' next to April 11. That's our day and I don't want any conflicts."

Though Alex and Jean Watson both had grown up in Martins Ferry (population 15,000) they didn't meet until July, 1951. Jean, five years younger than Alex, never had seen him play ball. They dated often that summer, but before Alex left to rejoin the Olympians he told her: "Don't get serious over me because I'm not ready to settle down." For a guy who wasn't serious, Alex fed an extraordinary number of quarters into Indianapolis telephones, paying for conversations with a certain Martins Ferry girl.

At noon on Saturday, October 20, Jean Watson left the accountant's office where she worked. She passed a group of young men she thought were Alex' friends. They laughed when she passed by and they said some things she didn't understand. Jean continued on her way home and later that afternoon turned on the radio. She couldn't believe what she heard.

"I was in a daze," she says now. "It was like a ton of bricks hitting me. I was so worried about Alex. I didn't know where he was and when I called his mother, she didn't either. He finally called me and asked if I still wanted to see him if and when he got home. I was never unsure about my feelings. I knew what he did wasn't right, but it didn't seem bad, either. Alex is just good, that's all."

"Between the day the news broke and the day the judge gave the verdict, it seemed like I spent all my time praying. When the day for the verdict came, I was in the office. I would do a little work and then pray a little. When I finally heard the verdict I was so thankful. We were afraid he'd have to go to jail."

Alex and Jean became engaged on May Day, 1952, and were married the year after that. Today they have three children—Lex, 8; Lisa Marie, 6; and Leslie Jean, 4—and the only apparent problem they face regarding Alex' past is determining the proper time to tell Lex about it before he hears it from a playmate.

The Grozas live in a vari-colored brick ranch home in a suburban subdivision and there are few mementoes to remind a visitor that a former All-America lives there. In the living room there is only a souvenir book from the 1948 Olympics, placed inconspicuously in a wall bookcase. In the finished basement a few trophies rest on a mantelpiece; they are there only because of Jean's insistence.

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The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 63

- 1 Vince Lombardi (Green Bay), Wally Lemm (St. Louis), Weeh Ewbank (Baltimore) and Paul Brown (Cleveland).
- 2 23 games.
- 3 26 games.
- 4 George Mikan and Neil Johnston.
- 5 Germany.
- 6 (c).
- 7 (c).
- 8 Nashua.
- 9 38.
- 10 (b).
- 11 Whitey Ford.
- 12 True.
- 13 Rick Casares.
- 14 Los Angeles Chargers to San Diego.
- 15 Arnold Tucker.
- 16 True.

information than he wanted to and refused to say any more. "I could give you a sensational story," he said, "but I'm not about to do it, not for anything."

But Diab did say something else that amounts to a kind of eternal truth for those convicted in gambling scandals. We were talking about the possibility of Alex advancing to a larger school some day and Diab had said, "The thing that will hold Alex back will be this mess in the Southeastern Conference or further basketball scandals. This only serves to open the old wounds and makes it tougher for him."

This point was proved at the 1961 Midwest regional tournament, again at Louisville. The most recent point-shaving activities had been exposed and there was a great deal of tension at the tournament, particularly in the hotels that housed the competing players. Armed police guards were even stationed outside the players' rooms.

One night during the tournament, University of Kentucky athletic officials staged a press party at the Kentucky Hotel. A reporter who attended recalls that "Alex was in considerable evidence around the hotel and came to the party. After a while some guy came up to me and, pointing to Groza, said, 'I wish he'd go away.'" It may or may not have been a coincidence, but moments later Alex talked to Kentucky athletic director Bernie Shively in private and then left. He didn't return.

People generally, however, have greeted Alex warmly wherever he has gone, though none can exceed former baseball commissioner and Kentucky governor A. B. (Happy) Chandler.

"Happy is a good friend of mine," says Alex, "and he's been with me all the way. The first time I saw him after everything broke was in 1959. It was Governor's Day at the State Fair and I stood in a reception line for quite a while to say hello to him. When I finally reached him, he turned to Mrs. Chandler and said, 'Mama, here's our boy.' He gave me a big hug and told me to be sure and call on him if I ever needed anything. He said I was always welcome at his house."

So far Alex has received no such invitation from Adolph Rupp. It is one of his major regrets. It is well known that Rupp turned his back on the boys he felt had betrayed him. Though Rupp respects Alex for his comeback, it appears unlikely he'll ever be able to forgive Alex totally.

"The first time I talked to coach Rupp after 1951 was at a clinic at the U. of K. after I took the Bellarmine job," said Alex. "I called him and asked if it was okay if I came and that I wouldn't come if it was embarrassing to him. He said it was all right. I've only talked to him one other time and it was only to say hello. We've never sat down and had a good talk. I wish our relationship could be different but I understand."

To find out Rupp's reaction to Alex' success, I had arranged to meet the Kentucky coach in his Louisville hotel room. Like some 800 other coaches, he was in town for the tournament. When I called to see if he was ready, he said, "You might as well come up. I'm still in bed, so that's about as harmless as you'll find me."

Rupp was wearing fire-engine-red pajamas, a strange costume for a man noted for the drab brown suits he wears in public. After disposing of the pleasantries and explaining the




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reason for my visit, I said, "I imagine you must be quite happy that Alex has done so well the past four years."

"I think everyone is glad to see him a success," Rupp said with calm huskiness. He stared at me, waiting for the next question.

"I'm sure they do," I said, "but how do you feel?"

"I think Alex has done a fine job," Rupp said at last. "He's brought a little school that was unknown into a place with other schools. And I'm glad he had a chance to get into something he was interested in. I think Bellarmine gave him a break most schools wouldn't have given him."

"In recent years," I said, "have you ever felt that you were at least partly to blame for what happened to Alex and the others?"

"Jesus H. Christmas," Rupp growled, and even in bed he didn't seem so harmless now. "We win two NCAAs, the NIT, two Sugar Bowls, the Olympics and four Conferences. If I was suspicious, what were these other coaches thinking who couldn't win?"

Rupp rubbed his hand through his sleep-ruffled strands of salt and pepper hair. "Even in a game we lost that we should have won—the game in the 1949 NIT against Loyola (of Chicago)—they had a pretty good boy who whipped Alex' butt all over the place. It was a bona fide whipping and Alex fouled out of the ballgame. But the judge said this was one of the games that..."

"Let's just skip these things. You're just digging up some things that have no place in the story. If you're going to rehabilitate Alex Groza, let's leave these things out. I'm just tickled to death that he's doing so well," said

Rupp, and the storm died as quickly as it had begun. "I understand he has a nice coached team—I've never seen them play—but I'm glad to hear that."

Later, when I relayed Rupp's kind words to Alex in his office, he was surprised and delighted and it seemed apparent that Rupp never had said these things to him. Sensitive and friendly, Groza has had to have been hurt by this. One suspects that Alex will never regard his comeback as really complete until he and Rupp can sit down and have that "good talk."

It is particularly ironic that Rupp should remain so distant from Alex, for few persons will absolve Rupp of his share of the responsibility for the scandals as readily as Groza. Surely not Alex' friends and associates, many of whom openly despise Rupp. Surely not Judge Streit, who after ordering a four-month investigation of Kentucky basketball, wrote a scathing 63-page report condemning Rupp for failing to "instill any morals—indeed if he did not impair them."

What Alex really believes only he knows. But what he says is this: "I made the mistake, no one made it for me. We were young and a fellow says 'you're favored by 20, you beat 'em by 15.' There's nothing wrong with that, I thought. Little did I know how wrong it was. The fellow told us he was only betting a little for himself. Little did we know he was tied up with the big boys. No matter how long I sit down and bare my soul and be honest and serious with you, I can't tell you why and how it happened, except that it happened. And I have no one to blame but myself."

Alex, obviously, is the kind of guy

who also will blame himself should one of his own players ever be seduced by a gambler's whispered overtures. To lessen this possibility he tells his teams: "All of you are old enough to know what happened to me. I don't want it to happen to you."

I asked Alex if he employed any visual aids with his yearly lecture, such as showing his players a scrapbook of trial clippings the way St. John's coach Joe Lapchick does. And then I added: "Or don't you have any of those clippings?"

It was the only time I saw Alex indignant. "I don't show them to the players," he said, "but I have them. After all, this is a part of my life. Through athletics I've learned to take the bad with the good. If you're going to have a scrapbook, there's no sense just having the good. How well off would all of us be if we just remembered the good?"

Will Groza be content to remain at

Bellarmino where he has molded his new life? If you had asked him that four years ago, he would have said yes and meant it, but he would have been drugged by his overwhelming gratitude to the school. Today, however, he realizes that Bellarmine may be just a beginning. "You have a ladder to climb," he says, "and if you have any ambition you want to keep going up. After the scandal broke, I wasn't even on the first rung. At least now I've gotten off the ground."

In a hotel room 14 stories above Louisville, Alex and I talked about his future. As he lit a cigarette he looked out the window and saw what looked like toy cars and Lilliputian figures streaming down Fourth Street. The first game of the NCAA tourney was only hours away and the city had been besieged by armies of fans.

Some day, perhaps, people will travel great distances to see a team coached by Alex Groza play for the

national title. Alex is only 36 and, as University of Miami coach Bruce Hale says, "He's one of the budding young coaches in the game." But Groza has indicated that wherever he goes from here, it will be on his own terms. "I've had offers since I've been at Bellarmine," he said, "but I wasn't interested in them because a school will say 'If you don't win in four years, you're out.' I don't think this is a proper challenge."

I thought of what George Diab had said—that recurrent gambling scandals could hinder Alex' chances for moving up his ladder—and I mentioned this to Alex.

"If that's what people judge a person on," he said, "then I don't care to be judged by them. If I had turned out to be a criminal, then all right. But I haven't. I just want them to judge me since then. I just want them to judge my record as a coach."

— ■ —

THE MATURING OF RALPH TERRY

(Continued from page 53)

tall, bony-faced, and very self-assured. "Say I struck him out strong arm, or got him to pop up; ended the game in a blaze of glory. I'd get to feeling I'm some kind of big deal. This way I know."

Terry has been finding out about himself the hard way for years. And sometimes he's had to wonder. Here he was, probably the best righthanded pitcher in the league, going into his third World Series with a record of 0-3. Before the Series was two games old he was 0-4 and the gentle people in the stands were abusing him foully.

Ralph's first Series loss was to Pittsburgh in 1960. The score was 3-2 and you know what Terry remembers about the game? That Yogi Berra was safe (the movies confirm this) at first base with the bases loaded in the first inning, although he was called out. Terry remembers that Smoky Burgess hit a hopper to Moose Skowron at first base and Skowron threw the ball to second. ("Somebody shoulda been out, but nobody was," he says.) He remembers that the Pirates got three runs because the pitcher hit a double and Bill Virdon got a bloop hit after missing two pitches.

This is pitcher talk. There are baseball men who insist pitchers aren't people. They are, of course. They're merely people with selective memories who mostly remember the bad calls and the bloop hits and the injustice of it all. Still, Terry does have more than his share of memories of incredibly unfair complications.

Head the list with a home run hit by the Pirates' Bill Mazeroski in the last game of the 1960 World Series. A bad pitch, Terry admits. It was a slider (baseball's suicide pitch) that was too high, too accessible. The home run heard round the world cost the Yankees the Series. Yet the man it cost the most—manager Casey Stengel—was among the quickest to forgive the ill-fated pitcher.

"Don't worry about it," the old man told Terry. "You were pitching the man the right way. Anybody can hang one. I don't care as long as you knew what you were doing."

"I've always liked that old man," Terry said. The old man didn't always like him, though. Through the years Stengel persistently thought

less of Terry than did George Weiss, the general manager. This is the kind of confusion Terry has caused in the minds of men. Even now that he's a hero and has won 23 games in a season, people around the Yankees talk about his "growing maturity," which means they're still not sure how good he is.

The name of Mazeroski hung like an albatross around Terry's neck. He went to Mexico on his honeymoon after the '60 Series and everywhere there were newspaper stories about him. He can't read Spanish but it's not hard to puzzle out Mazeroski in a headline. This developed a tendency in Terry to slink down behind the collar of his sport shirt which, considering his 6-3 height, is a long slink.

The following year, the Yankees lost only one game in the Series against Cincinnati. Terry lost it. The Yankees also won a game Ralph started, but he didn't finish and didn't get credit for the victory. Last season he ran into Jack Sanford on a good day in San Francisco. "Gosh almighty," said Terry, a clean-cut type, "it was one of the best games I ever pitched." He lost, 2-0, and was clutched by the visceral feeling that he might never win a Series game. "You realize, what the heck," he says, "you can lose. You figure you ought to luck out one game but you don't get to play that many Series games."

The score in Ralph's first Series win was 5-3 and later Terry admitted there was a little surge of gladness in him when the Yankees didn't win the sixth game. The unexpected layoff in San Francisco because of unexpected rain meant that Ralph would have the final shot. Either he'd remain the man who didn't win the big ones or he'd win the big one. It was that simple.

Except the game was complicated. "We should have won it easy," Terry says. "We had the bases loaded twice with none out." But the Yankees' only run scored when Tony Kubek hit into a double play. And it was all Ralph Terry needed. Two hours after the biggest win of his life, Ralph was still in his uniform, rumbled by nervous sweat, crumpled by the terror of his ordeal. "I'm still in a state of shock," he said, his eyes glazed. "I'm a tired old man. For a while . . ." He heaved a sigh. "I thought I was going to cry."

Yet if McCovey's hit had gone by Richardson, and lost the Series for the Yankees, Ralph Terry would have understood. He understands adversity. For too many years he had walked the tightrope between bum and hero. There was, for instance, a game against Chicago on July 17, 1959.

For eight full innings Terry had a no-hitter. In the ninth he lost no-hitter, shutout and game. Both he and Early Wynn had pitched two-hitters. But Wynn won, Terry lost.

There were worse times for Terry, though. The absolute worst came after the Yankees sent him to the Kansas City A's. Ralph was traded in 1957 when he was 21 and still learning about pitching.

As a result of the trade Terry was left with a very human ambition. He wanted to beat the Yankees. This proved so difficult and the games against his former teammates were so agonizing, it is sheer wonder the last bit of confidence wasn't squeezed out of him.

In his first game for the A's, Terry beat Washington, 2-0. He was 12½ feet tall when he came into the Stadium. "I had a no-hitter for seven and two-thirds innings," he recalls with a shudder. Then everything went wrong. Ralph lost, 2-1, and after that things got worse. He lost even tighter games to New York.

Altogether Terry had a 2-5 record against New York and it isn't inconceivable that this lack of success led to the Yankees' mixed feelings about him. Not that they believed he couldn't win the big ones. It was just that something always happened. That's the story of his life. Even the way Terry decided on a big-league team—or, more accurately, the way he had the decision made for him—deviated from the usual pattern.

Chelsea, Oklahoma, population roughly 2500, was Terry's hometown. He was third in his high school class. He earned the distinction of being waterboy for a football team that starred Mickey Mantle. Later he earned a distinction of his own. He played football for years as an end and back, getting a firm scholarship bid from Oklahoma A&M. But there was baseball, too. At 16, Terry had left home to pitch "amateur" ball for money in Baxter Springs, Kansas. He worked in a machine shop all day and played baseball at night. The next year, 1954, he was in Minden, Louisi-

ana, where he played ball and worked on a Coca-Cola truck. "That was a better deal," he says. "But then I was getting to be a better pitcher."

Ralph soon received tangible proof that others were aware of his improvement, too. Within a short period 15 major-league teams expressed an interest in him.

Terry's only problem in signing a major-league contract was the restrictive bonus rule. He could get no more than \$4000, so he narrowed the field down to a sentimental choice between the Cardinals or the Yankees. He finally chose the Yankees, or at least sent a telegram to them to that effect. Then the Cards changed his mind and he signed with them. The Yankees yelped and after great celebration Commissioner Ford Frick ruled that the telegram was as good as a contract. "That was news to me," Terry said. "I thought you had to sign a contract."

The only way Terry could get permission to play ball from his mother (who had divorced his father a few years earlier) was to promise he'd continue his college education. He's met the promise partially by accumulating 91 hours (33 short of a degree) in such diverse institutions as Northeastern Oklahoma A&M, Southwestern Missouri State and the University of Kansas City. "I was majoring in history," he says, "but switched to psychology. It's easier."

It wasn't difficult for Ralph to make the initial adjustment from a quiet corner of Oklahoma to Class A ball in Binghamton, New York, where he spent his first season. His 11-9 record and 3.30 ERA earned him a promotion to Triple-A Denver. There he met his first failure. "I had a 7-5 record," he recalls, "but I was 1-4 at home. I guess they were afraid I'd get a complex or something."

Because the Yankees had confidence in him, they let him finish the season at Double-A Birmingham of the Southern Association and then tried him again at Denver. In 1956 he won 11, lost only two and the Yankees called him up. At the time they were involved in an uncharacteristic six-game losing streak and, characteristically, Stengel dropped young Terry (he was 20 and beardless) into the hot spot at Boston.

"You don't know how nervous I was," he said at the time. "Especially in that first inning. I thought that first hitter would never get to the plate. I felt like yelling, 'Hurry up, hurry up.'"

Before the game ended Terry had given up to Ted Williams "the longest single I ever saw in my life." The ball hit the wall 420 feet from the plate and was hit so hard it ricocheted back into action before Williams could go to second. The Yankees won, 3-2, Tommy Byrne relieving Terry in the late innings. "I thought it was going to be easy," Terry says. Nothing worth having is; 21 days later Terry had a 1-2 major league record and was back, for the third time, in Denver.

The next season he was traded. Surprised and hurt at first, Terry soon became happy in Kansas City.

"You have a couple of bad games with the Yankees and they lay you up for a while," Terry said. "With Kansas City I pitched. I found out I had a fastball after all. Hell, the hitters were telling me I threw too much breaking stuff. I did everything.

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Started, relieved, pitched. In '58 I pitched 217 innings. I'd never pitched that many in my life."

His record was 11-13 and the next year, 1959, Terry was back with the Yankees—he and Hector Lopez for pitchers Johnny Kucks and Tom Sturdivant and infielder Jerry Lumpe. He was even more upset this time. "I was happy in Kansas City," he said. "You ask any player who ever played there. It's a great place to live and play. Besides, I wasn't making big money and a dollar is as big as a wagon wheel in Kansas City compared to New York. Living there, I was able to save some money."

He couldn't help the desperate Yankees in '59, the year they lost the pennant. But in '60 he was 10-8, not bad considering he'd missed spring training because of a previous engagement with the army. "I pitched real good the second half," he said. "I won seven out of eight when we were in a three-club race." This, alas, was the reason Stengel used him at the crucial moment in the Series against the Pirates.

The strange year was '61. It was the first time Ralph ever had a sore arm; it was also his best season. Terry was worried about the soreness, but when the arm came back it came back strong enough to help him gain a 16-3 record. That winter he kidded a reporter into talking salary with him. "You be Roy Hamey," Terry said. "And I'll tell you it's not enough money." (Terry had made about \$19,000 the year before; the reporter thought \$25,000 would be about right. Terry wanted more.)

"The trouble is, Ralph, you weren't able to pitch all season. Sore arms

have a way of coming back."

"I won 16 games and I was out six weeks. I was good and strong at the end . . ."

"You were lousy in the Series. Anybody should be able to beat the Reds. You missed twice."

"I wasn't that bad. There were three balls hit in the last game that weren't hit good. The one Frank Robinson hit—389 feet. It wasn't a home run anywhere else in the big league."

"You mean like the one Mazeroski hit?"

"That's not fair. That was two years ago. Last year I finished real strong. I won 11 from July 27 on. I had a 3.16 earned-run average, fifth in the league. Look, who you got to pitch for you? I'm gonna be your big winner."

"What's the matter with Ford? He got a broken leg or something? When you pitch like Ford, then come around asking for money."

"Ford's not getting any younger. I'm only 25 and this'll be my sixth year. I got youth and experience on my side."

"Aw, we know you did a good job, Ralph. And we're counting on you to do even better this year. No reason why you can't win 20. Don't worry, you'll be rewarded. But right now we got a lot of problems, a lot of guys are asking for big money . . ."

"Mantle signed for not very much, only \$80,000 . . ."

"My boy, that just shows how much you know. I wish I could add to your salary what he got over that. And you know what Maris is asking for?"

Terry broke into laughter at this point. Yet of the arguments by the mock-general manager in the strange-

ly prophetic conversation, it was the last which made an impression on Ralph. Terry got over \$25,000 but he showed mercy. After winning those 23 games last season, however, he set his sights on the big reward. He argued that he was the first Yankee right-hander in 35 years to win 23 games and that it was a most difficult accomplishment in Yankee Stadium with its short right-field line.

The Yankee counter-argument was that it's not hard to win for the Yankees and the only reason they hadn't had many 23-game winners was that previous managers hadn't worked pitchers that often. Ralph Houk, on the other hand, is an every-fourth-day man. That's how Ford won 20 for the first time in his career. Besides, argued the front office, look at all the home runs Terry gave up—40.

Terry: "But I pitched 299 innings. And some of those games—well, we beat Kansas City, 21-7, one time. I gave up four home runs in that game alone."

Sure, but a home run is a home run. Terry gave up .133 home runs per inning. This compares to Bill Stafford, who, with 23 homers in 213 innings, allowed .108 per inning and Ford, who gave up only 22 in 257 innings, or .085 per inning.

Also, there is a reluctance around the Yankees to believe Terry didn't do it with mirrors. He had a reputation as an experimenter, a doddler, for so long that it's hard for anyone to believe he's finally settled down to at least an appearance of greatness. People still prefer to believe, for ex-

ample, the widely denied tale that Houk once told Terry to stuff his big nothing-ball pitch up his nose. But Terry has a simple explanation for his whole pitching problem, including the pitch that home-run hitters love to touch.

"I was searching for a second breaking ball," Terry says. "Call it what you want—the fast curve, the slider—I needed it. They were laying for my curveball and hitting it. When I couldn't work out a good slider I tried to get a slower pitch by using my regular curve for my fast curve. I looked and I looked. They popped a few of those slow ones, but it's not a real bad pitch. Then Johnny Sain showed me how to throw a harder curve. Once I got on to it I didn't need that big slow pitch. But I needed something. My fastball isn't that good. They can pull me. It's a dogfight out there for me every time."

So Terry doesn't look upon the 23 victories as a freak year. "It was just a good steady year," he said. "I could have won less, but I might have won more. I thought this was the year the Yankees could have been bad, but we were lucky Detroit and Baltimore had off years."

This somewhat heretical thinking illustrates why Terry falls short of being the "perfect Yankee." Though he has moved ahead of Ford in wins, he's still second in the hearts of his peers. But it's only a matter of time before things will change. He has the control (he walked only 57 men in '62) and now he's starting to get the breaks. He's on the hero side of the line now,

traveling first class in the Corvette Sport awarded him for being the outstanding man in the '62 Series.

It tells something about him, too, that he kept the car. Most baseball players, in this age of the grey flannel ballplayer, trade it in for a station wagon. Not that Ralph couldn't use a station wagon, too. Squeezing his tall and lovely wife Tanya and their two young sons, Raif Galen and Frank Gabe, into a Corvette might present some problems. But for the present Terry says, "I'm a sports car fan."

Figures. This is an All-America everything. Hollywood-here-I-come division. When Terry folds his lanky frame into the car he looks as though he were installed with the rivets. His wavy hair curls just far enough over his forehead. His smile shows the right amount of pearly white, his Adams apple bobs with the proper show of emotion. And he handles the clutch as though he'd just come back from the Grand Prix.

Where Ralph goes from here is everywhere, top down, a 20-game winner every year. He's the heir to Allie Reynolds, Vic Raschi, Ford. They might as well shine up a plaque for him in the Hall of Fame. It's only a matter of time before he stars in a cowboy movie as the good guy who gets the girl. He's a soft, sweet talker, a good enough athlete to make a living playing golf if he had to, a suave enough man to make it just hanging around the Riviera.

Move over world. Here comes Ralph Terry.

— ■ —

GENE FULLMER'S CRUEL DILEMMA

(Continued from page 39)

boxing than in any other business, but we're a close-knit family. We share each other's success and each other's sorrows."

Fullmer is a man seemingly impervious to pain. Through most of his 63 fights in 11 years he was unconcerned with the punches he had to take to reach an opponent and brutalize him. He is not, however, unaware of the pain his wife has suffered.

"I told Gene," Dolores said, "that I thought I've taken as many punches as he has, but my bruises don't show."

Dolores Fullmer is a buxom woman with a sweetness in her voice and a softness in her face. Tears seem both natural and unnatural to her after all these years as a fighter's wife. She has built an exterior shield to hide her emotions, but every year has shaved the shield thinner.

We were sitting in a suite at the Thunderbird. This was Gene's home and where he trained in a temporary gym erected on a floor above the gambling casino. In a bedroom which had been converted into a kind of training room the evidences of Gene's trade lay about. There were gloves, sweat clothes, protectors, boxing shoes, all the outward signs of the incongruous life this man, this Elder of the Mormon Church, has led.

"It's all around me," Dolores said. "I can never get away from it."

She is a woman who takes her son to the gym because that's the way her husband wants it. Last October the child sat on her lap as she watched Tiger lacerate Gene's face into crimson rivulets. Delaun was only 3½ then, but he mimicked the adults

around him. "Go, Daddy, Go!" the child shouted. Daddy couldn't go. He was being badly beaten and Dolores, almost as though it was her job to share her husband's punishment, forced herself to look at it.

"I've always gone to the fights," she said, "not so much because Gene would want me there, but because I feel it is my place to be there. In the other fights I wouldn't watch. I'd bow my head and keep my eyes closed. I'd hear the crowd and I'd say a prayer inside myself that Gene wouldn't be hurt. The last fight, though, I saw more of than any of the others. After it was over I told Gene I wouldn't want to go through it all again. I was through."

You listen and wonder if it is ever possible for the fighter to disassociate himself from those who love him, those who must remain outside his roped-off world and yet who must remain outside the world that belongs to spectators too.

Dolores' father died the night Gene lost his title to Tiger. He was sitting at ringside with the family when suddenly he slumped over. "Leroy Holt and I were close," said Gene of his father-in-law. "I didn't know he'd had an attack until after the fight. I got dressed and came out to him. He still was slumped over at the ringside."

Fullmer summoned his own Salt Lake City doctor, who called an ambulance. Dolores and her mother went with the stricken man to the hospital. Fullmer went back to his motel. His wife called him from the hospital.

"Dad's had a heart attack," she said, "but he's doing all right. Two or three weeks of rest and he'll be up on his

feet. Mother's staying here, but they told me to come back to the motel."

"I'll wait for you," Gene said.

"No," Dolores said. "Go to bed. You need the rest after the fight."

Fullmer, exhausted by the physical and emotional strain, fell asleep immediately. Unknown to him, his wife returned, only to receive a call from her mother. "Dad had another heart attack and died," Mrs. Holt said.

"They never woke me," Gene said.

"What would have been the point?" Dolores said. "If dad hadn't died there, he would have died some other place. I just had to believe that my father was where he wanted to be just as Gene is where he wants to be when he's fighting."

Suddenly Mrs. Fullmer's face collapsed. She wept. The death of her father, her husband's pain and defeat, and her own mother's refusal to attend this fight with her had built within her until it had to run over.

"Mother," she said, "just wouldn't come here this time. She said she'd stay home and care for the children. I didn't want Gene to take this fight, but I knew he wouldn't be happy unless he was satisfied in his own mind that he was over the hill. He had to know. I can understand how he feels. He understands how I feel. He doesn't want me to come to the fight. He'll worry about me if I'm there, but I've got to be there."

The Fullmer family didn't come in until the night before the bout. Hack Miller, a Utah newspaperman and a friend of the family, knew Gene's mixed emotions. Miller told Tuff, who works in his son's corner:

"You got to keep all these people away from him or he won't be able to fight his fight. He worries if they have rooms. He worries if they have tickets.

He worries about where they are sitting. Between rounds he looks at them to see if they're all right."

But the people couldn't be kept away from Gene, because he wouldn't have it. "A friend comes over to wish me well, I got to be grateful," Gene said.

The friends were from Salt Lake and Ogden and Murray and Bozeman. They visited his room when he was trying to rest and stopped him as he walked through the hotel.

"Are you ready?" a big, graying, outdoorsy type asked Gene.

"Guess I'm as ready as I'm ever going to be. Might as well get it over with. When you're ready, why wait?"

The morning of the Nevada Commission's physical examination, a Utahan asked, "You been examined yet, Gene?"

"Not yet," Fullmer said. "Just waiting for them to come over. They'll find me alive."

Following the examination, Gene and his wife wandered through the casino. Hands kept reaching for him. Fullmer shook them.

But Gene seemed pre-occupied. The time when a fight's imminence grips a fighter seemed to be coming on him. He looked about the crowded casino. "Every time you look they're playing," he said. "I don't know how they can go on like that all the time."

"Have you tried it?" I asked.

"I'd like to try it," he said, "but I want to be sure I'd win."

"There's no guarantee."

"There's no guarantee about anything," Fullmer said, and for one seeking special meaning in chance words there seemed to be a significance in his remarks. Yet at the weigh-in, Fullmer was loose. His father seemed tense. His two brothers seemed tight. Gene joked. "I feel great now," he said, "but I don't know about later."

To Jimmy August, Tiger's trainer who is a short fat man with a mournful expression, Fullmer said: "Bare your bald head and let's take a look."

When both fighters weighed in at exactly 160 pounds, Fullmer said: "It's an even fight up to now."

Ordinarily, the public never sees the men fighting for a title from the time they weigh in until the time they enter the ring. However, an hour or so after being weighed, Fullmer and his mother were having lunch at a front dining room table at the Thunderbird. This time she seemed distraught as her son talked animatedly.

"Gene doesn't want her to come to the fight," Angelo Curley, Fullmer's trainer, explained later. "She's always come because she's thought he wanted her there, but since the last fight she's become very nervous."

Later in the day, Gene's wife was seen in the casino. "Where's Gene?" she was asked.

"Sleeping," she said.

"How about you?"

"Oh," she said. "I couldn't sleep now."

"Will you be at the fight?"

"Gene doesn't want me to, but I will be," she said.

Still later, Curley was queried. "How's your boy acting?"

"He's asleep," Angelo said. "Like a baby. I was in his room a while ago and he told me to take out his two pair of boxing trunks to get them fixed. We've got two pair. One's too small. One's too large. I took them downtown to get them sewn. When I got back, I stumbled as I came into the room. I made enough noise to



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wake the dead, but Gene just slept. I put the trunks down on the bed and went out. He still slept."

That night, as the crowd poured in, I looked for Gene's mother and wife. Their seats were empty. Don Fullmer was introduced from the ring. Tuff was in the corner with Jensen and Curley, but the wife and mother never did come to see what they hoped would be their man's last fight.

"I guess," said Mrs. Norman Rothschild, the wife of the promoter, "that Gene prevailed upon them not to come. He told them it would be best for him, not to be worrying about them. They'll be brought to the dressing room after the fight."

Then Mrs. Rothschild smiled nervously. "I don't know which is worse," she said, "coming here and sitting through it or staying back at the hotel and wondering."

Only the Fullmers could know. Perhaps it was best the ladies weren't there, for as usual Gene bled that night. In the third round, the puffy flesh over his left eye split. In the sixth an accidental butt gashed his scalp just above the hairline. In the tenth his nose hemorrhaged, and kept flowing through the last five rounds. In the dressing room afterward, Gene's face revealed two more cuts, on the lip and on the cheek.

Yet it wasn't a brawl as Fullmer's fights generally are. He chose to box this one, knowing he couldn't overpower Tiger. Gene jabbed, circled, danced away, almost always backpedalling. Then, in the 11th, he cut Tiger over the eye, started to throw more and got himself a draw with a fast finish.

Fullmer's camp raged against the decision because they thought he had won. Tiger's camp didn't complain because Dick still had his title. But when Fullmer left the ring, he left his calling card, which he was glad his wife didn't have to see. A blood-soaked towel hung over the ropes in his corner.

In the dressing room, Gene was still blowing his blood into a handkerchief.

His wife and mother, sitting in the corner, also held handkerchiefs. They were mangled.

Tuff looked drained as he took his wife's arm to lead her out of the dressing room. "He won," Tuff said.

"The main thing," she said, "was that he didn't get hurt."

Dolores walked behind them. "Your husband will fight again?"

"He probably will," she said. This time she didn't weep. It did seem an effort, though, but you don't spoil the moment when your man has proved he's no less a man than he used to be. You suffer silently.

But Gene Fullmer knows his wife suffers. He feels he must fight once more to prove the life that made him is not over and he will reportedly fight Tiger again, in Nigeria this summer. Yet Fullmer knows his wife suffers all the more now, in the light of Davey Moore's death in the ring. Moore, who had never taken the batterings Fullmer has, was 29 when his body could take no more punishment. Gene is 32 and Dolores knows this only too well. Again Gene is caught in a cruel dilemma. Until the two hands no longer want to work in the ring, it will go on.

AN OLD PITCHER AGAINST THE CHALLENGE OF YOUTH

(Continued from page 33)

echoing against the concrete walls. "I'll talk to you. But if you crucify me, then I'll find a way someday to crucify you."

Tall and loosely built, like a football end, Charles "Bobby" Hendley has a square-cut, flat face, and a friendly, intelligent manner. He had just come off the field after pitching batting practice, and sweat plastered his grey undershirt to his chest as he stood, breathing heavily, in front of his locker. Last year had been his first full one in the majors. He had an 11-13 record and a 3.60 earned-run average. He had lost three games by shutouts, two 3-2, two 4-3.

"Yeah," he was saying, a disgusted look on his face. "So far this spring I sure have been hit pretty good. Of course I'm concerned about it, but it's too early to be too concerned."

Did a poor showing early in the spring hurt a young pitcher more than a veteran?

"Well, I think it's tougher on the young guy trying to make the ballclub," he said, picking his words carefully. "The veteran, he's been up here ten-12 years; you're not going to walk in and take his job, just like that. You know you have to beat him out. On the other hand, of course, you know—and he knows—that he's not going to go on forever."

Would he feel guilty about taking a job away from a pitcher who had been as great as Burdette?

"Baseball is like anything else. The man who's best qualified, he gets the job. You learn to do the job better while the other guy—maybe he's getting older—he doesn't do it as well as he used to. Your ability is rising while the other guy's ability is falling, like lines on a graph. When your ability passes his, you get to do the job. But you don't take anything away from him, like you were stealing his glove or something."

He peeled off the wet undershirt and threw it into a heap in the center of the room. "What is surprising, I guess, is the way these older fellows will help you. My big trouble this spring has been wildness. For the past few days, Spahn has been working with me to shorten my stride, and that's really helped my control. You always hear how the older guys resent the younger fellows. But you ask Spahn or Burdette for help, and they'll give it to you."

Burdette stood near the third-base line, waiting to go out to the mound to pitch batting practice. It was now near noon, and the stands were beginning to fill for the game that afternoon against the New York Mets. "It's easier for the younger guy to make a ballclub today than when I broke in," he was saying. "It used to be that you broke in from the bullpen. You had to relieve first to prove that you could be a starter. But that's not always true today. Some kids come up, and they're starters right away."

"You know why—it's the big bonuses they're handing out. When you give somebody \$100,000, you go all the way with him until he proves that he can't make the team. With us, it was the other way around: We had to prove we *could* make the team."

He dug at the grass with his shoe. "Look, understand me. I'm glad these

kids are getting that money—more power to them. And you can't blame the clubs for giving the kids every possible chance. But by giving the bonus kids every chance in the world, it makes it a lot tougher for the veteran to stick on a ballclub."

From the stands someone shouted, "Hey, Lou!" Burdette turned and waved, then spun his cap so the bill stuck out over his right ear, and he grinned his clown's grin.

Good times or bad, Lou Burdette is a live one.

Stocky, with close-cropped blond hair and a round face, Denny Lemaster looks young enough to be a high-school fullback, but he is a 24-year-old father of two. In 1958 he had signed with Milwaukee for a reported \$90,000 bonus. Late last year, with Burdette consigned to the bullpen, he came up to the Braves from Louisville and started against the Reds. He held them to six hits, but lost 3-2 on an unearned run. He finished the season 3-4, completing four games, with a 3.00 earned-run average.

He had been running in the outfield, and now he sat in the clubhouse with sweat running down his sunburned cheeks. "If I don't take someone else's job," he was saying, "I won't stay here, right? I'm a left-hander, of course, so I'd never take Lou's job anyway. But even if I did, there wouldn't be anything personal between us. He is one of the best friends I have on the club. I first met him at spring training in 1959. A bunch of us, we were talking about fishing. I asked if anybody knew where there was some good snook fishing. Lou said he knew a place near Sarasota, where he lives in the winter, and he and Joe Adcock took me there to fish."

"I thought it was real nice of him, a guy like Burdette asking a rookie to go fishing with him. Hell, I can remember watching him pitch on TV in the Series. We still fish a lot together."

He smiled at somebody. The inquisitor turned to stare up into the grinning face of Warren Spahn.

"Don't let me interrupt you," said Spahn.

"Maybe you can help, Warren," said the inquisitor. "I was going to ask Denny here whether it's tougher for an established pitcher, say like Burdette, to hold a job, or for a younger pitcher, like Denny, to win a job."

The grin drained off Spahn's face, and he took several quick steps backward, doing a mock stagger. "Oh, no," he said, loudly, throwing up his hands. "Oh, no. That's a personal story. Oh, no, I've got nothing to say to you. Nothing!"

He backpedaled toward the end of the clubhouse, at a speed so fast it seemed as though someone were pulling him backward with a rope around his waist. "You get nothing out of me," he yelled. "Nothing." At the entrance to the corridor leading to the dugout, he stopped and grinned, craftily wagging his finger in front of his nose. "No, sir, that's a personal story. I've got nothing to say."

And like some disappearing genie, he was gone.

Spahn was sitting alone in the dugout. "Oh, there he is," he said as the inquisitor walked by. Spahn's cap

was slouched over his right ear, and he twisted the long face into a cunning grin, giving him the mock-idiot expression that is a trademark of the Spahn-Burdette comedy team. "You've got a good story there," he said. "Pretty smart idea. You can't miss—the old guy and the young guys. No matter what happens, you can't lose." Disgust ran across his face.

The inquisitor sat down on the dugout steps, facing him. Spahn turned away and stared out at the hot-green grass of the outfield, where the visiting Met pitchers were running. The inquisitor turned a question over in his mind: Was Spahn staring at a future, perhaps not too distant, when another inquisitor would come to ask what it was like to be Warren Spahn and be fighting for a big-league job?

Burdette and Spahn sat shoulder to shoulder on the bench, watching the Mets' hitting practice. Together they had won an even 500 games for the Braves, one standing high on a rubber, the other watching intently from a dugout. Within a few years, one will walk into the Hall of Fame, and later perhaps the other will too.

Spahn broke the silence, nudging Burdette with an elbow. "Good game yesterday, buddy," he said. The day before, Burdette had pitched five scoreless innings against the Tigers.

"Huh!" grunted Burdette, and only for a second did he let the satisfaction show on his face. "They cooperated," he said in a loud whisper, as though telling a secret. "When I threw them inside, they were trying to hit the opposite way, and when I threw outside, they were trying to pull."

Spahn began to giggle. "Yeah," Burdette went on, whispering louder now. "They were real cooperative. I didn't even need the jammer." His voice began to rise and he shouted, "They were jamming themselves!" He laughed loudly, Spahn giggled loudly.

Bobby Bragan stuck his hands into his back pockets, the way a good manager should, and thought about the question. He is a sharp-featured man, with quick-moving eyes and an Indian-brown, alert face. "Yeah," he said, slowly, "Burdette has surprised me this spring. I hadn't figured on him because I'd heard rumblings last year about his back hurting him, and it sounded like something permanent. "But look at him this spring—what is it, nine-ten innings so far without giving up an earned run? Tremendous. As of right now, I rank him behind Spahn and Shaw as one of my three stabilizers."

"He came to me on the first day of practice, and he said he'd do anything, start or relieve. Right away I could see that his arm was okay. You can tell with the older guys, when they don't have it any more. They'll stand out there on that mound, the poor suckers, throwing that ball so hard the sweat stands out in beads and runs down their faces, but the ball doesn't move like it should and you know they're through."

The game was about to start. Sitting in the dugout, Denny Lemaster was saying how much he missed his wife and children in California. "But this spring," he said, "will be the last time we'll be separated."

"Huh!" said Burdette, whose own

family was home in Sarasota. "You'll be saying that all your baseball career: This is the last time we'll be separated. Then comes the next road trip, the next spring training, and you're separated again."

Spahn came down the steps of the dugout after warming up, the chest out in that confident way the good ones have. "Hey," he said to Hendley, "what curves I was throwing out there, really breaking good for the first time this spring."

"Same with me when I warm up before a game," said Hendley, a false glumness on his face. "But in the game the curves, they straighten out."

Spahn turned, a little surprise in his eyes, and then he laughed and tapped Hendley on the knee. "Yeah," he said, "that's my trouble, too."

Inside the clubhouse, you could hear, through the corridor, an occasional crack of bat against ball, a shout from the crowd, a yell from the dugout. Sitting in front of his stall, nude except for a towel across his middle, Burdette puffed on a cigarette.

"This is a wonderful, goofy business," he was saying. "It's been mighty good to me. It's been my life. I don't really have anything else besides my family—a couple of little businesses in Sarasota, but nothing to write about. When I'm finished, what I'd really like would be some kind of coaching job in baseball."

"I try to help the kids now. Like with Hendley. I'll holler at him from the dugout to keep the ball low. If he asks me how I throw a pitch, I'll show him. All this talk about giving away secrets—that's so much shellac. As long as I can pitch, I'll have a job. When I can't, then someone else will take over. That's all there is to it."

The talk switched to last season. Burdette drew hard on the cigarette, then mashed it into a sandbox. Was

he bitter toward Birdie Tebbetts?

"Bitter? Why should I be bitter?" Well, because Tebbetts had used him so seldom the last two months.

"No, I'm not bitter at any one. Tebbetts had to use the younger pitchers. But I'll tell you what gets me mad: When people say I had a bad year. Hell, I pitched half the season and won ten games. That's bad?"

Why had he pitched only half the year?

"First off, I hurt my ankle in spring training, and then I hurt my back in a game at Houston, so I was out for most of the first two months of the season. I was 0-4 in June. Then I won seven straight games before I lost another one. I was 9-4 at the All-Star break. Is that so bad?"

He lit another cigarette. "I've always been a hot-and-cold pitcher. Some years I've been as low as six-and-six at the All-Star break, and I still won 20 games."

"In the early part of August last year, I was 9-7, and then I lost a couple in a row. I never got another chance to start. I just sat in the bullpen. Tebbetts and I came to an agreement that I'd relieve only when we were one or two runs behind. That way I could win, but I couldn't lose. But how often does that kind of a situation come up in a game? I didn't pitch a dozen innings the last two months of the year, I was ready, but they wouldn't let me out there."

He studied the burning ash. "It hurts you mentally, just to be a guy who sits in the bullpen, especially when you once meant so much to a ballclub. Nobody likes to be thrown aside. People came to me and they'd say—hey, here you are, a guy who won three Series games a few years ago; how come you're not pitching? I said nothing. You didn't read anything in the newspapers about me complaining. I kept it to myself."

How did he feel when he heard this

winter that Bragan had discounted him as a starter and as a reliever?

"Well," he said, smiling, "I read only the Sarasota papers in the winter." He hesitated, and now he was smiling wider. "Anyway, I never gave the story much thought. New managers always have new plans. I didn't care what his plans were, as long as he gave me the opportunity to pitch, the chance to show him what I could do. And he's done that."

Did he think he had proved to Bragan that he was a starting pitcher for the Braves? "Nah," he said, standing up and edging toward the shower. "This stuff—so many scoreless innings in spring training—it doesn't mean anything. Down here you're throwing mostly fastballs. What counts is when you have to throw your good breaking stuff, after they ring the bell."

A few days later Burdette pitched five innings against the Reds, shutting them out and stretching his streak of scoreless innings to 14. Young Bobby Hendley came on in the sixth; he gave up a run in the seventh to lose the game, 1-0.

Burdette went on to stretch the streak to 23 innings before the first earned run of 1963 was scored against him. Still, as he had said, the bell had not yet rung. When it did, on opening day, he was the Braves' starting pitcher. They won the game but the win went to Hendley, pitching in relief. A few days later Burdette pitched again and won. Ahead of him, though, were the real testing days of May, June and July.

And beyond July there would be a day when the sweat stands out in beads and runs down the face, but the ball doesn't move as it should. For Burdette that day may well be years ahead, but it is there, waiting, just as surely as a young pitcher, with a career ahead of him, is there, waiting.

SPORT'S GREATEST TEAMS—THE '42 CARDINALS

(Continued from page 43)

behind. Beazley beat the Dodgers the next night, again 2-1. It was the rookie righthander's 16th win in 21 decisions and brought to mind reaction early in July when the Cardinals had sold Warneke to Chicago for the waiver price.

A cynical suggestion had been offered then. The sale of Warneke appeared to be a desire to save salary and also, in effect, a surrender to the Dodgers. Warneke's estimated \$15,000 salary had been the highest on the '42 Cardinals.

Breadon had angrily answered the charges, saying, "We've sold this veteran to make room for young blood—like Beazley."

Beazley made Breadon a prophet and a rich profit. Warneke helped, too. The Dodgers won the last game of that late-August series, Curt Davis beating Lanier, 4-1, and left town with a 5½-game lead. Their next stop was Chicago, where Warneke, now a Cub, beat them, 4-3.

Other teams began beating Brooklyn, and the Cardinals continued to win. On September 11, when the Cards came to Brooklyn for the final two games between the teams, the Dodgers' lead had been pared to two games. Tense, almost glassy-eyed, the red-hot Redbirds seemed finally to

have felt the pennant pressure.

But they didn't show it on the field. Mort Cooper, still trading uniform shirts, drove in a run and beat Wyatt, 3-0 in the September 11 game. It was Mort's 20th victory and eighth shut-out. The big man with the flaming fastball and dipping forkball had beaten Brooklyn five times.

The next day another reliable Brooklyn-beater, lefthander Lanier, won, 2-1. The Cards scored their runs in the second inning on Walker Cooper's single, presently followed by Kurowski's home run. As happened so frequently that season Dodger manager Durocher and coach Charley Dressen were thrown out of the game for protesting an umpire's decision too violently. Dressen was not giving orders at third base, therefore, when Vaughan tried to score the tying run in the seventh inning. Arky attempted to come home from second base on a wild pitch and was thrown out.

The victory was St. Louis' 29th in 34 games. The Cardinals had defeated the Dodgers 13 out of 22 games for the season and were now tied for first place with 14 games remaining on their schedule.

The Cardinals traveled happily by train that evening to Philadelphia for a Sunday doubleheader. If they had known how often they would have to

win to remain in pennant contention—or what was ahead of them at Broad Street station—they wouldn't have been so happy.

As the players stepped off the train, Beazley refused to let a Red Cap carry his suitcase. The Red Cap cursed him and Beazley threw his bag at the man. Then the Red Cap pulled a knife and, as Beazley defended himself, slashed the pitcher on the right thumb. Beazley chased the Red Cap down the platform, but couldn't catch him. There, dripping blood from his pitching hand, stood the young star scheduled to pitch the next day.

With the deep cut bandaged, Beazley pitched (he had a super-star's guts and ability and probably would have been one if arm trouble suffered in World War II hadn't ended his career) against the Phillies and lost, 2-1.

In the second game, Moore hit a tie-breaking home run and Bill Beckman, just called up from Rochester, pitched six scoreless relief innings as St. Louis won, 2-1. By contrast, Bobo Newsom, just acquired by Brooklyn from Washington, failed as the Dodgers lost a doubleheader to Cincinnati.

The Cardinals, for the first time, were in first place. They had 12 games remaining and though they didn't know it then, they could afford to lose only one of those games.

They didn't lose a game in their next four. Brooklyn played two games in that span and lost one. The Cardi-

nals, with 34 victories in their last 40 games, led the league by three games, and Sam Breadon cheerfully announced that World Series ticket reservations would be accepted. The players, though, studiously avoided using the word "pennant."

"Look," team captain Moore said. "I've been trying to win one of these things since 1935—finished second four times—and I'm not saying anything. You know, that 21-game winning streak the Cubs reeled off in September, '35, taught me something. We didn't fold, but they went right past us."

THE 1942 Dodgers didn't fold, either. They won nine of their last ten games. But St. Louis, after losing a game in Chicago, swept seven straight. The Cards won one game by breaking up a scoreless battle between Cooper and Warneke with a play called "Kansas City Lou," a variation of the double steal. Hopp walked and ran to third on Kurowski's short single. With two out, Whitey made a delayed break for second, then stopped halfway. Catcher Eddie Hernandez's throw was cut off by the shortstop, Bob Sturgeon, who took a step or two toward Kurowski, then whirled and threw to Stan Hack at third, trapping Hopp. Johnny ran toward the plate the instant Sturgeon threw to third and beat Hack's throw home to score the game's one run. They won another when Musial came to bat against Pittsburgh's Rip Sewell and, with St. Louis losing, 3-0, hit a grand-slam home run, the first of Stan's big-league career. They clinched the pennant on the final day of the season when Ernie White, finally recovered from a sore arm that had sidelined him much of the season, beat the Cubs, 9-2.

The Cardinals had won 43 of their last 52 games. The Dodgers won 104 games in the 154-game season, the most ever won by a second-place team. But St. Louis had 106 victories, the most by a National League team since 1909.

How did the Cardinals do it?

Not by knocking the ball over or against fences. They hit only 60 homers—the Giants led the league with 109 that year—and their only 300 hitters were Slaughter, .318, and Musial, .315. But they had speed—on offense where they went from first to third on any hit, where they stretched singles into doubles, where they pressured eager fielders into making errors; on defense where they made outstanding catches, where they chased down baseballs fast enough to prevent extra bases. And they had pitchers so outstanding they held the opposition to only 482 runs for the year, an average of 3.1 runs a game.

Mort Cooper and Beazley were 1-2 in the league in victories and earned-run average. Cooper, 22-7 with ten shutouts and a 1.77 ERA, won the Most Valuable Player award. Beazley, 21-6 with a 2.13 ERA, beat out Musial for rookie-of-the-year recognition.

Pitchers Lloyd Moore and Harry Gumbert were the only '42 Cardinals not developed in the St. Louis farm system. The farm system, designed and operated by Branch Rickey, had produced a team that, beginning in 1942, would win three straight pennants and four pennants in five years. But in the 1942 World Series, as he was feeling the full flush of his latest success, Rickey was told his 25-year association with the Cardinals was over. The psalm-singing,

teetotaling Rickey had formed an effective baseball partnership with Breadon, the barber shop baritone who liked to raise the cup that cheers. Rickey had provided the baseball imagination, Breadon the business sense. But suddenly, Singing Sam notified Rickey that the contract which returned Branch \$80,000 in salary and bonuses would not be renewed.

Still, Rickey remained loyal to his team which went into the Series a 9-20 betting underdog against the Yankees.

"Usually with a team so young, both in years and baseball experience, you see three or four men go to pot under stress," Branch said. "That has not happened with Southworth's team, which is a great tribute to him. If the Cardinals keep their feet on the ground and play the kind of ball they have been playing, they can win."

The Cardinals didn't play that kind of ball in the first game of the World Series. They committed four errors behind Mort Cooper and couldn't work up an assault against Red Ruffing, the Yankee pitcher. They were hitless until the eighth inning, in fact, when Terry Moore singled. But then they knocked out Ruffing, and before Spud Chandler stopped them they scored four runs. Musial, batting with the bases loaded, grounded out to end the game. New York won, 7-4, but the ninth-inning rally, it was obvious in the quiet but not downcast losers' clubhouse, had proved to the young St. Louis players that the famous Yankees could be beaten.

IN the second game Beazley shut out the Yankees until the eighth, 3-0. Then they struck with typical Yankee savagery, tying the score with two out when Roy Cullenbine beat out an infield hit, Joe DiMaggio singled and Charley Keller homered over the right-field pavilion in St. Louis.

The 1942 Cardinals had been coming back since August, though. In their eighth-inning batting turn, they regained the lead on a double by Slaughter and single by Musial. They led, 4-3, in the ninth.

In the ninth Bill Dickey beat out an infield hit and Tuck Stainback ran for him. Buddy Hassett singled to right, where Slaughter ran to his left, grabbed the ball, pivoted and fired perfectly to Kurowski at third. Stainback was tagged out. The next batter, Ruffing, pinch-hitting for Ernie Bonham, belted a long fly ball, which could have scored a runner from third. All it was, though, was an out and St. Louis won for Beazley, 4-3.

When the Series shifted to New York for a third game played before a record 69,123, the country kids—and most of the Cardinals were as rural as a sickle and silo—didn't let the size of the audience or amphitheatre awe them. In fact, they calmly backed White with magnificent defense and Ernie became the first pitcher to shut out the Yankees in a World Series since 1926. The Cardinals won, 2-0, in a game highlighted by acrobatic catches made by Moore, Musial and Slaughter.

In the fourth game the Cardinals knocked out Hank Borowy in a six-run fourth inning which Musial began with a bunt single and capped with a double. In between, they challenged DiMaggio's throwing arm and took extra bases with dash and daring. The Yankees knocked out Cooper in the sixth and tied the score at six. But the young Cardinals weren't

flustered. Facing Atley Donald, Slaughter walked and, on a 3-2 pitch to Musial, ran to second. The pitch was ball four and when Dickey threw into center field, Slaughter raced to third. He scored on Walker Cooper's single. Bonham replaced Donald, and the Cardinals scored two more runs to win, 9-6.

Puffed up with success, the Cardinals had enjoyed themselves that day, chiding the Yankees about beefing at the umpires. The Cardinals' trainer, Doc Weaver, led the cheers and jeers, too, as the Redbirds merrily ran the bases, and he got assistance from the St. Louis equipment manager, little Morris (Butch) Yatkeman.

The next day as Moore brought up the Cardinals' lineup to the home plate, he was told by umpire Bill Summers that the Yankees objected to the equipment manager's presence in the dugout.

"To little Butch?" Moore said. "Why, Bill, he's always on our bench."

"I know, Terry," Summers said, "but, under the rules, they're within their rights."

Moore's strawberry complexion deepened into an angry red. "Okay," he said and, staring at Yankee coach Art Fletcher, said coldly:

"There's not going to be any 'tomorrow' in this Series."

There wasn't. Completing their astonishing upset of the Yankees, the Cardinals swept to a fourth straight victory. Beazley and Ruffing battled into the ninth, 2-2. Then Walker Cooper singled, Hopp sacrificed and Kurowski, who had struck out three straight times, hit a two-run homer into the left-field stands.

One moment of drama remained. In the Yankees' ninth, Joe Gordon singled to left and Brown fumbled Dickey's grounder. On the Cardinals' bench, Frank Crespi leaned over to Weaver. "Quick, Doc," the utility infielder said, "the whammy."

The trainer nodded. He moved into the mouth of the dugout. With index and little finger protruding from an otherwise clenched fist, Weaver pointed at the batter, Jerry Priddy, obviously up to sacrifice.

"Better make it a double whammy, Doc," Crespi said.

"A splendid idea," said the dignified-looking Doc. "I have had especially good fortune with my double whammy on Gordon. I think I will concentrate on him."

SO with the right hand above the left, each fist clenched except for the pointing, horn-like index and little fingers, Doc Weaver cast his "spell" on the runner on second base.

Beazley pushed Priddy back from the plate with an inside pitch and his catcher, Walker Cooper, fired the ball to Marion, who had slipped in behind the runner. Gordon, though taking only a modest lead, was picked off.

Priddy then popped up to Brown. The Series ended on the next play when Brown fielded George Selkirk's grounder and threw him out.

The Cardinals went wild in a manner befitting hungry young men, many of whom—Musial, Kurowski, Beazley, among others—had earned more in only five World Series games, \$6192.50 apiece, than they had all season.

In the visitors' clubhouse at Yankee Stadium, the players grabbed Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis and hoisted him toward the ceiling. They ripped National League presi-

dent Ford Frick's hat to pieces and boosted him to their shoulders. They hugged Beazley and pounded Kurowski, screaming and pulling hair like wild women at a bargain-basement rummage sale. Kurowski was lifted overhead and when his cleated shoes hit the concrete again, teammates grabbed him by the seat of his uniform pants and ripped them into shreds for souvenirs.

Kurowski still clutched the game-winning bat—the only bat he had taken to New York—as he finally worked his way into the shower, where amid great clouds of billowing steam tenors, baritones and basses sang one hillbilly tune, "Good Old Mountain Music," then broke into their good-luck number of the sensational stretch run.

Yes, Mirandy had passed the biscuits for guys who had grown up on short rations during the depression.

None had known more hardships, though, than Kurowski, the thick-legged, crooked-arm second-generation Pole from Reading, Pennsylvania.

At nine, after falling off a fence, he had suffered osteomyelitis in his right arm, forcing the removal of the ulna bone of the forearm. Dr. Robert F. Hyland, famed surgeon-general of baseball, always marveled that Whitey could have overcome that physical disability to play big-league baseball. At 18, the year Whitey decided to challenge professional ball, his older brother, Frank, was killed in a cave-in at a coal mine. And in the spring of '42, when Whitey was trying to make the big-league ballclub, his father fell dead of a heart attack.

Somehow, Whitey Kurowski symbolized the spirit of the 1942 Cardinals, an unforgettable ballclub that just didn't know when it was beat.

WHITE FANG

(Continued from page 47)

that's the kind of player I want, one who wants to play in the big leagues. I had no reason to get mad. He figured he deserved his chance, and I thought perhaps he was right."

Lee Thomas wanted his chance so badly he played with a broken bone in his foot, then with a torn cartilage in his knee. And during the next two years, he proved himself.

As a rookie in 1961 he had a .285 batting percentage, 24 home runs and 70 runs-batted-in. He was second in the American League Rookie-Of-The-Year voting. Clearly, he had shown considerable promise. Yet, there were still many who doubted him, saying, "The Yankees don't let good men go."

In 1962 he played in both All-Star games, and finished the season with a .290 average, 26 home runs, 272 total bases and 104 RBI. It was clear that at age 27, he had arrived.

Lee Thomas is a picture ballplayer. He is tall, 6-2, and powerful, 198 pounds, a lefthanded batter and right-handed thrower. He has good speed, a good arm and has always been adequate in the field, although he has been converted from the outfield to first base and is not yet at home at his new position. As a hitter he reveals himself as an outstanding player. He plants himself firmly in the batter's box, crouches slightly with his knees and waist bent, holds the bat straight up in the air and wiggles it with menacing impatience. He takes a medium stride and strokes the ball with a swift, level swing. His powerful forearms, wrists and hands whip bat into ball with a seemingly effortless, but explosive force.

He has such a perfect way at the plate that, unlike most players, he has not had managers and coaches telling him to change this or try that over the years, even when he was in a slump. In 1961, when he was in spring training with the Yankees, Lee noticed that Yankee batting-coach Wally Moses seemed to be working with every other young player but him, and it made him angry. What the heck is going on around here? he wondered. Am I an orphan or something?

Moses came up to him one day and said, "Lee, I thought I better tell you the only reason I'm not working with you like I am with the other boys is because I don't think you need any

help. I don't have anything to show you because I wouldn't want to change the way you are right now."

Lee Thomas, however, is a worrier, unsure of himself, and given to temper. "Everyone has slumps, but I usually have three or four every year," he says. "I take too much advice from other players, try too many different things, get too angry with myself when I'm in a slump and I drag myself down deeper and deeper."

His temper has earned him the sweet nicknames "Mad Dog" and "White Fang."

"I'd have hit .300 my first year with the Angels if I hadn't slumped the last ten days of the season," Lee says. "I'd have hit .300 last year, if I hadn't started off slumping the first five or six weeks. I believe I am a .300 hitter, but it's up to me to prove it. I don't believe my temper hurts me most of the time. Some players sulk. I'd rather have 'em throw a bat or kick something. At least they'd get it out of their system. I do. When it's done, it's done. I'm not thinking about it the next time I go up. But when I've gone bad for a while, my temper sticks with me and I get depressed."

The first time Lee makes out in a game, he throws his helmet down. The second time, he throws it down hard. The third time, he tries to bury it in the ground, then he kicks the water-cooler, or bangs his bat against the dugout steps. "Thomas breaks more bats than any player in the league," says Angel pitcher Dean Chance.

Oddly enough, Thomas got his "Mad Dog" nickname on a golf course. He was shooting a round with L.A. sports-writer Bud Furillo, hit a ball badly, threw his club into a tree, and had to climb up to retrieve it. Bud called him "Mad Dog" and the nickname stuck. "Lots of players have just as bad tempers as I do," says Lee, "but when they do something, everyone just shrugs it off, and when I do something, they say, 'Oh, oh, there goes Mad Dog again.'"

"Lee's temper isn't so bad," Lee's wife, Jo-Ann, says. "He doesn't bring it home. Oh, he has a temper, but I don't like that nickname, 'Mad Dog,' it makes him seem worse than he is. I don't mind the other one, 'White Fang.' They gave that to him because he has such perfect white teeth. After

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he met President Eisenhower in Palm Springs, the President wanted to know who that young man was with the fine white teeth," she said.

Poor Jo-Ann. As she reads this, she will find out the truth. Furillo doesn't know anything about the Eisenhower incident. "White Fang" is a Soupy Sales TV character and it was just another way for the sportswriter to say "Mad Dog." In any event, Lee's fang is worse than his bite.

"Lee doesn't hurt anyone on the team with his temper, he doesn't even hurt himself," says Angel manager Bill Rigney. "In his case, he builds up steam and then gets rid of it. It's better than holding it in. I worried about it at first. I thought he was a worrier. But I asked him what he thinks about when he goes up to hit, and he told me: 'I think I'm going to get a hit.' I don't worry about him any more."

There is some disagreement among the Angels as to Lee's exact mental state and his confidence, although all seem to agree that his temper does not hurt him. "There's other players like Lee," says pitcher Tom Morgan. "They have to let off steam. Mickey Mantle is one. He's got his own place on the wall of the Yankee dugout and he bangs himself against it when he does bad. Sometimes he kicks the water-cooler hard enough to break his leg. Lee's temper is more pride than anger. He's not angry at anyone else ever, just at himself."

"He's loose enough off the field," catcher Ed Sadowski says. "He's no deadpan. But he's a pretty serious guy. On the field, he doesn't mess around at all. He's bound to be bitter about the deal the Yankees gave him and he can't seem to prove himself enough. He doubts any pitcher can get him out, and when one does, Lee tears it up pretty good."

Thomas' roommate, catcher Bob Rodgers, says, "In private, he's a moody guy, a brooder. He's a real good boy, clean and all that, and a real good friend, but he is a moody guy. Lots of guys think he has confidence. He doesn't. He needs to have his confidence built up all the time."

Thomas himself says, "I like people to think I have confidence. Sometimes I think I do. Sometimes I go up expecting to hit. Sometimes I go up and it looks like there's 25 or 36 fielders out there. I guess I always had a heck of a temper. I had it back in high school. Maybe I should be more relaxed now. Maybe I should feel safe. But I don't."

THE Angels have an unusual team spirit. Perhaps it developed because, as Rigney said, they were a lot of young guys getting a first chance and a lot of old guys getting a last chance. They understood each other and pulled for each other, and were able to cut up and needle one another freely, almost wildly, without disturbing their rare camaraderie. One of the sharpest Angel needlers is Leon Wagner, whose favorite target is Thomas.

A while ago, in spring training Lee came into the dugout after a day off. Wags greeted him: "Hey, Bear Meat, I just want you to know the pitchers didn't decide to start throwin' no softer while you was gone. They is still throwin' just as hard, which is bad news for you." He giggled, "Two fastballs and a curve, wham, wham, bam, down goes Mr. Thomas. Bear Meat! Just a target. I think I am going to have to go back to pitching."

Lee grinned, "I wish you would,

Wagner. Oh, man, I wish you would. I would just love to hit off of you."

Moving to the corner of the dugout with a writer, Wagner said, "I figure the rivalry's good for both of us. I hit 37 homers, drove in 107 runs last year. The end of the year that boy darn near caught me. If we both do well, it's more bread for both of us. We is the power hitters on this club, and if we hit, the club does well. I figure he is not as good as he can be, that he needs someone to keep him on his toes. I can give him the needle easier than the manager can."

"Oh, man, he fools you. He's church boy, but he's a violent temper. I call him 'Bear Meat,' and it riles him. I say, 'Baby, if you is gonna run with Daddy Wags, you is gonna have to run fast.' What happens is, one of us hits a homer, the other feels he must."

"It's like having a pacer," Thomas said later, smiling. "You run a race, if there's someone up there ahead of you, he pulls you along. On the Yankees, no one gets on Maris or Mantle. They're good guys, but no one gets on them. On this club, there's no stars yet. Everyone gets on everyone else. And it helps."

ON June 20 last year in Kansas City, Angel and Athletic pitchers began to throw at the batters. On the bench, Wagner began to kid Thomas, who was hit six times last year, more than any other Angel. "They're gonna be throwin' at you, White Fang, and you is a little slow gettin' out of the way. You better ask Mr. Rigney to be excused."

Thomas growled a surly reply and Wagner relaxed, happily sure Thomas was mad at him. He watched Thomas go to the plate, duck a couple of times, and take his base. But then it was Wagner's turn. "This boy's gonna throw at me, Mr. Umpire," Wagner said.

"No, he ain't gonna throw at you, Wagner," the umpire said.

So the pitcher, Jerry Walker, threw at him. "What'd I tell you!" Wagner yelled, ducking.

"How can you be sure he's throwing at you, Wagner?" the umpire asked.

Wagner swung at the next pitch, throwing his bat at Walker, but missing him. Walker hit him with the next pitch. Wags started toward first.

"I ain't real mad or nothin'," Wags says later, "but I'm a little annoyed. Then I get to thinking mostly colored boys been getting hit, which is an old baseball custom. I say to myself, why should I go down to first like a nice little colored boy? If I takes this now, I'll be ducking baseballs all year. The hell with it, I says. I turn and start for Walker. He comes down off the mound and starts for me. Before we can reach each other, here comes Thomas, out of a crowd at first base, and he throws the first punch at Walker, and he is in there swingin' away before I can get on the scene. Here I thought he was mad at me, and instead he's protecting me."

Lee knows what it's like to be hit. His first beaning occurred in 1959 at Binghamton. Jo-Ann was shooting movies that day and she still has the incident on film. "As soon as Lee was hit, I dropped the camera," she says. "It looks awful on film. Lee starts to go down and the film goes blank." In the following weeks, she noticed Lee was pulling away from pitches and she told him about it.

"I was hardly aware of it," Lee recalls. "It was instinctive. But, when

Jo-Ann told me about it, I realized I had to grit my teeth and hang in there. I did, and it's been all right since. It doesn't scare me now." He's been beaned twice in the majors. Once he was in the hospital overnight. Both times he came back hitting.

Before 1962 spring training Lee worked out in a gym to get a jump on conditioning. He broke the sesamoid bone under his big toe. When he reported to the Angels, Lee had Dr. Robert Kerlan examine the injury and the doctor suggested an operation. "No, sir," Thomas said. "You're not going to lay me up. I've got too much at stake. I can play."

AND he played, awkwardly, but well. Except for an arch support there was little that could be done for the foot and there was little danger, but it was painful. It healed within two months, at which time his batting picked up. At the time Lee said it didn't bother him, but he admits, "I can still feel it."

Years ago Lee had suffered a football injury to his left knee. Last year, the day before the second All-Star game, Lee was playing the outfield on a wet day in Detroit. Chasing a liner, he tore a cartilage in the knee.

"They wanted me to have an operation right away," he admits, "but when they told me I might be able to get by on it without too much danger, that's what I wanted to do. Near the end of the year, the knee was slipping out of place on and off, and if it had locked up on me completely, I'd have had to have the operation right then, but I wanted to get 100 RBI and I stayed with it and made it. It didn't bother me much."

"The pain of it used to wake him up at night," roommate Rodgers recalls. "It would go out on him while he was asleep. He was worried and scared."

"He tells me he's hurting, sometimes, but then he shrugs it off, so I usually forget about it," Jo-Ann says. "I don't think I knew how bad it was until after the season was over."

The operation was performed in October. Two major incisions had to be made and some nerves were destroyed. But the operation was deemed a success. This spring Lee seemed agile enough, but complained that the lower part of the leg felt numb, as though it were not part of him. Trainer Freddie Frederico advised him that it often took up to a year for this sensation to abate, and that it was nothing to worry about.

Lee worries however. This is his way. Misfortune has been mixed with success at various stages of his life. He fears misfortune can come again.

Lee was born in Peoria, Illinois, on February 5, 1936 and his parents were divorced right after he was born. His brother was later killed in an accident. His mother, Hildor Johanson, remarried. Lee was moved to St. Louis as a boy, where the family lived modestly on the North Side. Lee's stepfather worked as a foreman in an auto-body shop and his mother worked as a cutter in a shoe factory. Clarence Jansing, a construction millwright, his wife Lilly, their two sons, and their daughter, Jo-Ann Louise, also lived in North St. Louis.

Lee and Jo-Ann both attended Beaumont High School. He became one of the greatest athletes of a school that has sent 63 boys into pro baseball. Jo-Ann became a cheerleader and Lee's girl.

"The big athlete hero and his cheerleader sweetheart," Jo-Ann recently said through a grin. "We took a lot of kidding about that . . . still do."

Jo-Ann graduated a semester ahead of Lee and started Harris Teachers' College in St. Louis. When Lee graduated he turned down college football and baseball scholarship offers from such schools as Missouri, Vanderbilt and Northwestern. Lee was eager to begin his pro baseball career, and he never cared much for books anyway.

The Cardinals, Phils, Yankees, Indians, Red Sox, White Sox and Cubs came calling. He finally decided on the Yankees because he liked scout Lou Maguola. "He didn't try to pressure me. He laid his cards right on the table."

When Lee was about to sign, his mother called Jo-Ann over, making her a part of the final ceremonies. This was in 1954 and Lee went off to Owensboro of the Kitty League in Class D ball where he hit .304. The next year he hit .265 with Quincy in the Three-I League. That winter he married Jo-Ann. After two unspectacular years, Lee hit .281 at Binghamton, with 17 homers and 88 RBI.

Their first son, Deron Lee, was born to Lee and Jo-Ann the following March, and she stayed in St. Louis. The Yankees had begun their cut-down to one Triple-A and one Double-A team and they had too much talent at the top, but Lee figured he had earned his way out of "A" ball. When they sent him back to Binghamton, he rebelled. He demanded a promotion and went home to Jo-Ann to wait for one. He waited three weeks, none came. One morning in the living room of his in-laws house, he told Jo-Ann: "They're not going to call me. I have to quit or go back."

"What do you want to do?" she asked.

"I guess I better go back," he said. Although he had missed most of the training period, he hit .304, 25 homers and drove in 122 runs that season. In 1960 the Yankees took him to spring training for the first time and he was highly impressive. He ended up splitting the season between Amarillo of the Texas League and Richmond of the International League. He hit 45 home runs for the year and the next year stuck with New York. He and Jo-Ann took a chance and rented Johnny Kucks' Hillside, New Jersey, home. Ten days later, Lee was traded to Los Angeles with Ryne Duren and Johnny James for Tex Clevenger and Bob Cerv.

"It had been a hard time for us, no question about that," Jo-Ann says now. "I don't much hold for separation. Where Lee went, I went, even in spring training. I only missed the one, when the baby was born. Rookies weren't supposed to have their families in camp with the Yankees at St. Pete, but I finally even went there. I lived with the baby in one room on the outskirts of town and Lee came back and forth every three or four days."

A wistful smile spread over her face as she reminisced over those early years. Lee never made more than \$4500 a year in the minors. They didn't have much money, but they got by. She worked as a telephone operator, a secretary and a substitute school teacher. Lee drove trucks winters, when they lived with her folks. The first six years of their marriage they didn't have their own place and didn't even take their wedding gifts

out of storage.

"I came close to giving it up along the way," Lee admitted.

"I kept telling myself to be patient and to give my best and my chance would come. After that one spring when I didn't report to Binghamton at first, I didn't ever complain or say anything to anyone. I thought I had it made in 1960, then in 1961. When I did make the club, I wasn't playing. They had told me I had every expectation of being the leftfielder and Hector Lopez happened to be having a bad time of it in left field, but still they wouldn't use me. It was Ralph Houk's first year and he thought he should go with the fellows who had won for Stengel. I got into all of two games. Even if you're with the Yankees, if you're not one of the big boys, you're nobody. Then they traded me. After all those years, it was a blow. I was crushed."

In Palm Springs this spring, the four-member Thomas family—baby Daryl was born in December—had an apartment in one of the magnificent motels of the rich resort. Now they live in a nice apartment midway between Los Angeles' Chavez Ravine and the airport. Soon they will be living in an apartment house Lee is building with some other players and some realtors.

"One more good year and I'll be in the big money," he says.

Rigney thinks Thomas can have that good year. "I think he has a chance to be one of the greatest players in the league," says Rigney.

Nice words and Thomas, an appreciative fellow, appreciates them. Although the frustration of many years trying to make the majors cultivated Thomas' temper to its present high degree of "Mad Dog," "White Fang" excellence, Lee can still look at the overall picture objectively. "I'll be perfectly honest," he said recently. "The Yankees are a fine organization and treated me well. I'm bitter that I didn't get a better chance with them, but that's the way it goes in this game. I'm going to remember the hard times I had. I remember those 20-hour bus rides every time some rookie today complains about a two-hour plane ride."

"But, truthfully, I don't think I could have made it more than a year or two sooner than I did. I wasn't ready. I had a lot to learn. I still do. I don't have it made, yet. Maybe you don't ever have it made in this game. Anything can happen. I don't think I'll ever be lacking in confidence again after the way I finished up last year. I'm not ever gonna let myself get depressed again, I don't think." He laughed. "I may lose my temper once in a while, but that's not so bad."



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NATIONAL LEAGUE MANAGERS' CONFIDENTIAL PLAYER RATINGS

(Continued from page 23)

to go with desire would be outstanding.

6—**TONY TAYLOR**, Philadelphia. Fair all-round player but does not go to right as well as he should. Not outstanding on double play and rarely makes "big" DP. Good bunter and best asset is his bat. Has exceptional power to right center. Has reputation for dogging it if things not going right for him.

7—**NATE OLIVER**, Los Angeles. Could rate higher by end of season but most managers have not seen enough of him yet to compare him with veterans. Could be key to Dodgers' pennant chances. Did everything asked of him in minors. Power just fair but clutch hitter who can drive in runs. Fine speed. Converted shortstop who still has a little to learn about second base.

8—**DON BLASINGAME**, Cincinnati. Strictly an offensive player who may have trouble keeping job this year. Rated below average in all categories. Gets on base often but in field has weak arm and very limited range. Still a high-ball hitter who has trouble with breaking pitches. Regarded as pesty, slap hitter.

9—**JOHNNY TEMPLE**, Houston. Slowed up tremendously in field and does not have sure hands. Not a good double-play man. Still pretty fair batter, however. May have to be platooned with better defensive player.

10—**LARRY BURRIGHT**, New York. Better than average DP man and has speed and range in field. Does not have sure hands. Could not hit enough to win regular job last year and general impression is he will never hit consistently.

SHORTSTOPS

1—**MAURY WILLS**, Los Angeles. Surprisingly, the knock on this man who was voted Most Valuable Player in the league last season is that he is too erratic in the field. But his great range, speed, switch-hitting ability and strong arm still make him No. 1 shortstop in the league. Much better hitter lefthanded than righthanded and not just because speed enables him to beat out hits. One of the strongest arms of any shortstop. Drives pitchers to distraction with base stealing which often wins ball games for his club.

2—**JOSE PAGAN**, San Francisco. Most improved shortstop in league and rated No. 1 by several managers who feel he will rise in almost everyone's mind to that stature this year. Regarded as great all-round performer and best fielder. Indispensable in Giant defensive setup. More power than Wills.

3—**LEO CARDENAS**, Cincinnati. Unanimous selection as No. 3 shortstop in league with chance to become No. 1 or No. 2 this year. Steadily improving. One of the best on balls in the hole. Covers more ground than most shortstops and has excellent power for infielder. Also good in clutch. Will hit any pitcher who makes a mistake with him. Look for him to be a .300-plus hitter this year. Could hit 20 homers.

4—**DICK GROAT**, St. Louis. Good defensive player for the limited amount of ground he covers. Arm is barely adequate. Holler guy and extrovert type who makes himself leader of any team he plays with. Plays

hitters as good as anyone in recent years. Smartest and slowest of all shortstops but probably the best hitter. Best man in the league hitting to right field. Great morale booster.

5—**ROY McMILLAN**, Milwaukee. Slowed down quite a bit but has fine pair of hands and good arm. Oddly enough, as range in field diminished, hitting improved. Tough out in clutch in spite of low average. Still regarded as one of the more astute shortstops. Plays hitters exceptionally well. Knows all hitters and makes no mistakes.

6—**BOBBY WINE-RUBEN AMARO**, Philadelphia. Wine likely the better of the two in all-round ability. Has stronger arm and looks like he will hit for some power but no average hitter. Somewhat bean-ball shy at plate. Amaro better fielder, surest hands of all shortstops. Also weak at plate and no power. Has occasional hitting streaks. Tries hard to improve himself, but so far still lacking at plate. If he could hit would be one of the best.

7—**DICK SCHOFIELD**, Pittsburgh. In what little anyone has seen of him in ten years he has impressed with his arm, hustle and hitting. Helped Pirates win 1960 pennant, coming off the bench to replace injured Groat in September and hit .300. But ten years on bench with Cardinals and Pirates make him a question-mark player. Never able to play regularly with Cardinals and now at 28 is being asked to do job on pennant contender. Most managers want to see him play a full season before they are convinced.

8—**BOB LILLIS**, Houston. Very ordinary. Probably would be no more than utility player on most other clubs. But a hustler and a fine student of the game. Smart, alert and gets most out of limited ability. Could be excellent manager.

9—**AL MORAN**, New York. Made strong impression with his fielding among managers who saw him in spring training. Excellent arm. Runs bases well and seems to be able to make all plays in field. But hitting very doubtful. Rarely pulls ball.

10—**ANDRE RODGERS**, Chicago. Bad hands and very limited range. Not considered a major-league shortstop. Makes numerous errors on throws. Considered very inconsistent. Not too bad a hitter. Has tools to be better than has been in six years in majors.

THIRD-BASEMEN

1—**KEN BOYER**, St. Louis. Complete ballplayer. Best man in league on slow hit balls. Makes difficult plays look easy. Excellent range, good hands, strong arm. At times he looks slower than he used to be and arm once appeared stronger. Still better than most. Power excellent. Consistent 25-homer and 90-RBI man; should hit for better average. Silent leader of club on and off field.

2—**EDDIE MATHEWS**, Milwaukee. Tough to rate him second because he does just about everything as well as Boyer does. But he's not Ken's equal on slow-hit balls. Sound hitter with power. Developed into fine defensive player because of hard work. Did much to correct faults. Good getting down to first but not good baserunner because he doesn't take advantage of natural speed.

3—**JIM DAVENPORT**, San Francisco. Outstanding fielder with vacuum-cleaner glove. Best since Billy Cox. Finest hands of any third-baseman in league. Arm strong and accurate. Goes to right better than he does his left. Coming fast as a hitter. Jumped 20 points last year and hit with some power. Tough in the clutch.

4—**DON HOAK**, Philadelphia. Slowed down somewhat but still exciting player and dedicated to job. Fine arm and speed but not too difficult to pitch to. Bat not as dangerous as it used to be but shift to Philadelphia park might increase home-run total. Essentially a line drive hitter, however.

5—**RON SANTO**, Chicago. Batting his biggest asset because of power but dip of almost 60 points in his average last year indicates pitchers have found his weakness. Still tough in clutch as 83 RBI with .227 average prove. Good breaking-ball hitter. Very erratic in field and a slow runner. Moody and fights himself too much.

6—**GENE FREESE**, Cincinnati. Great high-ball hitter and a good instinctive baserunner but just barely adequate in field. Strictly a pull hitter with plenty of power playing in a park ideally suited for him. Ankle fracture last year has slowed him down. May have to share job with Eddie Kasko.

7—**CHARLIE NEAL**, New York. Made the shift from second, where he was No. 1 three years ago, and has shown remarkable ability for picking up slow-hit balls. But he became a dead ballplayer at second and could do same with a bad ballclub at third. Has tendency to dog it. Strong arm. Has small hands which are a handicap in field. Does not make best use of his speed on the bases. Used to hit with authority to left center. Now hits to right more often.

8—**BOB ASPROMONTE**, Houston. Might be better on good ballclub because he has major-league ability. Good hands in field and strong arm. Fair hitter with some power. Slow but not a bad baserunner. Consensus: Can play on a good ballclub when he gets a little more "pro" in him.

9—**BOB BAILEY**, Pittsburgh. Unfair to judge him yet. Have not seen enough of him. No question he will be a major-leaguer some day. Scouting reports indicate he has the natural talent. Swings at very few bad balls. Lots of desire. Righthanded but will hit with power to right center. Pulls ball when he gets his pitch. Likely to be No. 1 within three years.

10—**KEN McMULLEN**, Los Angeles. Too early to tell how good he might be. Has strikeout problem. In 143 games at Omaha last year struck out 124 times. But also slugged 53 extra base hits, including 21 homers. Jumped from C ball to Triple-A in one year and might make it in majors but doubtful this year. Has good hands and could be outstanding in field but question remains whether he will hit major-league pitching.

LEFTFIELDERS

1—**TOMMY DAVIS**, Los Angeles. A tremendous hitter. One of the most feared in the league. Few better in the clutch. Drove in more runs than any other player in the majors last year. Fast and a fine baserunner. Dodgers will hurt him and themselves if they shift him to third base as they attempted to do this spring. His fielding

was so bad it bothered his hitting. Most opposing managers would like to see him shifted to third.

2—**BILLY WILLIAMS, Chicago.** A bad fielder, but such a fine hitter that his defensive weaknesses are overshadowed. Regarded as one of the finest young hitters in the game. In first two years in majors slugged 110 extra-base hits, including 47 home runs. Drove in close to 200 runs. Great wrists. Drops too many easy flies and is not a good thrower.

3—**HARVEY KUENN-WILLIE McCovey, San Francisco.** Rated third because of parlay. Kuenn has no power but is one of the smartest hitters in the game. Goes with the pitch and hits to all fields. Just average in the field and arm not real good. But tough hitter in the clutch. McCovey is fine hitter with outstanding power. Might hit 50 homers if played regularly. Very poor fielder.

4—**DON DEMETER, Philadelphia.** Has everything—a good arm, excellent speed, power. Very desirable team player because of ability to play third and first when needed. Has power and is playing in a park ideally suited for him. A very hard worker who has overcome his weaknesses. Became .300 hitter last year with 107 runs batted-in and is improving all the time.

5—**BOB SKINNER, Pittsburgh.** A sound hitter to all fields. Has improved a bit in the outfield but still weak. Overall, a disappointment so far. Should drive in more runs than he does and is not consistent with his power. Type of hitter who could drive in 120 runs but never has come close. Perhaps it's the park he's playing in.

6—**FRANK THOMAS, New York.** Showed signs early this year that he may be more of a team hitter by sacrificing power to go to right field. Always a long-ball threat. Good for 20 or more homers every year but easy to pitch to in the clutch. Very limited range in outfield. Arm is no bargain. Catches almost anything he gets to, but doesn't get to a lot he should.

7—**STAN MUSIAL-CHARLEY JAMES, St. Louis.** Three years ago, when *SPORT* published a similar set of ratings, no manager would comment on Musial. They all felt he was finished. Most of the managers of three years ago are gone and Stan is still here. What else can you say? He is ageless. Very poor in the outfield, no range and you can run on his arm, but his bat still is feared. At 42 last year he played in 135 games, hit .330, slugged 19 homers and drove in 82 runs. A future Hall of Famer. James plays against lefthanders, is just adequate in all departments.

8—**WALLY POST, Cincinnati.** This veteran may have trouble keeping his job. A sub-par outfielder with a strong arm and fairly accurate. But as a hitter he strikes out too much and can easily be pitched to. But make one mistake and the ball is across the street. (If Vada Pinson plays left field for Cincinnati, as he did early in the season, he rates near the top.)

9—**MACK JONES, Milwaukee.** Strikes out much too much. Once every three trips to the plate last year. Has some power but not much of an outfielder. Doubtful he will become an accomplished major-leaguer.

10. No rating for a Houston player. Too much shuttling for the managers to give full appraisal of one or two men at the position.

CENTERFIELDERS

1—**WILLIE MAYS, San Francisco.** Established himself as the best center-fielder in the league when he came up 13 years ago and is still the best. Regarded by several managers as the No. 1 player in the game for the past decade. Nothing he can't do, running, throwing, hitting and batting for power. The fly ball hasn't been hit in his range yet that he can't catch. Jam him on fists and it will bother him but he is a smarter hitter now than ever. Looks for his pitch and will club it. One of the most feared men in baseball in the clutch.

2—**VADA PINSON, Cincinnati.** Had off-year last year and should bounce back to have good one because he has tremendous talent. Exceptional speed and a 200-hit man. Outstanding power for small man. Can go get any fly ball but often makes the mistake of throwing to the wrong base. One of the future stars of the game. (If Tommy Harper plays center field, as he did early in the season while Pinson was recovering from an operation, he rates much lower.)

3—**CURT FLOOD, St. Louis.** Can go and get a fly ball as well as anybody in the league with the possible exception of Mays, but his judgment is not always good after he gets it. Has only an average arm and doesn't figure out the plays ahead of him. Not a smart outfielder but desirable because of his defensive ability. Continues to improve as a hitter. Tripled his RBI total last year.

4—**BILL VIRDON, Pittsburgh.** The managers' line on him three years ago was that he could be a better hitter if he bore down. If he did, it hasn't helped because he still is a .250 hitter and has no power. But he excels defensively.

5—**WILLIE DAVIS, Los Angeles.** Despite great speed (32 stolen bases last year), this fellow is not highly rated by managers. Hit .285, drove in 85 runs and slugged 21 homers. Legs enabled him to make half his hits good for extra bases. Still, he has an average arm and is just an average fielder. Does not get a good jump on the ball and in a park as spacious as the one he's playing in, that's bad. A moody player.

6—**JIM HICKMAN, New York.** Tabbed by many as one of the future stars of the league. Has power and a strong arm. Never has hit for average but indicated in the spring that he might. Not regarded as an outstanding centerfielder but probably would be among the top men in left or right. Strikes out a lot, but still desired by a lot of managers who think he's a comer.

7—**TONY GONZALEZ, Philadelphia.** Fine outfielder and has all the talent to become a star. Constantly improving. Hit .302 with 20 homers last year and stole 17 bases. Has fine power to left and right center. A bad baserunner. Makes mistakes that hurt his club. Still young enough, however, to improve.

8—**NELSON MATHEWS, Chicago.** Although he strikes out on good pitches, this rookie has potential. Has power and his minor-league record indicates he might hit.

9—**AL SPANGLER, Houston.** Always has been an opposite-field hitter. Has good speed but his arm is only average. On most clubs he would be no better than a fourth or fifth outfielder.

10—**TY CLINE, Milwaukee.** Braves are in trouble if this fellow has to play center field for them all year. Un-

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known to most NL managers because he played in the American League last year (and without much success). Good outfielder but no power. Has to be on hitting club to stick as a regular.

RIGHTFIELDERS

1—**FRANK ROBINSON**, Cincinnati. Only by the narrowest of margins did this great player win out over Hank Aaron. Vote was the closest for any position. A fearless hitter at the plate and the toughest man in the clutch. Drives in well over 100 runs every year. Hits more doubles and triples than Aaron and just about as many homers. Better runner than Aaron and will steal few more bases. Not great outfielder but throws well. No way to pitch to him. Jam him on fists few times and get him out and he'll come back the next day and hit that same pitch. Try him outside and he'll adjust to hit that one, too. Great competitor.

2—**HANK AARON**, Milwaukee. Has driven in 100 or more runs six of his nine years and has never hit less than 25 homers. Just an all-round great player. Has better speed than he takes advantage of. Only pitch that consistently gives him trouble is the slider low and away. Permanent move to right this year should make him more settled player, but without Adcock in the lineup with him this year, pitchers may pitch around him. Definitely one of the three top players in the league along with Robinson and Mays.

3—**ROBERTO CLEMENTE**, Pittsburgh. Another great player. Has one of the best arms of any rightfielder. An unorthodox hitter but consistent .300 man. Hits to opposite field better than most men. Low ball gives him trouble and has a tendency to showboat. Also frequently refuses to run out ground balls.

4—**FELIPE ALOU**, San Francisco. Best arm of any rightfielder in the league. Gets a great jump on the ball. Unfortunately an underrated player because of the other great ones on his own team. A fine baserunner and has learned how to hit for power. Developed into a .300-plus hitter last year and should remain one for many years.

5—**JOHN CALLISON**, Philadelphia. Off-speed pitches bother this fine young outfielder but he has improved so much in the last two years he may overcome that deficiency, too. Became .300 hitter with power last year, almost tripling his home-run production. An outstanding fielder with a better-than-average arm. No reason he can't be one of the best now that he has found himself. Pull hitter but also can hit to all fields. A very desirable player in every department.

6—**GEORGE ALTMAN**, St. Louis. Brute strength at the plate makes you respect him. A poor fielder. Misses and drops many fly balls he should catch. Ordinary arm. A poor baserunner, too. But a consistent .300 hitter with 20 or more homers and a tough man in the clutch. Park he's playing in this year should help make him an even better hitter. Could wind up with 40 homers.

7—**FRANK HOWARD**, Los Angeles. Some year this giant of a man is going to break out and really have a season. Maybe this is the year. Ironically, left-handers will give him trouble. Especially the ones who can break off the good curve. Has as much power as any outfielder in the league. Has good arm but takes too long getting rid of ball. One of the hardest workers but he's so big his hustle is often overlooked. Has strike-zone problem. Not

always too good on fly balls.

8—**DUKE SNIDER**, New York. If knee is sound and he can play 100 games, could hit 20 or more homers, drive in 80 or more runs. As a visiting player, he always took advantage of the short foul lines at the Polo Grounds. Given proper rest, could make comeback of the year. Still can run and throw even though he has slowed up from former greatness.

9—**CARL WARWICK**, Houston. Just a little below average in every department. Doesn't have power required of an outfielder and doesn't hit close to .300. Has never shown the speed in majors that he showed in the minors. But he hustles and makes the most of what talent he has.

10—No rating for Chicago player. Too much shuffling in position for proper appraisal.

CATCHERS

1—**DEL CRANDALL**, Milwaukee. Calls best game of any catcher in league. An astute baseball man who knows weaknesses of every batter and takes advantage of them. Has slowed down a little in last year or two and arm is not sound but gets ball away quickly and throws are accurate. Has become good clutch hitter and hits to right more now than he used to, to help team. Ideal team player because he is willing to give up natural catching job to play first base if it will help club. Adequate at first.

2—**TOM HALLER-ED BAILEY**, San Francisco. Haller unanimous choice as best young catcher to come into league in years. Could be No. 1 next year and for many years. Has power at plate and if not fooled will put one in the bleachers. Average arm but has shown remarkable ability for calling a game. Haller is the catcher every manager would like to have. Bailey is a solid hitter but a poor catcher. High-fastball hitter. Behind the plate he calls for too many fastballs with man on first. Won't call for breaking stuff for fear he won't be able to catch base stealer. Too mechanical as a catcher.

3—**JOHNNY EDWARDS**, Cincinnati. Does not have Haller's power but another coming star. Good take-charge guy, durable, willing and ambitious. Has tremendous potential. Good arm and does everything well behind the plate. Fine instincts. Strictly a fast-ball hitter and off-speed pitches give him a lot of trouble. If he learns to handle lefthanded pitching should be one of the best around.

4—**SMOKY BURGESS**, Pittsburgh. All the managers agree he's the best-hitting catcher in the league. Nothing bothers him—curveballs or fast stuff. But catching any of them is his problem. Slow and not much of an arm. Weight a problem and cannot play every day. Not a good man tagging runners coming into the plate. Also misses too many foul popups.

5—**JOHNNY ROSEBORO**, Los Angeles. Would have trouble catching in small park. Can't handle low balls. One of the finest in the league blocking the plate and has an adequate arm. Has good style at plate but has never hit for average. Speed is probably his greatest asset. Stole more bases (12) last year than any other catcher.

6—**CLAY DALRYMPLE**, Philadelphia. They laughed at this fellow when he first began to catch. No more. Improved all-round. Arm adequate and calls a fair game. Has learned to take charge behind plate because manager has instilled confidence in him. Arm

fools a lot of runners who think they can take advantage of him. Good hitter and improving all the time.

7—**GENE OLIVER**, St. Louis. If he had an arm, this fellow might be an acceptable catcher. He calls a fair game and will handle most pitches but he has been shifted around so much he is not at home behind the plate. Has been catching for last few years and continues to improve. But good running clubs will run on him. At bat has plenty of power and is especially tough against lefthanded pitching.

8—**HAL SMITH**, Houston. Only thing to recommend this veteran is his arm and there are even reservations about that because he doesn't get the ball away quickly. He is slow but has some power. Has trouble with low balls and probably has eye trouble. Had his best year in 1960 with Pittsburgh and will probably never have another good year.

9—**CLARENCE COLEMAN-NORM SHERRY**, New York. Coleman is one of the best lowball catchers in the majors and probably the fastest. Arm is better than average—sometimes very strong. Pulls ball well but doesn't hit consistently enough to play regularly in majors. Sherry is better than average receiver. Calls fine game. Smart catcher but slow and will never hit enough to play regularly.

10—**DICK BERTELL**, Chicago. The line on this fellow is unanimous... fair receiver, good arm, below-average hitter, no power. In general he is just acceptable and on any other club he would probably be no better than second or third string.

PITCHING STAFFS

1—**LOS ANGELES**. Until Bob Purkey was injured in spring training, Cincinnati and Los Angeles ranked close together. Once Purkey was injured, Los Angeles was rated No. 1. In Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax the Dodgers have the best one-two pitching punch in baseball. Drysdale still remains the one pitcher in the league all managers want. Koufax, unless his injury recurs, figures to win 20 games this year and strike out 350 batters, say the managers. Johnny Podres, Larry Sherry and Bob Miller add starting depth. Miller has stuff but is immature and flusters with men on base. If he matures he could win 15. Youngsters Joe Moeller and Pete Richert are rated highly. The bullpen, with Ed Roebuck, Ron Perranoski and Jack Smith, is rated as baseball's best.

2—**CINCINNATI**. Biggest problem here is lack of second-line strength and a sound bullpen. In Purkey (if he's healthy), Jim O'Toole and Joey Jay, the Reds have tremendous starting talent. Behind them is Jim Maloney, 9-7 last year, and, according to some sceptical managers, lacking the talent to be better. Also Jim Owens, who may do well under tough manager Fred Hutchinson. Joe Nuxhall, 35, and Al Worthington, 34, add experience but could falter at any time. Jim Brosnan and Bill Henry, the bullpen's best, are good but are coming off poor seasons.

3—**SAN FRANCISCO**. A very solid staff with one definite weakness—no standout reliever. What helps this staff most is that it's working behind a team that scores a lot of runs. Giants won last year but three other staffs in the league allowed fewer runs and no big winner has been added to this year's team. Juan Marichal, ace of the staff, pitches with a knowledge which

belies his age. Has deceptive motion and one of the best sliders in the league. No. 2 man Jack Sanford finally learned how to pitch at 33, but he gets angry at himself too often. Billy Pierce has good control and is smart, but he's 36 years old. Billy O'Dell moves the ball around well. Billy Hoelt and Jack Fisher have potential but must fulfill it. Bullpen strength depends on Don Larsen and Bob Bolin.

4—PITTSBURGH. On paper last winter, after all the trades were in, the Pirates were regarded as the top staff in the league. They had so many starters, Danny Murtaugh wouldn't know who to use next. But Vern Law had problems this spring and young Joe Gibbon has to prove he's as good as everyone thinks he can be. Bob Friend is the big man, a tireless worker but rarely more than a .500 pitcher. Gives up too many hits. Al McBean, 15-10 last year, has a good fastball. Don Cardwell has potential but has never reached his peak. Don Schwall was Rookie Of The Year in the American League two years ago with a 15-7 record, but Red Sox let him go 12 months later. Must be some reason, the managers say. Earl Francis and Harvey Haddix available for spot starts and for bullpen help for Roy Face. Face, say the managers, is not as effective as he used to be, possibly a result of overwork.

5—ST. LOUIS. Not enough depth and starters not consistently dependable. Loss of Larry Jackson as stabilizing pitcher on staff could hurt. Younger pitchers respected him and went to him for advice. Although he's never won 20 like Ernie Broglio, Bob Gibson, big righthander with great stuff, could be best on the staff if fully recovered from broken ankle. Broglio made comeback from sore arm last year and won 12. Has good curve and fastball and is still learning how to pitch. Ray Sadecki, who was fired for indifferent work last year and still is no great admirer of his manager, is counted on as No. 3 or No. 4 starter. Ray Washburn won 12 in his rookie year. Could be much bigger winner with experience under his belt. Intelligent pitcher with excellent sinker. Curt Simmons a fine spot starter but not much more than .500 pitcher now. Had great start and strong finish last year but not much help in between. Bullpen in the hands of Diomedes Olivo and Bobby Shantz, two old men. What the club seems to lack most is a streak-stopper like Jackson.

6—MILWAUKEE. In the 1948 pennant race the cry was "Spahn and Sain and two days of rain." Now, 15 years later, the lament of Milwaukee fans is "Spahn and Shaw and not much more." Warren Spahn celebrated his 42nd birthday earlier this year and while he seems ageless on the mound, bear in mind that he failed to win 20 for the first time in seven years last season. But he still pitched his 270 innings so he should be good for another 18 wins this time. Bob Shaw, a physical culture buff, is probably as good a control pitcher as there is in the league. He won 15 last year and could win 18 this time as he did with the 1959 White Sox. A steady, capable performer. But there is no key man now that Spahn is unable to carry the club the way he used to. To make matters worse, there isn't much help on the way. Lou Burdette, Denny Lemaster, Tony Cloninger, Cecil Butler and Claude Raymond are unpredictable. Bullpen not too strong either. Frank Funk, picked up in a trade with

Cleveland, probably will share the bulk of bullpen work with Ron Piche.

7—PHILADELPHIA. An automobile accident in Puerto Rico last winter cost the Phillies two of their outstanding young pitchers and turned what might have been an outstanding staff into a mediocre one. Lost for at least this season were Dennis Bennett, a lefty who was 9-9 in his rookie year, and Joel Gibson, the outstanding righthander in the Phillies' farm system. Gene Mauch had hoped to add both to his starting staff behind Art Mahaffey. Mahaffey is regarded as one of the top righthanders in baseball. Paul Brown, Jack Hamilton and Chris Short are rated as pitchers of potential. Cal McLish won 11 last year, 1/3 of them from the Mets; at 37 he isn't rated highly. If Ryne Duren and Johnny Klippstein do well, the Phillies could have one of the league's top bullpens. The ace of the bullpen, Jack Baldschun, is one of the best.

8—CHICAGO. The addition of a fine old pro like Larry Jackson, picked up from the Cards in a trade, may help a lot more than appears on the surface. He could take some of the pressure off young Glen Hobbie, who many managers feel could then fulfill glowing potential. He could win again with someone else sharing the burden. Jackson, Bob Buhl, Hobbie and Dick Ellsworth give Cubs effective starting force. Cal Koonce is fair No. 5 starter. Dick LeMay, Don Elston and Lindy McDaniel form bullpen corps, but don't figure to be outstanding.

9—NEW YORK. Casey Stengel is better off than he was a year ago when he didn't know if any of his pitchers could go nine innings. Now he has three solid starters in Roger Craig, Al Jackson and Jay Hook. Even if they did lose 63 between them last year, they also earned 26 of the 40 victories the Mets managed in their first year. Jackson and Craig were sought by every club the Mets talked trade with during the winter. Craig, who has best pickoff move of any righthander in the majors, is particularly desirable as a late-inning relief man. Mets must start him because they have few others. Jackson, a lefthander, won eight in his rookie year and at least seven clubs wanted him. Keeps the ball low and has good control. Stengel figures Jackson might double his victories this year with improved defense. Hook, throwing overhand again, looks like the fellow who won 11 for the Reds three years ago. He has confidence, poise and control now and could be the leading winner. Galen Cisco and Carlton Willey are fair-enough to start. Bullpen is weak.

10—HOUSTON. Almost unanimously managers agreed that Colt .45s have worst staff in league. Staff is built around Dick Farrell who is definitely a hard-throwing major-leaguer who can work both as starter and reliever and does. Bob Bruce was 10-9 last year, but his stuff did not impress most managers. Ken Johnson is a shrewd veteran a lot of clubs would like to have, but he was 7-16 last year and doesn't figure to be any better with weak ballclub. Jim Golden, 7-11, is a one-pitch man; he has a slider and no fastball. Don McMahon is fine reliever, but must get help from Russ Kemmerer and Don Nottebart, neither of whom have ever been outstanding. Most managers figure that Harry Craft will be doing a lot of experimenting this year with young pitchers Paul Richards sends him.

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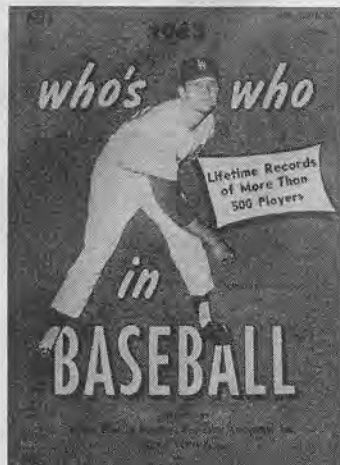
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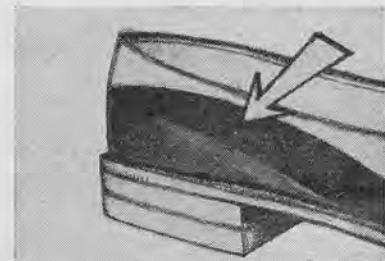
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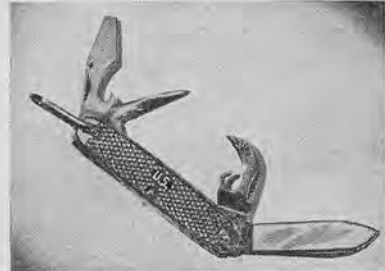
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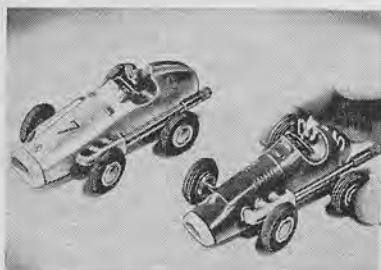


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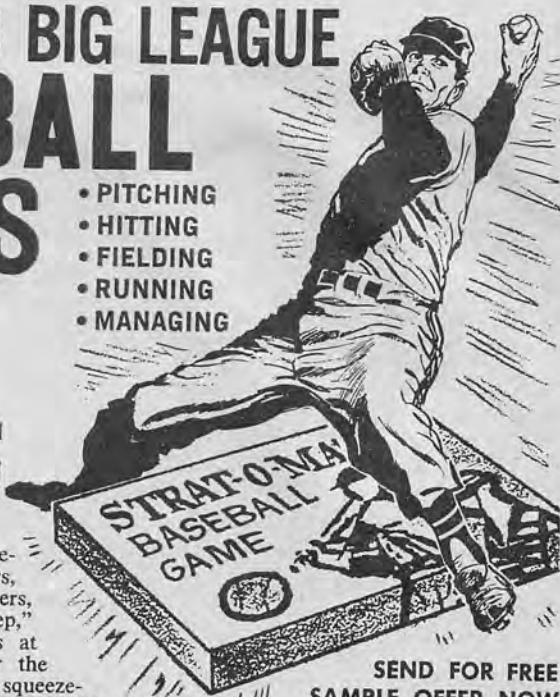
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A COLLEGE EDUCATION IS IMPORTANT

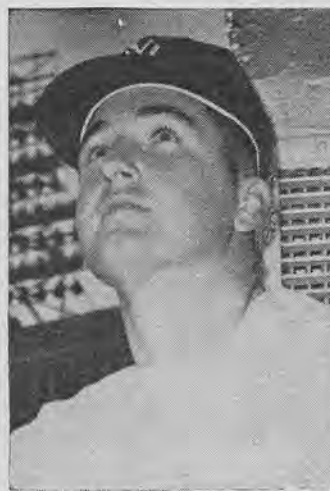
NOW IS THE TIME of year when hundreds of gifted high-school athletes throughout the country have to make a vital decision about their future—do they go to college, or do they go right into professional baseball? We believe that for those boys with the aptitude the wisest decision would be to go to college.

Recently, Stan Musial was asked if he had any regrets about his career. Only one, said the Man: "If I had to do it over again, I think I would have gone to college first. I would be a better talker, use better words. That four years of college gives you that broad background."

Stan Musial has done quite well in the areas of intelligence without a college education, but his words make sense. Statistics overwhelmingly demonstrate that a college degree is of lasting benefit. Did you know that during his lifetime, a college graduate earns approximately \$150,000 more than a man without a college education? Did you know that by 1972, 50 percent of the college-age boys and girls will be seeking higher education? This is going to impose a severe handicap on that other 50 percent.



Dave DeBusschere



Jake Gibbs

the academic issue, either. Danny Litwhiler, an ex-major-leaguer who coaches baseball at Florida State, points out that college life develops certain personality traits which become very helpful to a major-leaguer—namely, "self-discipline, initiative and social contact." Says Danny: "Many young players with outstanding ability are lost in the shuffle because they have never been away from home and have not developed the personality traits." Dick Seibert, another ex-major leaguer who coaches baseball at Minnesota, makes the same point. "I feel that the mental and social training a boy receives in college makes him much more polished and ready to cope with pro baseball," says Seibert.

There are a couple of alternatives open to the high-school graduate. The boy can complete his college education and then sign a major-league contract. Dave DeBusschere did that in June of '62 when he signed with the White Sox for \$65,000 after receiving his degree from the University of Detroit. Jake Gibbs completed his education at the University of Mississippi and then took a \$100,000 bonus from the Yankees. Neither player lost market value by his four years in college. Gibbs and DeBusschere will make it in the majors if they are good enough. If they're not, they will have excellent career opportunities outside of baseball.

The high-school boy can also sign a pro contract right away and take his college education, too. Bob Friend was signed off the Purdue campus as a freshman in 1950. He went to college in the off-season and earned his degree in 1957. It can be done but it takes doggedness and guts. (An NCAA survey points out that 81 percent of the college freshmen and 77 percent of the college sophomores who signed professional contracts withdrew permanently from colleges.)

Whatever the high school baseball star decides, we say, try to get a college education. Today's new breed of ballplayer (see Myron Cope's story on page 14) is different from yesterday's ballplayer. Some players can teach school, write books, handle difficult engineering problems. They can leave baseball and make a useful career outside the game. In the high-powered age we live in, baseball is no longer the be-all and end-all. Baseball can and should be a stepping stone to other things in life.

A well-rounded education will make that transition so much easier.

We are not suggesting that the Danny Murphys and Bob Baileys and the other phenoms signed right out of high school ought to run away from those huge bonuses. Our main concern is with those boys who don't attract big bonuses, yet nevertheless give up a chance at a college education. It is a concern shared by a far-sighted major-league executive like Joe L. Brown, general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Says Brown: "There is no doubt that the marginal prospect who receives little or no financial consideration for signing a professional contract is irreparably harmed when he is not successful in baseball. He has lost the opportunity to receive scholarship aid for his athletic ability and seldom has sufficient money to complete his education. Baseball must either be more mindful of the individual college man's problems and, as a result, sign only those players who are considered to be definite prospects, or perhaps some type of rule could be passed which would furnish such protection."

Unfortunately, baseball has not yet become sufficiently mindful of the problem. Therefore, the decision rests with the high-school boy and his parents. We feel it is a decision that should be considered carefully.

The question of a college education vs. professional baseball goes far beyond dollars and cents. It's not only

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